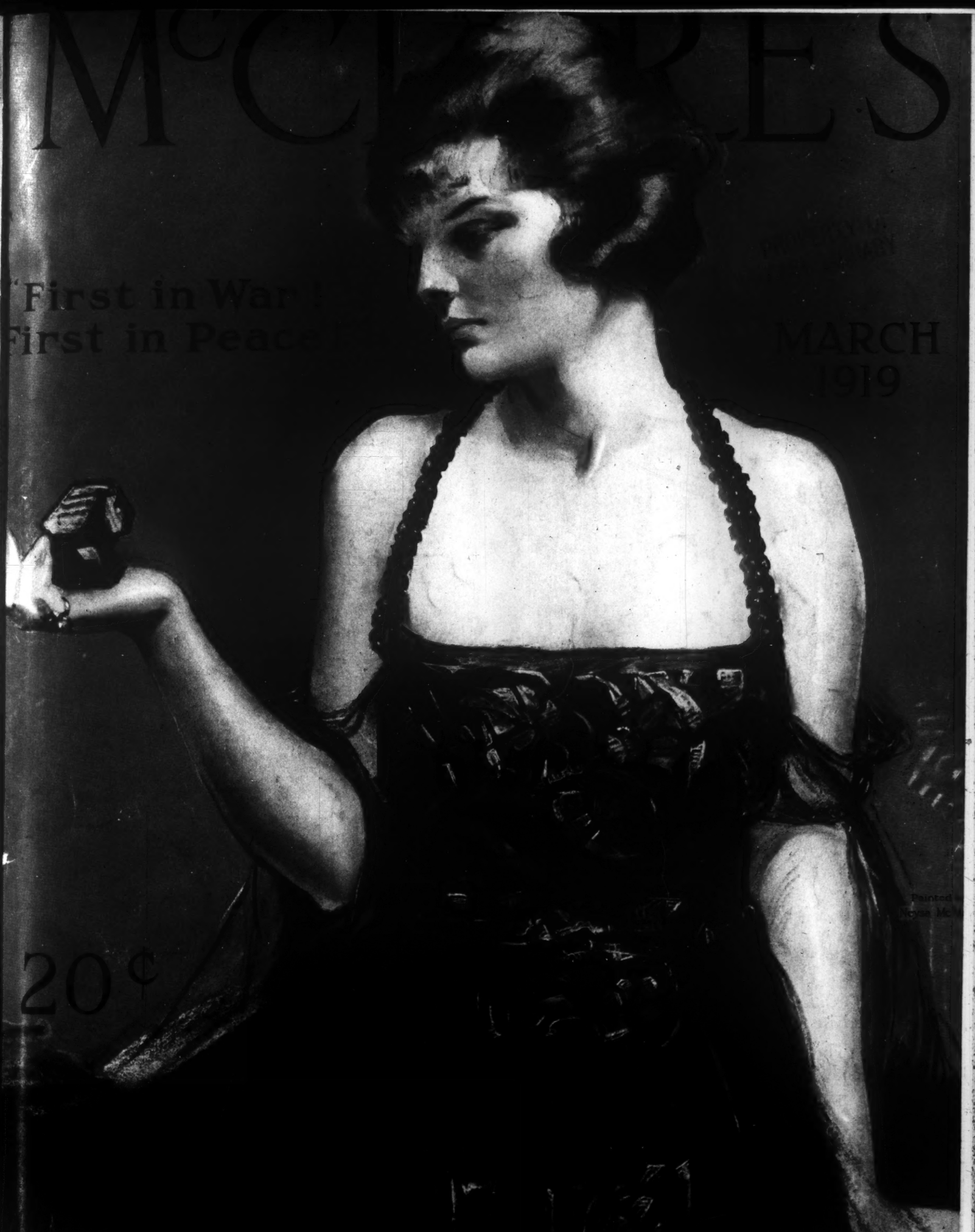
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MARCH
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"We're Coming Back To You"-by Lieut. Coningsby Dawson

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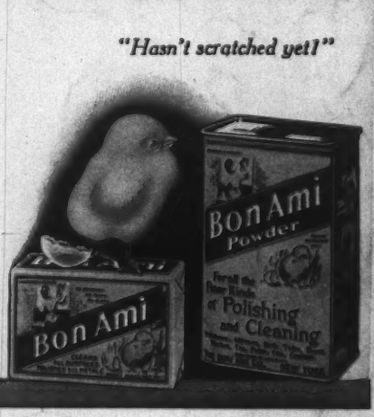

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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McClure's 3-19

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is a marvel—if the whole family don't say that they never had better meals, more wholesomely cooked, and if you don't say that you did it with far less work than you ever did before—then I want you to send it back—I will refund your money without argument.

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Volume 51 Number 3

McClure's Service Flag

FREDERICK L. COLLINS *President*

HOLLAND S. DUELL *Vice-President*

ARTHUR S. MOORE *Treasurer*

"FIRST IN WAR!—FIRST IN PEACE!"

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Cover by Neysa McMein

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The McClure Publications, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

Executive and Editorial Offices, Berkeley Building, New York

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror — of murder — and treason — that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery.

Arthur B.

REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science — science that stands for this age — and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy — marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots — such suspense — with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. But — all these seem old-fashioned — out of date — beside the infinite variety — the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE POE *10 Volumes*

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's masterpieces in 10 volumes.

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He was a detective by instinct — he was a story teller by divine inspiration. Before or since — no one has had his power to make his hair stand on end — to send chills up your back — to hold you in suspense — terror — horror! To read breathlessly — to try to guess the ending — to enjoy the perfect, flawless style — to feel the power of the master — that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced — to them he is the great American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE.

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McClure's 3-19

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Send me, all charges prepaid, set of ARTHUR B. REEVE — in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within ten days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.50 a month for thirteen months.

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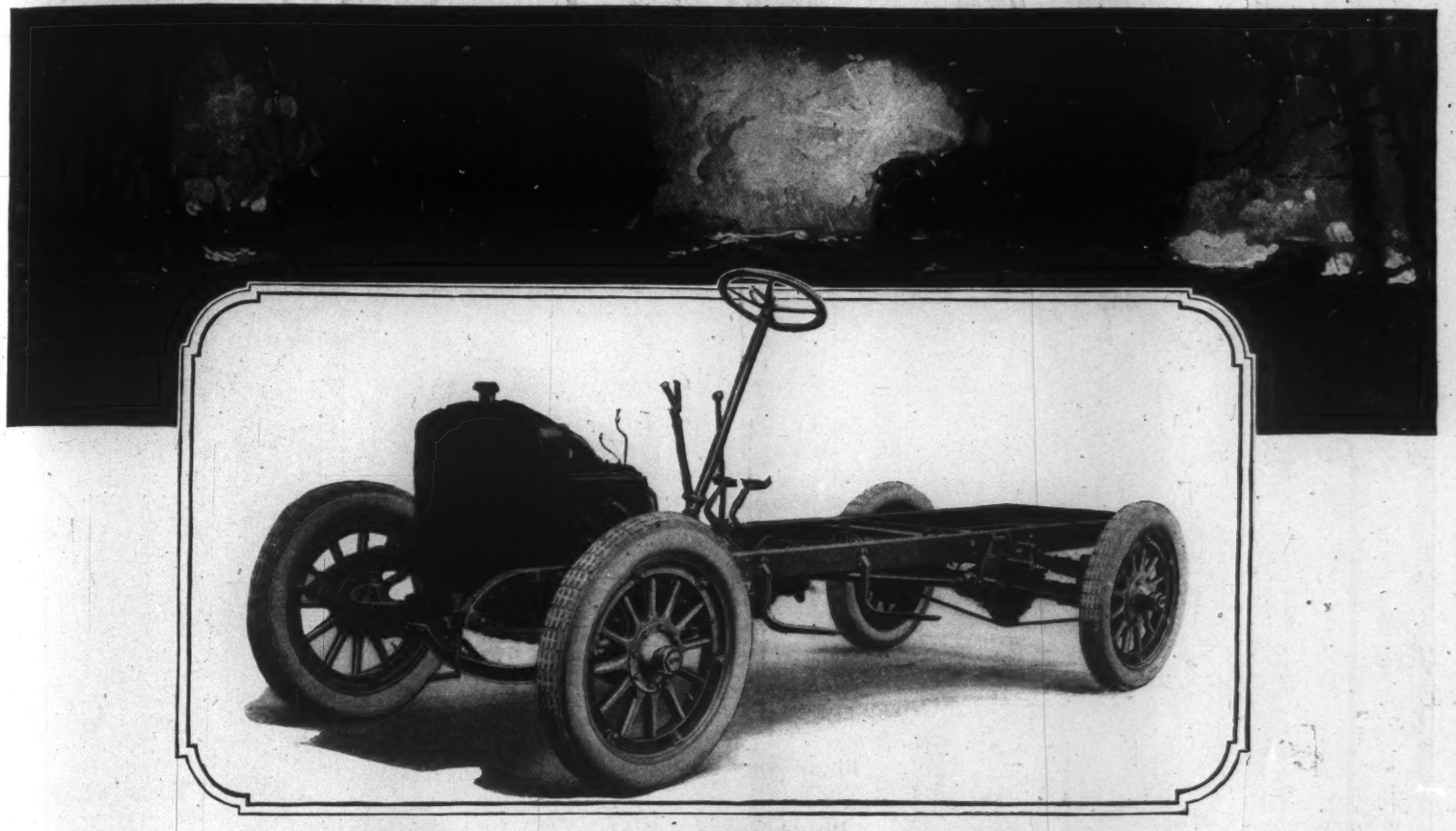

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When the War Department sought to solve the problems growing out of too many models in motor transport, standardized truck sizes resulted.

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It was the GMC Model 16.

It had already been proved in ambulance service on the Mexican Border.

It had served the Allies ably in ambulance work before the United States entered the war, and was selected by the Medical Department in anticipation of the United States joining the Allies. Thousands were subsequently purchased for ambulance service.

Later in the war, when the Government decided to select a truck chassis to be adopted as Class "AA" for all military purposes, this GMC Model 16, strictly on its merits, in competitive tests, in the hands of Government Officials and subjected to the most exacting trials, made a perfect score, and it became the official Government standard—picked as it stood.

Because of the enormous Government demand our production on this model had reached the point at the close of the war which now enables us, by continuing full speed ahead, to offer the trade this same model at our pre-war price of **$1,495,** a reduction of **$280.**

This is the truck that made good in France, Belgium and Italy in the days of battle; and it will continue to make good in peaceful pursuits.

This history-making Model 16 is but one of six good trucks built in the GMC factory; every one of which has equally as good a record—even though less spectacular—in more than two hundred lines of business—**prices reduced on all models.**

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GMC TRUCKS

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April McCLURE'S

How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything?*"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning $40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkble stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? *That incident marked the turning point of my life.* I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the *worst talker.*

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting $40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms,' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned **how to talk.** I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Richardson finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions, as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Richardson's success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Richardson enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

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Make a business proposition interesting. Present plans so they will get attention. Give advertising talks. Give sales talks. Talk when making an application for a position. Make a public appeal. Cultivate fluency in speech. Enlarge your vocabulary. Explain things. Be a leader in every conversation. Avoid expressing annoyance, irritation, anger, opposition. Be brief. Cultivate ease in speech. Give directions. Give demonstration talks. Talk in selling insurance. Talk in selling investments. Use the hands effectively in speaking. Talk when answering a complaint. Talk when asking for a loan. Talk when offering an excuse. Overcome drawling, lisping, stuttering. Cultivate a pleasant voice. Pronounce difficult words correctly.

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So confident is The Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

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Here too is the brighter side of the narrative—the activities of our own secret service men who tracked these wolves to their dens; and here are explanations of the various ciphers and codes which were used to baffle our detectives until the patience and resources of our officials laid the sinister messages bare. All these intensely interesting happenings are found in this new 275-page volume "Fighting Germany's Spies" which comes at practically no cost to you if you accept the offer we make below.

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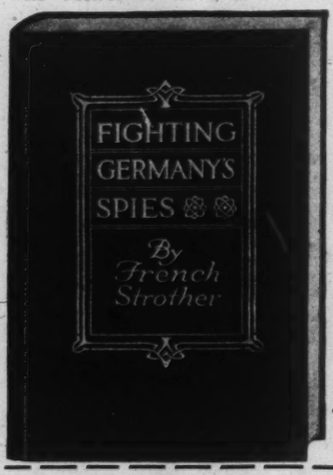
This volume is worth many times its retail price to the man or woman who desires to have in his war library an authentic record of American secret service operations during the world war; and when it is offered free as a reward for your promptly subscribing to McClures and Metropolitan, the thing to do is to get these worth-while magazines and this remarkable book at once.



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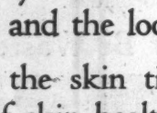
IVORY SOAP . . . . 

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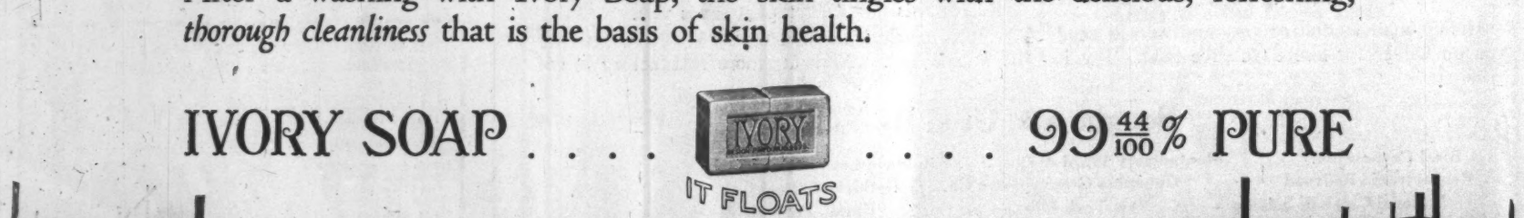

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FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

We're Coming Back to You

by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, C. F. A.

A Man Who Fought Through the Entire War but Who Says He Never Wanted To Be a Soldier Tells Us Here What It Means To Come Home

WE'RE coming home again! It's unbelievable, impossible, but it's true — *we're coming home again!* We have to keep on repeating the words ourselves; even then they seem a legend. When you said good-bye to us, we marched away to die. We hoped, but we did not dare to expect that we should ever look into each other's eyes again. To hope too much at the Front was to weaken our purpose; we learned to live out twenty-four hours at a stretch and to be grateful. We learned to forget life, that we might steel ourselves to meet death contemptuously. And now that peace is coming, we feel like beggars who have suddenly been converted into millionaires. Our twenty-four hours of secure living have been multiplied into forty years; and each year has more than three hundred days; and each day has its full quota of minutes and seconds. We are daunted by such wealth. We cannot realize it. We have the fear that it may prove a phantom; if it proves to be real, we have the new fear that we may misspend it. That fear is in your minds, too — that when we come home we shall not return to you as we were.

We shall not return to you as we were, you may be sure. "Over There" we have learned things which have changed both us and our world. We are coming back to change you, if we can; as long as life lasts we shall never cease to try. Here are some of the lessons.

WE have learned at the Front that *it is the spirit that counts*. We used to think that it was money, social position, birth, good looks, charm of manner, power, success — anything and everything but the spirit. "Over There" we have seen men who, judged by our old standards, were of no account, measure up to the sternest tests of sacrifice. They weren't the kind of men who looked aristocrats; some were slum-bred, some were jailbirds, some were failures in every department of endeavor. There were the shy men and the men who had dreamed their nobilities at city desks, doing tasks which were not noble. Then came the great hour when Christs, however humble and wherever found, heard the call to man the barricades of freedom. What we had been ceased to matter after we had arrived in the trenches. Our failures or successes could neither profit nor help us when we faced annihilation. We had only one possession left — our spirit. By our spirit alone we were judged. If we had what the army terms "guts," we were good men; if we hadn't "guts," we died at dawn behind the lines like carrion at our comrades' hands. So, in our utter bankruptcy our spirit became our pride. Our spirit would go on forever, when our bodies, like blood-stained tunics, had been cast aside. Our sole endeavor became to strip ourselves of *self*.

Through this we learned a second lesson: that *it isn't life that matters, but the courage you bring to it*. In the old days we used to let life use us; all our hopes were for things external. Life broke our hearts and repaired them haphazard; at will it filled our days with laughter or made them hideous with dread. We were life's creatures, because life alone stood between us and death. The Judgment Day of shell-fire has taught us other values. We no longer fear death, therefore life has lost its old false worth. We have become life's masters; our courage is the sword with which we carve it into patterns.

We shall not come back to you as we went: *God has become normal to us*. The blood of the Allies has been shed for this solely — to prove that there is still a God in the world. The War God of the Hun was a Jack-the-Ripper — a nightmare imagination of bullies — a monstrous creation of limitless cruelty fashioned out of human lust and the human desire for strength. Had the Hun proved his God to be existent, we could never again have worshiped. In the forefront of all our battles, through the corruption of broken bodies, the snare of wire-entanglements and the whine of bursting shrapnel, the confident mercy of the Nazarene went before us. It was for Him that we were fighting and it was on Him that our gaze rested when the breaking-point had almost arrived.

Coningsby Dawson, Author of "Carry On," etc.

We shall come back to you with a new religion which will not express itself in words. We rarely spoke of religion "Over There"; such speech was not necessary. We grew irritable if any one else mentioned it. We did not pray — at least, not the way you taught us to say our prayers; we listened, and believed that God spoke through our hands when for righteousness we struck the enemy and when for love we shared with our pals.

We shall not do so much striking when we come back, but *to the end of life we shall go on sharing*. We can't help it; we shouldn't be coming back at all if all kinds of chaps hadn't shared. Some of them were so lavish in their sharing that they are dead. We, who survive, have to live not only our own good but their good also, so that it may not be lost to the world. We shall not talk about these things when we return; but, as we did at the Front, we shall expect God to talk through our hands.

You thought when we went away that we should come back brutalized. All you thought of was the killing; you couldn't forget that men were going to die at our hands. Instead, we are coming back to you more tender: for so long we have had so little to love. The things which we loved were ours so briefly that we tried to outrace Time by loving with passion creatures weaker than ourselves. One learns to be kind when his heart has been empty and his body has suffered. You need not fear us; it was in mercy to you that we had to take men's lives. Even when we killed, we were killing that you might be proud of us and safe.

BEYOND all things *we have been taught the glory of renouncing*. We couldn't understand it once; the broken Christs who climbed Calvary for the sake of others were to us incomprehensible. The love of life seemed so healthy, so normal; there are all the ages through which to lie dead. We love life more than ever now; we are ravenous for laughter. We want to make the world merry in the best and jolliest sense, but we shall never forget that happiness comes from the inside and perpetually evades those who make it their search. At the Front we were happy because we were renouncing, and renouncing without the consciousness of renouncing. We agonized to give ourselves: it was a race between us who should give most utterly. "Over There" it was the law that one should forego and take chances for the chaps who were on his right hand and his left. To die was nothing. To live was nothing. To live and to die well were everything.

Presently we shall be taking off our khaki, but we shall not cease to be soldiers. We shall not be soldiers in the sense that you dread — swaggerers, people banded against the civilian by the pride of military caste. You see, we never wanted to be soldiers — the thought filled us with horror. [*Continued on page 32*]

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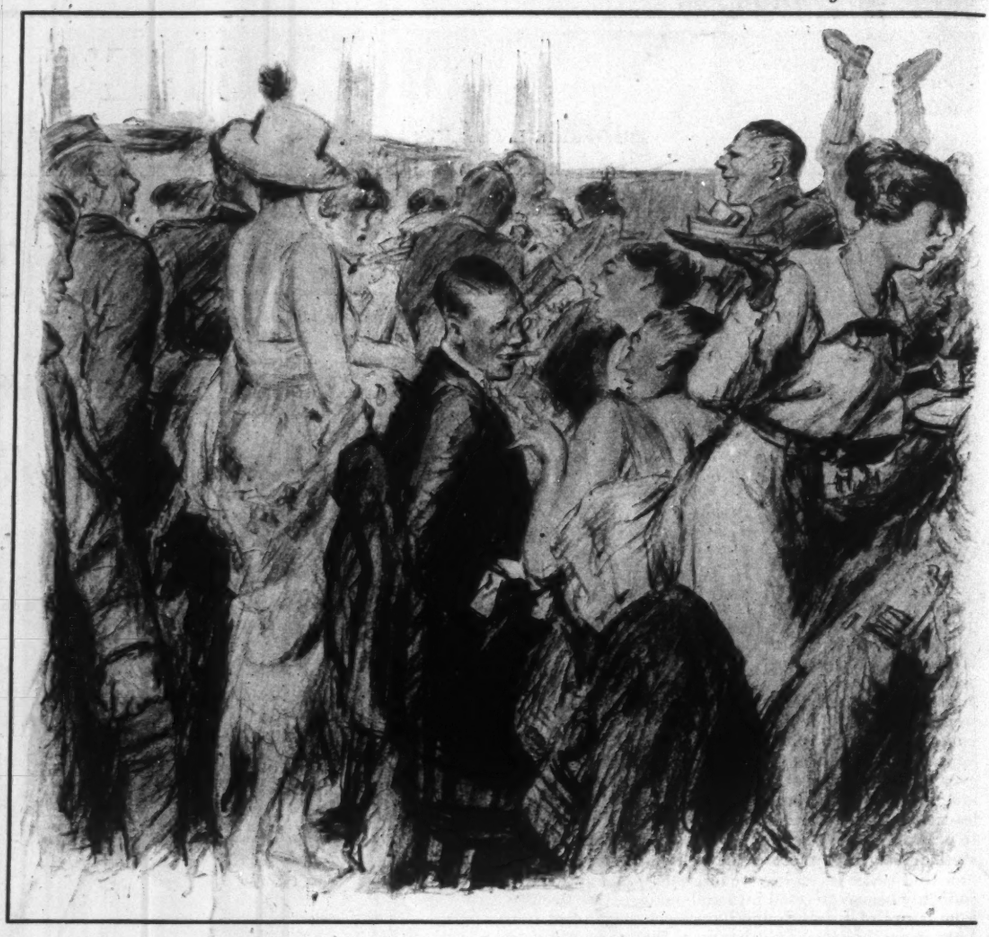


Gasless Sunday

A Humorous Little Novel

Illustrations by

"IT'S gasless Sunday, I'm afther tellin' ye." The skeleton in livery was creaking from his high throne above a nightmare hansom cab. "I'm a-wor-r-kin' on me own skejool to-night. Pay me price, or walk!"

Under the fuel-administered glimmer of Broadway, the time being 12:02 A.M., Mr. Pontius Blint limped on a gouty foot out of the misadventures of a gloomy Saturday night into the calamities of a drizzly Sunday morning. A few scattered taxicabs, chugging mournfully toward their garages, proclaimed the horror of the situation.

"It's gasless Sunday!" the specter in the ratty beaver was insisting to the mob of outraged citizens collected on the curb. "Th' year round ye can have yer grand taxis an' limy-zeens. But to-night ye pay good if ye ride with me."

Pontius exerted the will-power of an industrial leader and got himself to the forefront of the crowd.

"Here, my man! What's your rate?" he asked sharply, bringing his cane down like a chairman's gavel on the edge of the box.

"Where d'ye want to go?"

Pontius really wanted to go some place where lights glared and music played, but he felt too ill for parley.

"The Hotel Merlinbilt," he said.

"I don't leave me stand for less than tin dollars," the specter decreed, pulling the reins over a steed which Don Quixote would have abandoned to the ash-man.

"Robber! Thief! Grafter!" now came the chorus of citizens, soldiers and others.

"You're a robber," Pontius took up the refrain.

"I am that — an' the fur-r-st time for manny a year I've had me chance."

"You're a profiteer," was the next best argument which came to the invalid's mind.

"I'm a Dimocrat, savin' yer honor. An' now will ye step in or step aside for a payin' coostomer?"

Pontius cast his eyes toward the muggy heavens and considered the effects of rain upon a gouty foot.

"Take me, and be damned to you!" he snarled, whereat the folding-doors swung on their mysterious hinges and he deposited his weary form into the depths of the padded casket. Overhead, coming from the direction of the driver's box, he could hear a loud hissing sound as a drooping, water-soaked whip fell forward and flecked itself against the sorriest carcass that ever stood between thills.

"Come along, Pansy!"

Pansy, poor thing, gave a moan and lurched against a collar so large for her that she might well have walked through it. With the rocking-chair motion peculiar to hansom cabs the creaking structure turned eastward toward Fifth Avenue, while Pontius sat considering.

His whole adventure had dwindled to a messy failure, had gone dead on him, much as the lights had gone out on the Pandemonium Roof at almost the moment he had taken a table with the idea of sitting up all night. How brightly, on the Saturday afternoon which was yesterday, he had left his poison-gas projectile factory in New Jersey and come to New York fired with a young enthusiasm. How he had chuckled to think of the gasp of glad surprise when he should appear before his wife at her Liberty Loan booth and write down his name for a half million dollars. Thus the anticipated glory of a few hours had gone. And here sat Pontius in a rickety cab, his gouty foot throbbing time to the sudden thoughts which lay mired within his brain.

THREE brilliant impulses had brought him here: to make his peace with the misjudged Mrs. Blint; to loan till it hurt; to feed heavily and dance lightly until dawn. And one after the other his three rich impulses had been knocked over the head—one, two, three — a series of mangled illusions. Firstly, he had appeared at his wife's apartment in the Merlinbilt only to be informed that his wife had disappeared for the night. Secondly, the tired workers in Mrs. Blint's booth had killed his enthusiasm by speaking shortly of Mrs. Blint as of one dead and not to be regretted. And blow number three had fallen sullenly at Florio's, where, his appetite fixed upon red meat and redder wine, he had scarcely seen ruddy duck and Burgundy set under his nose than his ancient enemy, gout, had caught him by the foot as in the jaws of a steel trap; wherefore he had ordered milk toast and rattled the chandeliers with his great round oaths.

The iron-shod wheels bumped over Broadway's shell-craters, and to every bump his foot responded with a twinge; his irritation grew. For seven months Pontius had gone without his customary luxuries, had eaten characterless food, washed down with weak coffee, had suffered the pangs of self-internment in order that the government job, which he had undertaken because he was the biggest man for the place, might be organized to the point of efficiency. Being by nature a sensualist — that is to say, a New Yorker — he had longed for his native town as much as a catfish, accidentally tossed into a trout-stream, might waste away for the mud, oil and constant churning of some busy barge canal. Dreams of ruddy duck and Burgundy had fevered his nights, visions of uninterrupted tangoes under the jazz and jasmine on the Pandemonium Roof had distracted his days. Through those months of uninterrupted grind he had planned it in the back of his head, knowing that he was tired and that he owed himself a party.

And here he was in a war-darkened New York, lurching through the slush in Death's own chariot. Even the Pandemonium Roof, compliant with government regulations, had turned him out into the street.

Pontius Blint was a prey to peevishness, peevishness being usually the outward symbol of heartache. It wasn't gout and it wasn't a cheated digestion and it wasn't disappointed patriotism that troubled him. Curse as he might at his foot, his food or his fate, it was not one or the other of these that spoiled his rest. What pained him was Mrs. Blint.

When first he had gone to Jersey to give his knowledge of cyanogen to the Vesuvius Gas Projectile Works he had left a sort of left-handed blessing with Julia, his wife, and with Doris, his daughter — now Mrs. Middleton Knox. He had seen in them a tendency to take the War as a cross between the horse show and the Mardi Gras. There were plenty of genuine women in the land, he realized, but he had taken it for granted that Julia and Doris were not among them; and yet he had hoped wistfully at times that world-tragedy and world-sacrifice might work some magic softening about those ladies whose emotions had never seemed any deeper than their plucked eyebrows and enameled complexions. In times of peace he had tolerated, even loved them for what they were. But war had taken Pontius out of his ease, and self-denial had bred in him a scorn of such women as quarrel for social preferment over the dead bodies of their warriors. And war had proved to him — or so he had thought for several months — that his Julia and his Doris were of that sort and no better. Then there had come a change over Julia's letters. She was going in "heart and soul," as she described it, for Liberty Bond selling and other necessary work. She wanted him to stand behind her, she said. And poor, trusting Pontius had hurried to town to help to the extent of half a million dollars. He should have known better. Julia, of course, wasn't on the job. Tried in the balance and found wanting!

With such bitter thoughts, Pontius made up his mind that he would *not* go to bed; and he was about to confide his resolution to the skeleton cabman when his ideas were distracted by a curious woody rattling from some mysterious point just above his hat.

"I've carried all Noo Yark, dhrunk an' sober, these twinty-sivin years."

THIS spirit communication, floating out of the nowhere into the coffin-like interior, froze the practical minded Blint into something like a superstitious palsy until, upon looking up, he observed that the cabman had opened his little trap-door at the top and was using the hole as a mouthpiece through which to address his memoirs.

"Good! Then maybe you won't charge me more than ninety dollars extra to take me to some all-night restaurant."

"There ain't a brick in Noo Yark I don't know like me grandfather's wig, from Bathry Park to Cleopathrick's Needle foreninst the Methropol'tan Museem An all-night cabaray, is ut? I'll dhrive ye there."

by Wallace Irwin

Complete in this Number

George Wright

"Not so sudden!" objected Blint, suspicious at the unwonted energy with which the cabman was jerking his Pansy. "What sort of a cabaret do you mean?"

"Kidd's dairy rest'rant, sor."

"What are you driving at?" was Pontius's appropriate question; for the mention of Kidd's brought visions of those standardized, white-tiled, middle-class mush-and-milk palaces where the economical clerk may woo Ceres but see nothing of either Bacchus or Terpsichore.

"Ye moight be a stranger in town, Gineral," went on the burring voice from above, "but sence the War Kidd's Restaurant do be a live wire, an' it's me that's tellin' ye. Because why? Early closin' reg'lations. Them wid a whiskey license must close on th' rap o' twelve; them wid nawthin' stronger than a milk bill stays up full blast an' singin' till the bright day."

"Anything's better than going to bed," grunted Pontius.

"Takin' ye there'll be five exthra an' waitin' tin," the trap-door had opened again to warn the interned cripple.

"Look here," protested Pontius, only able now to make a feeble moan. "I've come all the way over from Jersey to buy Liberty Bonds. At this rate I'll have to borrow to get back."

"Ye'll git nawthin' from me," came the melancholy drone; and again the mortuary refrain, "I've carried all Noo Yark, dhrunk an' sober, these twinty-sivin years — an' what do I git out av ut? Me ould woman's patched me coat till it looks like the Austhree-Hoongar'yan flag — bad cess to ut. An' here I set in me ould age dhrivin' a lame mare to the divvil's own doomp-cart. I've seen th' toime whin I wudn't leave me stand for less than two dollars an' not a cint less. An' look at me now!"

Pontius Blint did his level best to look at him then, but all he could see was the point of a grizzled chin silhouetted above the little square trap-door, like a head by Cruikshank framed in ebony.

"And now you're getting ten — or asking it," he smiled in spite of his mood. "The reward of honesty — eh, what?"

Came the solemn assurance through the hole.

"It's honesty that done for me — honesty an' gasoleen."

"SINCE when did those two get acquainted?" asked he who sat solitary as a medium in a spirit cabinet, harking to astral voices.

"They're acquainted like the sole o' me fut an' the small o' me back. Thim was happy days, sor, whin Noo Yark thravelled behind horse-flesh an' Jay Goold dhrove his coach-an'-four up Fift' Avenoo. Taxicabs! Huh! Divvil a wan. Sorra the day whin fir-r-st I seen wan o' thim sacrilegious little stink-buggies choogin' its way round Union Square smellin' loike a fire in a turpentine factory. On that occasion, sor, I says to Barney McCarthy that dhrove a horse-car round Fourteenth Street, 'It's a bad day for you an' for me, Barney, now that they're learnin' to dhrive hacks wid droogs an' chimicals.'"

All this was diverting. The rain was letting up and Pontius's foot, for the time being, was letting up also.

"So the evil days increased and multiplied!" He was merely "feeding," as they say, for he was entertained by the swan-song and was momentarily afraid that the lid would pop down and the notes would cease.

"Where there was wan there came a dozen. Come a year an' they was tick-tickin' round th' Square like a flock o' buzzards what had swallied that manny alar-r-rm clocks, all the thribes av Israel jerkin' at th' wheel an' takin' the oats out o' me poor Pansy's mouth. An' there stood I like a blind pencil-seller, offerin' me janius fer what I could git fer ut. Fifty cints from Union Square to the Waldorf Astory, wid jerks and smell thrown in — can ye beat that, sor?"

Pontius could not.

"Gasoleen has got into the stummick o' Noo Yark an' made 'er wild. Now to git into soci'ty ye've got to take yer gur-r-l in a tin-thousand-dollar limy-zeen half way to Boston, fill up on champagne-wather an' break the speed-laws to Philadelphy in time fer yer next divoorce. Look at th' young folks. Ar-re they satisfied wid Shakespeare or the Eden Musée for an avenin's pleasure? It's whist for the movies in a dress suit an' a cane like a Frinch juke. Gasoleen done ut!"

"You're a conservative," Pontius was cheered by the sight of the moon coming out through drifting clouds. In the little square hole above he could see one bright eye twinkling with an elfin light.

"I'm a Dimocrat," the high-seated one repeated his doxy. "An' it was five years ago me ould woman — an' there's none bether — says to me, 'Jerry,' says she, 'the sooner ye come to ut the more bacon in the cupboard.' 'Gasoleen?' says I. 'Befoor I come to ut may me grave sprout thistles.' 'Twill be afther sproutin' thim soon enough what wid hunger an' high rents,' says she, 'an' the Socoity for th' Promotion o' Croolty to Animals 'll be lookin' afther yer Pansy without consultin' yer Royle Highness,' says she, 'an' if ther's wan dhrop o' wisdom above yer ears ye'll be afther buyin' wan o' thim taxicabs an' learnin' the trick av it befoor it's too late.'"

"Of course you didn't mind her?"

"FOR five years I didn't. But this mornin' I did. There's a Yiddisher be the name av Stanley Rosewather what's got wan o' thim things, an' sence he was drafted for the ar-r-my he'll part wid ut, take ut or leave ut, for two hundhred an' twinty-five dollars. So this marnin' I took me fir-r-st lesson; an' me ould feyther should have turned in his grave to see his son a-settin' there toogin' at a haythen wheel, bein' called a harp an' a coachman be a wall-eyed Yiddisher."

It seems that the unseen voice whose name was Jerry had fallen under the charm of that taxicab, despite his protestations to the contrary. His old woman, so he suspected, had nearly seventy-five dollars in the family sock, and Jerry had extorted seventy more out of the public's need on the two preceding gasless Sundays.

"Wid the tin I'm chargin' ye, thot'll be wan-fifty-five. An' to-morra's gasless Sunday agin —"

At this point the faithful Pansy, as though already worn out with her efforts to buy herself from bondage, stumbled over a car-track; and in the act of reining her to her feet her master let the trap-door come down with a clatter.

Pontius Blint actually chuckled. As a war profiteer, Jerry the cabman had struck at the very root of supply and demand. Gas, as it were, had asphyxiated his business for twenty years; and in this short breathing spell, during which the government had turned off the gas, Jerry was back on the job, feeding fat his grudge against the public which had starved and neglected him during the best years of his life. And when this harvest time was over he would get himself a taxicab!

Strange is the circle of fate! thought Pontius Blint, only he expressed it in plain business terms by the reflection that even in the hansom-cab business you must improve your plant to meet modern conditions. And with this reflection, the padded casket in which he sat swayed round a corner and stopped. Peering through the round window he could see the great glassy restaurant front, exposing, with all the immodesty of a showcase, the skimmed-milk whiteness of a vast tiled interior. Right under the famous word "Kidd's," running diagonally in white porcelain script across the plate glass, a white-clad juggler forever conjured the nimble flapjack from a soapstone griddle to a handy plate. How could the Bacchantes go rioting to Kidd's? thought Pontius Blint, staring at the scene How could the great god Pan, evicted from his temple, associate with the little god Skillet, forever stewing cereal foods for the bourgeoisie? And yet behold the miracle! Crying "Wait!" to Jerry the cabman, Pontius followed the throng which surged through the door, all but fighting for admittance.

At the long table where he managed to sandwich himself in between a khakied colonel and a student aviator sat many ladies in evening wraps and a few gentlemen who ladled ham and eggs carefully above their pure lawn ties. He had not seen such a display of uniforms and fine clothes since the last diplomatic reception at Washington. Two hundred rookies from Camp Upton were marching lockstep round and round the room, chanting more or less in accord, "I hate to

"I'm an expert in raw deals. Why don't you tell me about it?"

get up in the morning!" In the center of the room an elderly vaudeville artist, standing on a table, volunteered a saxophone obbligato to the triumphal march. Across from him sat six splendid warriors, shrugging the silver shoulder straps of ill-fated Russia as they gabbled in French and ate pie *à la mode* from bomb-proof plates. Could this be Kidd's, the American synonym for economical feeding, the hackneyed joke of the newspaper paragrapher? Apparently so, for there in the window stood the flapjack juggler right under Kidd's universally-known trade-mark in porcelain script.

"A stack of wheats and a cup of coffee!" commanded Pontius in the correct vernacular when the waiter-lassie came round.

A comic baritone had just finished the Yaphank version of "Poor Butterfly." At Pontius's elbow the khakied colonel released his glass of buttermilk to join the applause.

"He's from Upton," smiled the officer, "and we've got enough professional talent out there to—"

Pontius was beginning to feel that this was just what he had been needing for months. In the noise and hurrah of it he almost forgot the defection of his wife, the disappointment which threatened to change him into a boggy pacifist. He could see it demonstrated all around him, the vibrant magic which had turned America from a country into a nation. Broadway had forsaken its dram and under the influence of the national spirit was rejoicing more spontaneously than ever it had rejoiced before — on milk and coffee!

Pontius began to feel that, after this, Julia couldn't be so bad as he had painted her. He was preparing himself to believe that he would go back to the hotel and find that he had misjudged her again, that the mistake had been his and not hers — as sometimes happens in matrimonial relations.

Two Canadian aviators, one with an empty sleeve and another leaning stiffly on a cane, came down the center aisle and were offered seats by thirteen pretty girls and forty-two male civilians. A human megaphone in the form of an artillery sergeant stood on the speaker's table and informed the multitude that they had with them to-night none other than Private Muscowitz — known to the stage as Bernard de Long, the Human Crab — and to prove that he needed no introduction Private Muscowitz himself appeared walking on his hands, politely lifted his trench cap between his toes and in a moment won the public heart.

SOLDIERS, sailors and marines were knotted together right behind Pontius's chair and in the center-group stood an old-time German monologist who twisted the pathetically comic seams in his face and continued to tell about himself. The package he held, wrapped in a copy of the *Evening Trombone*, had split at one end, revealing what appeared to be the frazzled tails of a dress-coat.

"How can you prove you hate the Kaiser?" a red-headed bean-pole of a gob was leaning kindly to inquire.

"I vas born in Roosian Poland und taught to hate 'em like a snake."

"What you got in the package, Fritz — a gas bomb?" asked a sad marine whom the rest called Eddie.

"Mein dress-coat und vest."

As by magic he had stripped off the *Evening Trombone* and was holding up a shiny, greenish ceremonial garment to whose lapel there clung tin, brass, leather, and paper medals in rich profusion.

"Mit dis I make a funny talk about der Kaiser for der poys," he insisted as, suiting action to words, he began making a rapid change of costume then and there.

"Tell it behind the chicken-wire!"

"Throw 'im in the brig!"

"Give 'im the Iron Cross!"

"Give 'im a chance!"

The last of the varying opinions seemed to win the majority, for the much-decorated alien was shoved forward upon the arms of the mighty. The human megaphone began roaring for order. At last, the shabby dress-coat with its solid front of decorations appeared on the eminence, while its owner stood licking his lips after the classic usage of Weber and Field.

"Chendlemens und uddus," he began, "I vill now told you a leedle connunderrum. Vot iss de tifference between der Kaiser und a piece of Limburger?"

The difference, though possibly essential, was never made plain to Pontius Blint, for at that very instant his eye had wandered and fixed itself upon a sheet of paper half-way under his chair. It was the society page of the *Evening Trombone* which the comedian, in his hasty change, had cast aside.

Centered in the page, gazing straight up from a floreate frame, was a full-length portrait of Mrs. Pontius Blint.

Pontius leaned painfully down and brought the fragment within reading distance of his nose.

"Society Leader Who Poses To-Day
in Percy Follip's Fashion Show
at Atlantic City."

There was some more about it in the gushing write-up down the column, but the blow was sufficient to drive the last nail into the closed door of optimism. So this was why Julia had deserted her patriotic work, left her Liberty Bond booth to shift for itself. Of course. The strutting, arrogant, silk-stockinged lot of females were all like that. Help, service, sacrifice, were to them words and poor ones. Percy Follip, the male dressmaker, had lured her away at the crowded hour when America was clamoring for the only help she could give.

"I vill now tell you aboud camel-flooge. Camel-flooge is ven a society lady buys a nine huntred und fifty tollar dress und spends der change on a Liberty Bond."

This morsel of dialectic wisdom was floating down from the speaker's platform directly into the tired ear of Pontius Blint. He looked at his watch. It was half-past two. Roughly he snatched a punctured meal-ticket out of the waiter-lassie's astonished grasp. He was neither surprised nor annoyed to find that somebody had stolen his hat. Taking this minor outrage with due philosophy, Pontius stole some one else's; then, arm in arm with his jinx, passed woefully out into the night.

Out by the curb, in the ghastly reflected light of Kidd's show window, he descried the skeleton cabman perched like a sleeping bird on the top of his skeleton cab. His battered beaver nodding forward, his scarecrow of a body hunched as though broken in its supporting slat, he presented a Macabre picture of collapse. Below him the spring-kneed Pansy companioned his dreams, her blinders, her ears, her mane flapping, her nose almost level with the sidewalk.

"Hi, there!"

With one marvelous automatic movement Jerry came to an upright position, acting upon a system of well-trained springs as he brought the reins taut and pulled the mare's pole-like neck to the spirited angle of a thoroughbred at the horse-show.

"It do be the fall weather, sor," explained the ever-ready, causing the double doors to open mysteriously like the petals of a sun-kissed rose. "As I often says to the ould woman, says I, 'It's waitin' round that takes the hear-r-t out uv a man. Rather would I dhrive a hundhred miles,' says I, 'than wait two hours be th' cold an' rain. But that's the curse uv the poor,' says I, 'to be whistlin', wid th' autumn wind while the rich man dhrinks fine wine.'"

"You'll be charging me extra for that?" snarled Pontius.

"It's already on the bill, yer honor. An' if ye'll git aboord, Gineral, I'll be after dhrivin' ye to th' Hotel Astor."

"Who ever mentioned the Hotel Astor?" inquired the nerve-worn fare. "I said the Merlinbilt—and if you take me anywhere else it'll be to a hospital."

"My mistake, sor," corrected Jerry.

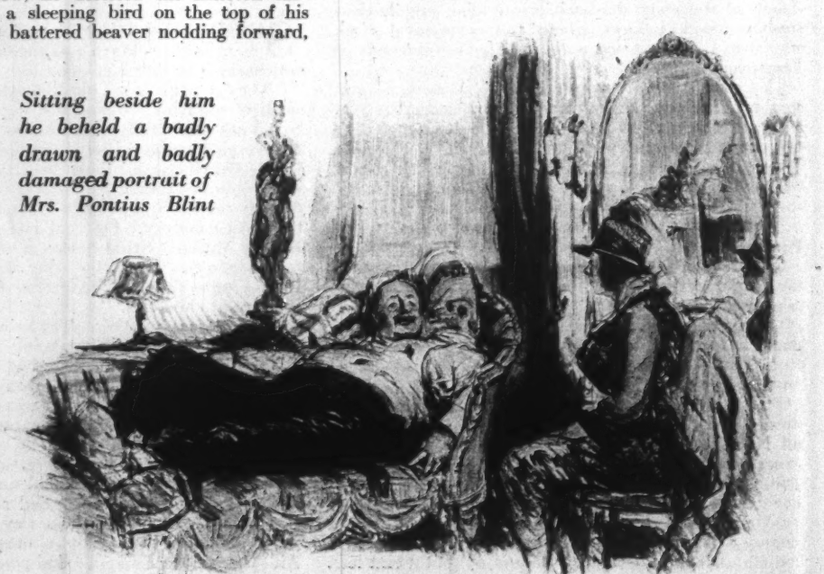
Pontius was swearing softly as he eased himself to the footboard, and he might have continued the futile eloquence had not the unexpected energy of Pansy's dash toward the East Side thrown him violently among the cushions and in contact with something sufficiently grisly to erase all present troubles from his mind. The interior of the cab was all in shadow, but he could feel it crowding against his elbow, a soft and fluffy something which had nothing to do with the crazy padding of the cushions. An icy rill went down his spinal marrow. Gropingly he reached out, then sprang back as though bitten.

His hand had come in contact with a sleeve, and inside that sleeve there was a soft human arm!

Pontius Blint rubbed his aching eyes, and when the porthole opposite had swung within the radius of a street lamp he braced himself and dared take another look. A rather small girl, her face pale as the moon under her dark velvet tam-o'-shanter, lay perfectly still in the corner, her body huddled, her hands folded. To all appearances she was lifeless. There was not a flutter of the black lashes that lay upon her cheeks. Her mouth, which was small and pretty, was fixed to a childlike droop which conveyed the idea both of tragedy and of helplessness.

A PERFECT finish for his enterprise! Pontius Blint had come to New York to renew his youth, and instead found himself escorting a corpse in a hansom cab.

Under such circumstances a fool will cry out, a coward will run away and a wise man will consider the case. Despite what the day and its fate had done to him, Pontius was a wise man. As soon as he had shaken himself together he considered the advisability of driving at once to a police station. The cabman, undoubtedly a mild lunatic, might be to blame for all this, a detail in some frightful plot. Pontius picked up one of the small hands, intent to see if life still lingered. The fingers were not rigid, certainly, but they gave poor evidence, for they were covered with a black glove of poor quality and worn blue at the finger ends. Carefully he put the hand back beside its mate. And at that point a faint, monotonous, not unpleasant noise came to his ears. It had the comforting, home-making sound which a cat gives forth in hours of ease before an open fire. He leaned [*Continued on page 34*]



Sitting beside him he beheld a badly drawn and badly damaged portrait of Mrs. Pontius Blint

There Are Millions of New Mouths for Us to Feed

If We Feed the World!

by Edward Mott Woolley

Illustrations by Hy Mayer

NOW that we have canned the Kaiser, the United States is confronted with another big canning problem. The close of the War, instead of bringing relief to the food stringency, apparently has opened 200,000,000 new mouths for us to feed in whole or in part. Food Administrator Hoover reminded us often in 1918 that "120,000,000 Allies must eat," and now we concede that even our ex-enemies, if they are shown to be starving, must be fed.

There are endless ramifications in food, but now we are chiefly considering the canned forms of provisions, exclusive of meats. I have already told the meat story in McCLURE'S. In 1918 the canneries of this country put up 7,000,000,000 cans of vegetables, fruits and fish, and it is estimated that a billion and a half quarts were preserved in the homes and community kitchens. But during the coming season these figures should be heavily increased if we are to meet the situation. The cannery output ought to reach at least eight billion cans, and the home production two billion quarts.

Indeed, the possibilities of the United States in this industry have scarcely been touched. In the present world food emergency the canning business stands out conspicuously, for food in this form is the mobile subsistence of nations. The winning of the War was due in no small measure to American canned products. They aided largely in mobilizing two million men so far from home, and in feeding the Allied troops.

If next summer we should put up 8,000,000,000 cans of food they would furnish the equivalent of complete rations for 8,000,000 people for a year — figured on a civilian basis. From the standpoint of actual calories, this estimate is far under what it should be.

In its bigness and possibilities the canning industry is typically American. It was fortunate that in 1914 we had developed it to considerable proportions, yet when the Kaiser touched the match, we were preserving only 3,000,000,000 cans of food a year. We boasted then that we had a great industry, yet now we have more than doubled it. In the industrial history of the War, canning takes a notable part.

In attempting to measure the rôle to be played by canned foods in the first year or two of reconstruction it is significant to glance for a moment at the total daily preserved food requirements of our three million troops at home and abroad. So far as possible let us avoid statistics, but some figures are necessary. The United States soldiers have consumed 1,500,000 cans or jars of food daily, or about 548,000,000 a year. Figured at an average retail price of twenty-five cents a package, the value would be close to $137,000,000. The biggest item is condensed or evaporated milk. Then, in the order of their quantities, come jams, tomatoes, corn, baked beans, peas, salmon, peaches, pineapples, catsup, stringless beans, apricots, pumpkins, lobsters, and clam juice.

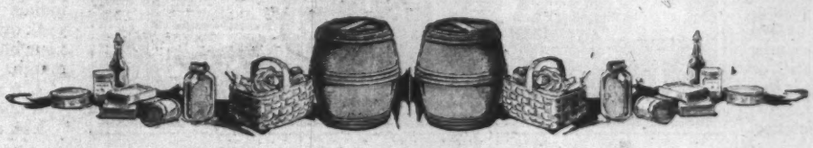
It is not easy to measure the weight of this food, because an uncertain proportion of the cans contain two pounds or more; others contain less than a pound.

But canned food for our own soldiers represented only a part of the government purchases, which averaged in 1918 around a quarter of the United States pack. Suppose we try to visualize this: these cans would make a tower more than 165,000 miles high. If laid out on the water they would make a bridge across the Atlantic wide enough for a motor-truck!

Even these metaphors do not give a full understanding of the importance of canned goods in bringing the War to a victorious end. It would have been impossible to substitute other forms of food in many emergency uses; and if we even attempt to estimate the ships necessary to transport in bulky foods the equivalent of these canned products, we must see how hopeless the task would have been.

IT may be interesting for a moment to go beyond canned foods and get an idea of the total quantity of foodstuffs of all kinds required daily for our army at its maximum: 13,500,000 pounds, or the equivalent of 225 carloads. In a year, this would make a train of 82,125 cars. The total annual cost of food alone during the War has been more than half a billion dollars, and if we include the expense of transporting, preparing and serving, the total is probably over a billion a year.

The quantity of food sent from the United States to the Allied countries has been almost incredible. Of all kinds, including canned products, we furnished between July of 1914 and the summer of 1918, complete rations for 60,000,000 people for a year, and in addition, supplied proteins for 23,000,000 others. Of all this, ninety-nine per cent. went to England and France. But, of course, canned foods played only a modest part in this vast total.



No industry has been more thoroughly mobilized than this, including all its 3,500 canneries. We might perhaps have had 5,000 canneries if there had been plenty of tin plate and fertilizer. The growth of the industry is bounded by these two factors. Under the stress of war, 1918 difficulties were very great; but every canner, big or little, furnished the government his allotment of food, and the whole mighty machinery of the canning trade concentrated on the big cause. Though America is short of canned goods this winter, there is solace in the reflection that the sacrifice contributed so largely to victory, and is helping to feed famishing millions.

The government, soon after we entered the War, practically drafted all the canners for the food service. It said to them: "We need you and your product." The whole industry was coordinated and put under Federal inspection. With the cooperation of the canners themselves, prices were fixed by the Federal Trade Commission. Every canner in the United States knew his percentage, based on his individual pack.

The country was divided into buying districts, with depots in charge of army officers. A large force of army inspectors was maintained during the season, ninety of them working out at Chicago alone. These inspectors visited all plants, giving special attention to the character of employees and working with the canning companies to prevent possible sabotage. The government urged that all workers be classified, and that enemy aliens be placed in parts of the plants where they could do the least damage. The government also issued an oath of allegiance for employees to sign, in which the workers promised to report all suspicious acts and disloyal words. No visitors were allowed.

One of the serious difficulties was the lack of skilled labor and executives, and the government worked with the canners in securing industrial furloughs for so-called "key" employees, hard to replace.

In the Quartermaster's office complete records were kept of the capacity, character and standing of every establishment purveying food to the army, and unreliable concerns were eliminated or forced to conform. In the canning industry practically all the establishments met the conditions voluntarily. The government also had a food-testing laboratory and tried out samples of all edible products. But for years the National Canners' Association has maintained a laboratory at the Capital, where the problems of the canners are worked out and extensive research work done to improve standards. This organization with headquarters at Washington, has been active in war service.

Out of the farming population

of the United States probably eight or ten million people benefit in some way from the canned goods industry, and perhaps half this number contribute directly or indirectly in labor to the production of the raw material. Two hundred thousand people worked in the canneries last season. Altogether we had a canned food army several times as big as our Expeditionary Force, devoting part of its energy to the job of feeding the Allies.

THE new food necessities may bring important changes in American eating habits. If the starvation of a large part of the world turns out to be as imminent as now seems likely, the people of the United States will voluntarily revise their diet to make possible the feeding of these nations to the best advantage. For one thing, fish, both canned and fresh, will be a much bigger item. Almost all other canned foods must be produced from the soil under time limitations. Fish foods, on the other hand, can be more easily expended in quantities. It will be our duty to use more fish on our tables, especially fresh, and to can very much larger quantities for shipment overseas.

In 1918 the government found the salmon canning industry an immense help and bought somewhere around a thousand carloads of this product. The total retail value of the United States' salmon pack last season, including that of Alaska, was close to $80,000,000.

The mystery of the salmon is one of the strangest in nature. The great bulk of the Pacific Coast varieties goes into the deep sea from the fresh-water beds where they hatch, and remain in the ocean from four to six years. Then, like migratory birds, they come back to their identical breeding places — male and female alike. They are large fish, sometimes weighing eighty pounds, and they make their way up the rivers and creeks by the million, forcing themselves into shallow pools where the spawning takes place. A salmon spawns but once — and then dies; and the male, too, dies on his first trip back to his birthplace, the males and females being about equally divided. Both parents are fated to perish in the full tide of their strength in order to furnish food for their young. Their bodies sink to the bottom and are preserved from putrefaction by some provision of nature.

The Federal and State bureaus of fisheries are doing important work in maintaining and increasing the salmon supply, which otherwise would be exhausted. Through so-called artificial propagation, which consists of utilizing the eggs removed from the freshly caught fish, vast numbers of young salmon are hatched. These are usually kept in the hatchery ponds several months. Before turning them loose large numbers have their fins clipped so they may be identified if they come back to the locality of their breeding places. One season 50,000 young salmon were clipped, and four years later 2,000 of them were caught on their return.

There are big, undeveloped possibilities in the canning of other fish. Aside from salmon, cod, tuna and sardines, not much has been done in this direction. A report comes from California that a company is canning a meatless sausage from fish. Other reports tell of canned white fish products. There are possibilities, too, in sharks and whales, though perhaps not enticing unless the food situation becomes still more serious.

Because of the need to release all possible products for world distribution, a largely expanded home consumption of canned lobsters and similar sea foods is predicted. Every lobster luncheon conserves food that perhaps can go abroad.

Lobster-fishing is a curious industry, confined chiefly to eastern waters. Traps are set on the bottom in the form of boxes with openings, and the lobster, walking up an inclined plane, goes in after the bait — and finds himself caught.

An average lobster catch for the season has been 25,000,000 pounds, or perhaps 8,000,000 lobsters; but only 6,500,000 pounds go into the cans, the remainder being waste.

The turtle, too, is a curious victim of the canners' wiles, and every one consumed here will mean a day's food released for several families in Europe. During the hard period of recovery from war, each meal will count.

TURTLE-HUNTERS lie in wait on the sands bordering the Gulf of Mexico, and when these awkward creatures come ashore in the night they are turned on their backs and captured. Sometimes they weigh a thousand pounds apiece. They are transported alive to huge tanks under the piers at Key West and other places, and here I saw men wading among the monsters — who seemed quite friendly.

Sardines likewise can help considerably in filling the deficit at home. The sardine canning industry, as it flourishes along the coast of Maine, might well be a story by itself. It has contributed from six to ten million dollars a year to our food.

The sardine canneries operate whenever the fishing-boats come in, and the summoning whistle of the plant is as likely to blow at midnight as at noon. Then pretty much the whole population gets out of bed and rushes away to the canneries. At other points on the New England coast, particularly at Gloucester, Mass., the dried fish industry is found. It will play an important rôle in our food problem.

Down along the Gulf Coast live the crayfish or shrimp, and in the spring and fall they come into shallow water. They are caught in nets, but only their tails are used for food.

OYSTERS, of course, are especially important as a home food, and the oyster canning business in past years has been immense. At present it is depressed because of misfortunes in the oyster beds and prohibitive labor costs. Nevertheless, the more oysters we eat, the more we will do to conserve food for hungry people abroad.

Canned tomatoes have been especially important as a war food, because they were used extensively to allay thirst along the front fighting lines. Tomatoes themselves are ninety-three per cent. water. Soldiers half-dead from fatigue and thirst were wonderfully refreshed when the tomato cans were tossed around. Frequently the men had no means of opening the cans except with their bayonets, and they drank the juicy contents from the ragged container itself.

The tomato pack of 1918 was around 480,000,000 cans. Large as this seems, it represents the product of a relatively small acreage. If concentrated in one patch, the land devoted to cannery tomatoes would comprise a farm only eighteen miles square. This could be immensely expanded if necessary. One of the impressive things to be observed in traveling over the United States is the great areas of good land not under cultivation. If we really had to do the job, we could well-nigh feed the world.

The government took about forty-five per cent. of the 1918 tomato pack. This quantity would furnish 864 cans apiece to a quarter of a million hungry people, or nearly two and a half cans a day for a year. Translated into equivalents, this would come near complete rationing.

Tomato pulp, or the condensed product, has been used to feed prisoners — whose thirst was not a matter of so much solicitation.

Maryland is considered the [*Continued on page 40*]

Back In It! — *by* Hildegarde Hawthorne

ESCAPE, you call it, as you sink back against the cushions of your section, and feel the train quiver to its start, to plunge the next moment into a tunnel or a tube, as it must when you leave the Great City. New York drops behind. You are set for far places. For the lonely splendors of the desert, the green glory of the hills, the austere and bracing mountains, at least for some place remote and wild, a place of rocks, streams, sands, woods — of vast leisures. You are returning to nature, and you are homesick for her presence, her great healing silences, her unconscious spaciousness. You want to breathe air that has blown fresh from her lips, and that carries the scent of the sea and the pine. You are sick of houses and offices, of men and women, of subways and late editions. What do they all amount to? You want to cook your supper over a handful of spruce chips beside a trout stream, to roll up in a blanket under the stars when sleep masters you, to plunge into the swirling pool before your breakfast, to shout with the sheer joy of abounding health and life as you tramp the trail or guide the canoe.

And it is good!

GOOD the long ride on the cow pony across the desert, with its strange shimmering hues, as though a moonbow had fallen to earth, and its red buttes riding the horizon. Good the noon camp beside a water hole, whose muddy banks are trodden with hoof-prints. Good the arid smell of the greasewood fire and the pungent odor of coffee, the hobbled horses jumping awkwardly from one dry tuft of grass to another, the murmured conversation of the men, tin cups in hand, tin plates heaped with *Mulligan*, the surmises as to the best place to make night camp, and what luck the hunt is to bring. You are glad to be sitting, eating, thinking idly of that strenuous moment or two crossing the ford with its threat of quicksands, and the necessity to act "on the jump" or cease forever from acting. The city? It is forgotten, or, if you remember, it is to wonder how you are able to endure its grotesque existence.

And then, from mountain ranch, from singing stream, from moonlight wonder by the sea's loneliest shores or from hunting trip through mighty forests, you return.

The city meets you with a shriek, with a nervous shock that sets everything in you to humming. You move confused for a day or two, your eyes ache and your ears hum. Yet in an hour the mighty world in which you have been living fades to a dream. You begin to hurry. You look at your watch instead of at the skies. You no longer meet the eyes of the passersby, for you are back in the place of strangers.

But suddenly some one stops you, beams at you, demands that you come to lunch and talk over a new idea for . . . no matter what, it is a matter for enthusiasm and for interest. You plunge into discussion. You think perhaps you can do something about it. You part from your friend, your mind alive with possibilities.

Your telephone rings. You are wanted on a business concerned with momentous after-the-war questions. No, they didn't know you'd been away. Never mind, you're back. Hurry round, for this is of real worth, and only needs that a few disinterested persons should push it.

The next hour sees you on a committee, and with a distinct plan which involves much labor for the following week. On the way out you run across a man you used to know but had lost sight of. He is in khaki; he is just back from France; he has come safely through the War. So has little Billy White; and you talk eagerly of the possibility of going over to France for the committee you have joined.

Your telephone again. It's for dinner this time. Only four, but you know them all and they are worth knowing. They are doing things. You begin telling of some of your adventures, just passed; but only in a sentence or two. They have all been "away" somewhere, but now you're back in New York — back at work — back with everybody. Was it really but a dream, that vision of lonely cañon, lofty peak, wind-swept horizon? Why, only this day last week you were waist high in a foaming mountain creek, fighting with a speckled beauty, your rod bent double! Impossible!

YOU walk home, with the lights pricking their patterns far into the sky. A throng presses past you, none of whose items is known to you, but with which you feel a mysterious identity of being. Your mind is crowded with ideas, with plans, with remembered actions and contacts, with the necessity of arranging for each coming hour of to-morrow if you are to get through what you must do to keep abreast of the labors and events of the day. You must see this man or that woman, you must get hold of that new book, you should attend the meeting scheduled for two o'clock, and . . .

The city roars about you. Its lights dance in your eyes, its crowds shift and blur. Raucous yells strike your ears, cars clang and grate, auto horns bellow. But these separate items no longer assail you. They merge and melt into a diapason of sound and sight within which you move serenely, immersed in the plans you are evolving for meeting the insistent demands upon your time, your energy. You walk quickly, instinctively dodging the traffic, your blood keeping time with the city's quick march.

The great dynamo of the Metropolis has you once again within its radius.

You are Back In It! You are Back In It!

Such a thing happens to every Adam's son some time or other

Illustration by
R. M. Crosby

The Day of Days

A Love Story
by Dana Gatlin

IT is too bad that, in the records that have come down concerning Adam and Eve, no report is included of some occasion on which the gentleman planned a "surprise" for the lady. One can, of course, fancy the general trend of the affair, but it would be interesting to possess an account through the bald words of which we could pry into the coy, bland, fatuous recesses of the original male mind: how the inspiration, like some radiant, winged creature asleep in the soul, first fluttered its pinions and poised itself for flight; how he visioned the enraptured amaze of his lady when she should discover he harbored such winged radiance within him — her exclamations, indicative of admiration and appreciation of his own wonderful self ——

But it is futile to go on fabricating the details, for, since history is deficient, it would be after all a matter of imagination. Better to peruse the experience of Adam in one of the million lineally descended experiences close at hand — the setting and specific matter of which depend on which of the million sons of Adam we may choose for observation. For the sons of Adam we have with us always, and they continue to write and rewrite the chapters which the old man, so long ago, outlined in his original book.

Andy Benson was, naturally and inevitably, a son of Adam. Not that he spent any time being conscious of his pedigree — no man does. Anyway, at the present moment, Andy's consciousness was taken up with being in love with and engaged to Corinna — such a thing as happens to every Adam's son some time or other in his life.

Now, Corinna was of a kind to fairly engross one's consciousness — so beautiful was she and so sweet, like some gracious rose, and so unexpectedly, bewilderingly equipped with the little thorns that lie hidden in every rose. Andy would no sooner lose himself in the wonder of her sweetness than, quite suddenly and inexplicably, he would prick his finger. He seemed to spend his days being plunged from ecstasy to despair, then being lifted back to ecstasy so he could plunge again. It was very painful and upsetting, especially since he never comprehended just what it was all about. Because he didn't comprehend he assumed that Corinna was unique. Poor credulous Andy! Corinna was not unique. Old Adam himself could have told him that. She was simply a daughter of Eve.

Otherwise, she was as sweet and lovely a young woman as you could wish to see. She had hair soft and duskily vagrant as the clouds of night that drift to frame the white moon's loveliness; lashes like a fringe of ebony mist over two twilight-gray pools — gray eyes that could shine with sympathy or delightful humor, just so they could, all of a sudden, shade over as inscrutably as though a curtain had been drawn. When a woman's eyes go opaque like that, though she is within arm's reach yet she is a thousand miles away. But despite this baffling trick or perhaps partly because of it, the charms of Corinna had won her a considerable little court which she soberly decreed to exile when Andy became ascendant. And for Andy the departed adorers assumed a sort of shadowy seeming, like ghosts, objects for commiseration rather than jealousy and were not without a certain romantic aura, since they had to fade away for his own sake. Only to one Victor did he refuse the mantle of his complacent pity. He could not have defined this one antipathy in concrete words; it was only — but nothing more damning — that Victor "got his goat." But as Corinna had sent Victor to limbo with the others, there seemed no adequate cause for outspoken spleen — for a time.

Now it came to pass that Corinna wanted to celebrate her engagement anniversary with a party. It must, often, have been hard on Eve, when anniversaries of divers kinds came around that she had no "list" to draw on for parties, and this may have been partly why she took to eating with a serpent, after the delicious novelty of parties *à deux* with Adam had worn dull. For there are times when a woman is newly in love or newly betrothed or newly reconciled or newly something-or-other, that she really prefers parties *à deux*.

This was the kind of celebration Andy had planned to mark the red-letter day which told they had been engaged exactly one month. It was a highly satisfactory affair but, when another month brought the second important date, Corinna claimed it was her turn to arrange festivity and suggested, since she had some friends to whom he'd not yet been exhibited, a gay little dinner party. Andy, being still in a state to regard the date in the light of a solemn sacrament, would have preferred a ritual for two alone, but, because Corinna evidently did not prefer that, he abnegated self and pretended enthusiasm. And then, Corinna, woman-like, was a little piqued because he didn't protest against the chorus, and almost invited Victor. But she didn't, and was repaid by her gratification in the way Andy couldn't conceal his gratification.

It was a gay little gathering: a jolly young married couple who made a point of adoring each other; a jollier young couple who made a point of not adoring each other; a girl, nearly as pretty as Corinna, to whom Andy had once been nearly engaged and whom Corinna had put first on her list; a young widow of ardent costumes and rough speech, who was considered very "smart;" a young man who lowered his voice when he talked to women and was, therefore, liked by them; and a young man who didn't especially matter.

A gay little affair, with a blaze of candles and flowers and everyone trying to talk at once. But Corinna, when it was all over, couldn't help recalling that other — a cosy, softly-lighted little place you must go downstairs to reach, a table in the corner just big enough for

two, and the charm that can hover over a table just big enough for two, and all the rest of the world as well as lost save for the waiter who did homage to the situation.

"Well," commented Andy, who had lingered, "it was a great party."

"Did you enjoy it?" said Corinna, swallowing a sigh.

"Very much."

"Better than the other?"

There was a hint of wistfulness in her eyes, but blind Andy thought he was doing what she wished of him when he answered warmly:

"Oh, lots better!"

And Corinna laid the sigh to rest in her heart, as one lays flowers on a grave; she felt that there was, indeed, a sort of grave there — memory of that first savor of romance which had passed so quickly. She had never suspected Andy might let go of it before herself, but she recalled having heard that women are more sentimental than men. Well, she'd never let him know this was so in *her* case. So she said, brightly:

"Well, we must have something even gayer next time."

"Indeed we must!" agreed Andy.

She hesitated the shadow of a second.

"You're sure — ?"

"Sure about what?" asked Andy.

"That you'd like that better than — just us two?"

Andy, then, almost blurted out the truth. But, thinking the anxious look in her eyes was there because she half-suspected this gregarious gayety bored him, and so touched by her concern that he'd have lost a hand rather than frustrate her pleasure by confirming her suspicion, thought to please her when he reasseverated:

"Oh, very much better!" Then, with just the faintest hope, he added: "That's what *you* want, isn't it?"

And Corinna, who would have lost *her* hand rather than let him know she was the more sentimental, while the sigh entombed in her heart stirred faintly like the flowers of a wreath, replied:

"Yes, of course."

So the germ of misunderstanding was born — the tiniest of germs and begot of the best self-denying intentions; but the most microscopic of germs, once started, can multiply to an alarming extent and bring about amazing results.

Of course Corinna realized that, had she but spoken, she could have had her wish. Andy was the kindest and most considerate of men, and he loved her. Of this last Corinna was sure, even though she felt that the first keen romantic flavor was gone — worn dull by a certain assurance of stability, she supposed. Well, they say it must always be thus. . . . And she wasn't one to use her power over him to make him do something he was not instinctively prompted to do. She felt rather noble in foregoing that power. For she did have power, she reflected. She thought: "Yes, I could do what I liked with him. When I look at him a certain way — use a certain tone ——"

There is ecstasy in the consciousness of power — in the knowledge you need but lift a finger to gain any caprice. But there is greater ecstasy in the knowledge you have voluntarily resigned the *rôle* of capricious queen.

At this particular period Corinna was beginning to look upon life seriously. Very seriously. She felt her responsibility toward Andy: it was in her hands to bring happiness or pain into his life. He was dependent on her. Nobody could do for him — to make or mar — what she could. It was tremendous. And she wanted to live up to her responsibility. Especially, because she loved him so much. Of course she was cognizant of his faults; and he had plenty of them. But she didn't think — wise woman! — she'd love him so much if he were perfect. As it was she adored him; everything about him — the way he looked, the fine, honest, direct way he thought and felt, the absurd, blundering lack of insight he often showed as to herself.

This last reflection made Corinna smile softly as she visioned Andy with the helpless, puzzled look in his eyes. Poor, dear Andy! — and Corinna had a curious, duplex sensation as of at once looking up to him and being mysteriously above him. But this latter slant lent a peculiar tenderness to her mood. She must always strive to do her duty, to be gentle and sympathetic; and never vent caprice on his bewildered head.

She looked with amazement back across a gulf of two months, at the thoughtless girl who had been herself. That girl had had no conception of the nobler rapture of obligations realized and fulfilled. . . . Corinna soared heroically. The day of caprice and wiles was done. Well — almost. It might, on occasion, be expedient, proper . . .

Meanwhile the party of the second part in these ponderings was indulging in some ponderings of his own. Though nursing his own little secret selfish regrets, he was really happy over Corinna's party; happy, first, because she'd been so happy and, second, because she'd made of it such a triumphant success. It is gratifying to a man to see his beloved, his prospective wife, carry off an affair with gracious effectiveness. And it was natural, of course, that a girl of such exceptional social gifts should enjoy putting them into practise. He would have liked, for a little longer, anyway, to have kept their high period exclusive. But women didn't seem to be like men in these things. There was a popular fallacy, he reflected, that women are more sentimental than men. Andy smiled as he wondered why men, anent this fallacy, are so shyly averse to letting out the truth.

Then he sighed. If only Corinna could have been content with just himself a bit longer! But she hadn't been; she had unconsciously revealed that, though willing to sacrifice her own desire to his. The dear girl! He dwelt tenderly on the image of the unselfish darling so anxious to discern his true wish. And he had once thought her a coquette, perverse, even cruel! How mistaken, unjust, he had been. He craved to be deserving of this new Corinna, to be selflessly generous toward her in all things. And if she wanted to have a mob around her when he wanted to have her and her alone — well, she should not only have her mob, but she should have it environed with all the extravagant trimmings his purse could afford. More than his purse could afford. In his present mood he desired to be senselessly extravagant for her. And, being a mere man, he derived a certain self-satisfaction from this willingness to immolate his own preference on the altar of her preference.

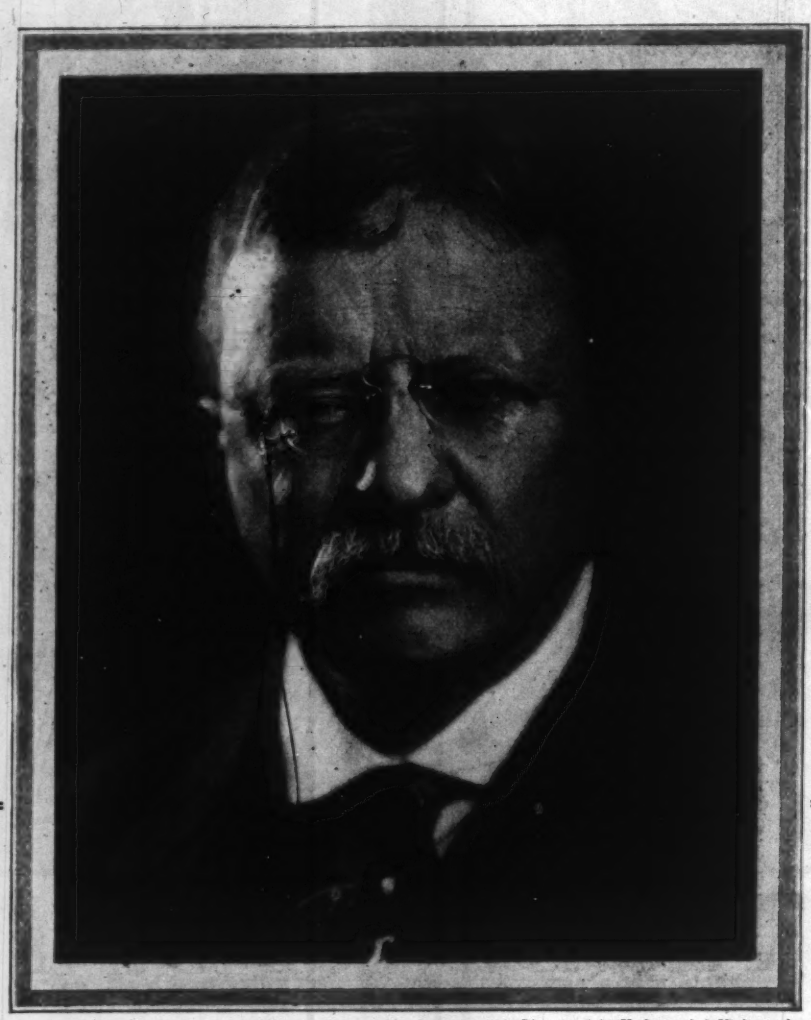
Andy's lofty self-immolation, his tenderness, his resolve to indulge the sweet girl's whims, soared and soared till, all of a sudden, he felt within him the fluttering of an Inspiration. "We must have something even gayer next time," she had said.

He would have a "surprise on" Corinna for the next anniversary!

Not a small, mean, niggardly party this, but a large, superb, royal, to-the-devil-with-the-cost sort of thing! Dinner, for eight at the least, at the most expensively fashionable restaurant in town — the kind of dinner you go into conference over with the head-waiter and *chef*, a box at the theatre where there's the biggest premium on tickets; supper at the place where it's hardest to secure reservations . . .

As the inspiration developed and took form in the coy, bland, fatuous recesses of his male mind, Andy beamingly visioned the enraptured amaze of his lady — her exclamations, indicative of admiration and appreciation. He saw all this appreciation aimed at himself, but he went to Miss Brooks, the girl who was nearly as pretty as Corinna and to whom he once had been nearly engaged, to get help on the details. As plans matured he gradually became, on the inside, one vast, gleeful smile which broke through to an outlet, at times, for no apparent reason at all.

In the meantime, as days went by, Corinna made no mention to [*Continued on page 38*]



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"Greatheart"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, though a lover of peace, was a warrior and a friend of warriors. At one time Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States; at another time an actual fighting Colonel in one of the nation's historic battles; at the hour of his passing, the father of four boys who had faced death and wounds to carry his ideals, he was one who could understand and sympathize with the lot of the soldier more perhaps than any other man in public life.

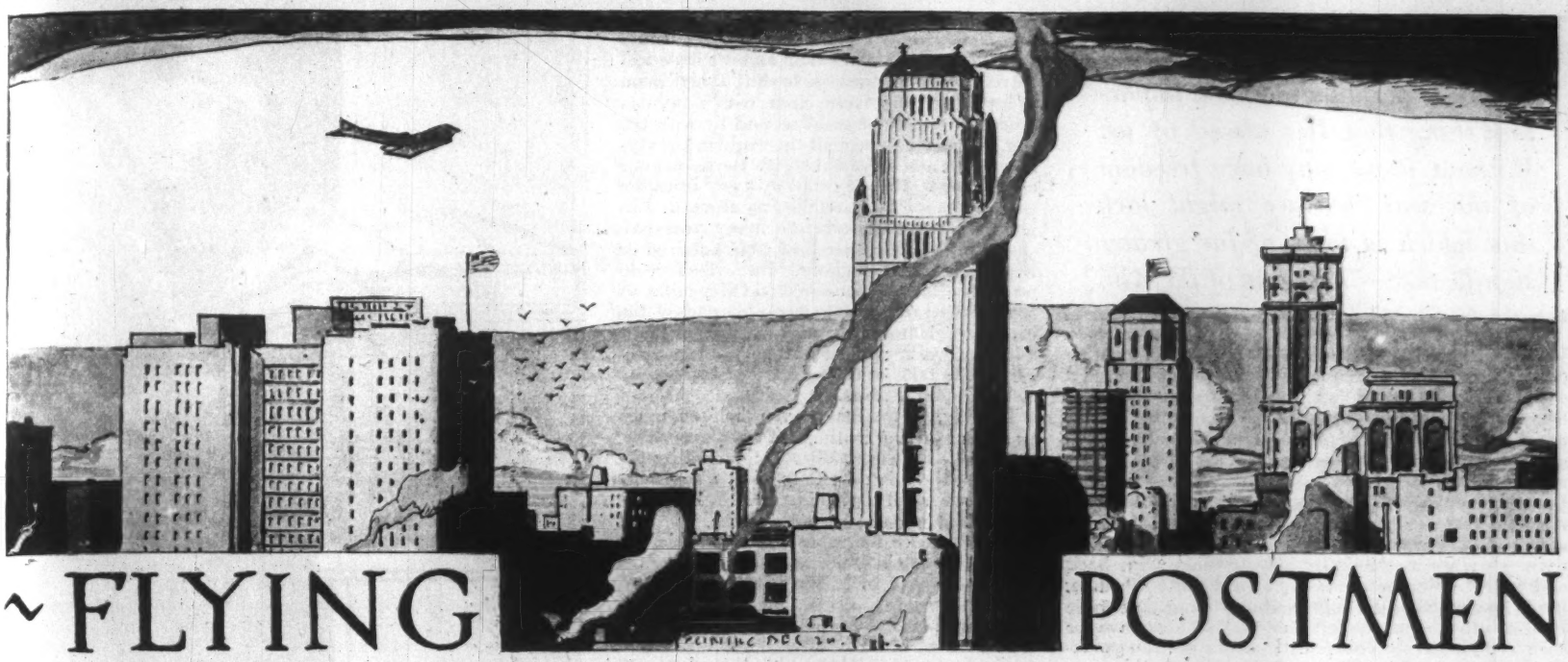
When America entered the World War, his splendid soul drove his failing body to do superhuman work for his country's cause. Though deprived of the opportunity of actually taking the sword, he led our soldiers and sailors in spirit, and he was in the front rank of those who battled at home to bring the country's maximum strength to the aid of our men on the firing line.

Up to the very time of his death he was still thinking of the welfare, not only of his own sons, but also of millions of other men's sons.

There are countless illustrations of this. We have space for but one instance of which we have personal knowledge. When Colonel Roosevelt consented to the making of a motion picture, "The Fighting Roosevelts," based on his life and works, he stipulated in his contract that: "All profits accruing to me personally during the period of the War on this production shall be given by me to the Red Cross and possibly other war organizations."

In the last weeks of his life it was brought to the Colonel's attention that since the armistice had been signed, the wording "during the War" had become obsolete. One of the last acts of his life was to write the producer of this biographical picture, that he desired this clause changed to read: "Until all of the men are returned to their homes from the War." For this noble-hearted act, which represented a big financial sacrifice, the Colonel made the simple explanation that he realized that the soldiers would need entertainment and comforts more than ever during the tedious hours in which they awaited transportation to their homes.

Rudyard Kipling well said, when he heard the news of Theodore Roosevelt's untimely death, that it was as if Greatheart had passed from among us.



~FLYING POSTMEN

by Fred C. Kelly

Illustrations by C. B. Falls

WITHIN a week after the aeroplane mail service was started between New York and Washington, people became so accustomed to the idea, that the letter boxes in New York hotels, labeled "For Aeroplane Mail Only" excited no comment. Everybody acted as if we had always been sending letters in flying machines. On the day of the initial trip of the postal planes, I had intended to write aero letters from Washington to friends in New York, but neglected to do so. A few days later when I felt in the mood for writing such letters, it was no use to send them; for letters brought by aeroplane had ceased to be a stunt and had become a matter of everyday routine. The truth is that the aeroplane and its infinite possibilities have been developing so rapidly that there is no time to stop and marvel. What was an exploit or a wonder yesterday is to-day accepted as a matter of course. Often when I yell at my little boy to look at the aeroplane in the distance, he is annoyed over being interrupted at his play. The birdman is an old story to him. Think of an eight-year-old boy being blasé about flying machines when only a few years ago about the most interesting machine his poor old father had to look at was a bicycle!

So astounding is the age we are living in that we are all fed up on near-impossible things and do not always perceive the full significance of modern wonders. For example, few of us have paused to realize that the aeroplane mail service marked the beginning of an era of startling developments more important in the history of mankind than anything in perhaps a thousand years. Remember that the aero mail service is the first use of the flying machine for a regular daily routine, peace-time purpose. Now, from mail service to passenger service is only a short, easy step. And the carrying of passengers by air between cities will be followed shortly thereafter by carrying them thus between continents. In other words, we are almost within sight of regular passenger service right through the sky between the United States and Europe. For that matter, we shall ride on the air not only across the Atlantic but across the Pacific! And all this possibly within four or five years. When we go to the ends of the earth by aeroplane we shall go so rapidly that the relations of mankind with one another will be on an entirely new basis. Consider the possibilities and complications that must loom up when we shall travel round the entire world in a week — which is exactly what we are going to do.

Coming — "Good-Time Evans," by Louise Closser Hale

IN making any kind of prophecy it is well to confine ourselves to those things which are predicated on scientific facts already established. People say: "Will wonders never cease? Some day we shall travel to the moon!"

Perhaps we shall; but thus far there is nothing to indicate that the thing is possible. On the other hand, trans-Atlantic aeroplane travel is so feasible that it is almost here. As I write this, it has never been done, and yet I would not wager any large sum of money that it may not be accomplished within a year. At the present time the obstacles are more financial and commercial than scientific. If the actual necessity arose to get to Europe by aeroplane, and the money were supplied, an aeroplane large enough and powerful enough to make the voyage without stop might be built. No different type of engine than we already know about would be needed — merely larger and better engines. About the only serious scientific problem still to be solved is the matter of carrying sufficient fuel to permit of a non-stop trip of several thousand miles. An average Liberty motor uses, ordinarily, I believe, about twenty-five gallons of gasoline every hour. In a machine having three such motors there would be required, then, seventy-five gallons of fuel an hour, or seven hundred and fifty gallons for a ten-hour jaunt — say from New York to Chicago. The weight of the seven hundred and fifty gallons would be, so I am told, about four thousand two hundred pounds — besides the weight of the large tank in which the fuel would be carried. It is easy enough to build a machine large enough to carry that weight, or twice that weight, but the trouble is that, as the machine gets larger, with wings spread wider, more fuel is required to keep it going, and so we find ourselves going round in a circle of difficulty. But the solution will come in making the engine much more efficient; that is, less wasteful in the use of fuel, and also by having the fuel itself more concentrated. Already an answer to this fuel-carrying problem is almost within sight. Scientists know that the thing will be accomplished.

Not long ago an aeroplane made a non-stop trip from Dayton, Ohio, to New York at an average speed of one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. And on its arrival in New York, it still carried enough fuel for the return journey. It could have made the round trip without stopping. A Kirkham triplane built in this country has made trial trips at the rate of one hundred and sixty miles an hour. Another type of machine being built in England at this writing is expected to fly two hundred and fifty miles an hour. Before the War ended, a big flying machine flew from London to the French front carrying a piano in its talons. More recently a sea-plane built for the United States navy flew with fifty passengers aboard.

Piece these facts together and you get a peep at future possibilities. If a machine can be built to fly with fifty people, we can have one that will carry ten times that number — just as we could have a building ten times as high as the Woolworth tower if there should ever be enough reason for such a structure to justify the expense.

The most powerful aeroplane yet built has about 1,300 horse-power; but even as this is written, I learn that one is under way in which the horse-power is to be at least 5,000.

In order to realize how much progress has been made in the fifteen years since flying became possible, it is interesting to recall that when the Wrights first flew, the engine in their plane had only 12 horse-power. So efficient is a modern 1919 model aeroplane motor that each horse-power means no more added weight than that of a two-pound box of candy. As good as these motors are, nevertheless, engineering geniuses like Charles F. Kettering, who invented the electric starter for automobiles, predict that we are on the eve of developing an engine so much better than anything we now know about that the change will be revolutionary.

Even with only a very moderate improvement in the mechanical equipment for flying, we shall soon — maybe within five years — see a regular aero passenger service across the Atlantic Ocean. If we can't make the trip across without stopping, perhaps we shall build an island or two in the ocean where the machines may pause to take on fuel.

LET us consider for a moment what trans-Atlantic passenger service will mean. Even if the planes do not have any greater speed than, say, two hundred and fifty miles an hour, which already seems assured, it will be possible to go from New York to London or Paris in something like seventeen hours. Coming this way, we gain five hours owing to the difference in time. One may get up at daylight in London or Paris, eat heartily of ham and eggs, and take dinner that evening in New York. Not only take dinner in New York, but have it early enough to go to the theatre afterward! It will be a much easier trip than from New York to Jamestown, Ohio. Truly we shall soon approach so near to the annihilation of time and distance that we shall make time and distance look rather silly. And, mind you, all this may be happening surprisingly soon. We are dealing now not with wild hasheesh dreams, but with possibilities based largely on feats already accomplished. Year after next Paris may actually be nearer to New York than Cleveland is now.

It is a strange fact that to-day the greatest obstacles to an efficient aero mail service in all parts of the United States are not so much lack of dependable aeroplanes as lack of such commonplace items as good landing places and signal towers. Likewise, it is conceivable that the last thing provided for trans-Atlantic flying will be proper docks and harbor facilities. The chances are that the first really large passenger-carrying machines will be of an ocean-going type, built to alight on either land or water. And the logical place for them to come down for the letting off or taking on of passengers will be on the ocean itself. For the ocean has the advantage of being both accessible and cheap. A sizable piece of land equally close to a large sea-port might be so valuable for other purposes as to be needlessly expensive for a landing ground. In this connection, we may suggest that the necessity of landing in mid-ocean, due to accident or mechanical difficulty, will grow less and less. For we are going to

Development of our flying postal service is perhaps the most important thing that lies ahead of us. Without it we may have freedom of the seas, but we might lack that which is to be of far greater significance — Freedom of the Air!

have machines of such dependability that there will be little need of coming down ahead of schedule. Trans-ocean trips will be made with planes carrying probably five engines, only three of which will be required at any one time. With a pair of engines constantly in reserve, two of the others may be shut off whenever desirable for adjustment or repairs. It is even possible that there may soon be developed a so-called "hovering machine" that will remain in the air as long as is desirable, right in one spot.

Once we are mechanically able to make trips back and forth to Europe according to a definite schedule, it will be vastly less difficult to adhere to our time-table than it is to stick to the schedule that we now have for such comparatively crude instruments of transportation as steamboats. There will be no such things as fogs or rain-storms to cause delay, for we shall travel high above all fogs and clouds. Always we shall be in a clear atmosphere where it is possible to take our bearings with facility from the sun or stars. There will be no tedious delays getting out of the harbor or getting by the Grand Banks. And there will be less danger of collision than with boats, not only because we shall be free from fogs, but because we shall have available more dimensions in which to dodge. A boat may move only to the left or right, but in an aeroplane one may, of course, take his choice of moving to the left or right, up or down.

THE idea of making a no-stop voyage lasting, say, a day, at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour or more, is still so novel that it is quite beyond our grasp to take in what it really means, — just as it is difficult to realize how much is a billion dollars and what one could do with it. My friend, Henry A. Wise Wood, to whom I am indebted for many facts in this article, expresses it in this way:

"When we begin to travel at two hundred and fifty miles an hour, we get clear away from earthly speeds and find ourselves in the realm of astronomical speeds."

To explain: It is roughly twenty-four thousand miles around the earth, and the earth makes a complete turn on its axis in twenty-four hours, so that at the equator the earth is turning at the rate of one thousand miles an hour. At the Arctic circle, however, the speed of the earth's surface, turning on its axis, is only about two hundred and fifty miles an hour — or no faster than an aeroplane will travel. Hence, if one were to start at high noon at a point on the Arctic circle, with a twenty-four-hour supply of gasoline, and fly with the sun, one could go around the world in twenty-four hours and stick right with the noon hour all the way. Or one could fly away from the sun and pass it twice on the way around. Engineers forecast that before many years we shall attain flying speeds of four hundred or five hundred miles an hour. But even if we do no better than two hundred and fifty miles, at that rate we could fly to the other ends of the earth and on around back to the starting point within a week, and have time to stop occasionally to take on fuel, change crews, or mail souvenir postal cards.

Frankly, if we make even half as much progress in flying in the next few years as we have since the air was first conquered by the Wrights, there is no telling what astonishing things we shall be doing before President Wilson's successor goes out of office.

I shall never forget one afternoon, in my boyhood home in Ohio, when a friend invited me to ride over to Fairfield, ten miles away, to see two men named Wright monkey with a flying-machine. Naturally I took the invitation as a bit of an insult. I was vexed that anybody should think I had nothing better to do than travel ten miles over our dusty Greene County roads just to see two men nutty enough to think they could rig up a machine that would fly in the air. Anybody who had ever studied physics in the high school should have known that the thing couldn't be done. And yet here we are using up space in McCLURE'S to wonder how long it will be before people will take two or three days off and fly from New York to Australia.

The thing that will do more than aught else to hasten the reality of these marvels will be the development of the aero mail service. This practical, commercially-valuable, peace-time use for the aeroplane, as well as for thousands of young men who have had military training as aviators, will give an immediate incentive to exploits by those who can do and those who can dare. Scientists and adventurers will both be intent to conquer new fields. You drop a letter in the "Aeroplane Mail Only" box at your hotel, and the pilot who carries it may be the man destined to make the first non-stop flight from London to San Francisco, or from New York to Japan. Then there will be a big prize in permanent fame to the captain of the first machine making a continuous or near-continuous flight around the world.

It is not improbable that the coming summer will see a successful aeroplane voyage to the North Pole and beyond. That will be followed within a few years by a flight to both the North Pole and the South Pole — all on the same trip. And this makes us think of the almost limitless possibilities for aerial exploration of uncharted vastnesses in Central Africa, South America, Australia and elsewhere. We not only shall take aerial photographs that will give us precise topographic maps of hitherto unmapped places, but we shall get up in the morning and accomplish such wonders before breakfast!

Most significant of all phases of the flying mail service is this:

The nation with the greatest number of flying postmen, equipped with the most modern machines, will be the safest nation on earth. For the thousands of machines essential to a complete aerial postal service may be converted almost overnight into a mighty battle squadron to ward off enemy attack. No matter whether there is a League of Nations — no matter if, as Don Marquis says, there is a Major League and a Boche League — international disarming will avail little as a preventive of war. We can arrange for all nations to sink every battleship, scrap every gun and dismiss every soldier, but so long as any nation has a sizable fleet of aeroplanes, built for peace-time purposes, that nation is a constant potential source of danger. Suppose that Germany develops its aerial mail-delivery until it has a postal fleet greater than the combined aerial postal equipment of France and Great Britain. And considering the area of Germany, such a thing is conceivable. The German postal planes have only to substitute for mail sacks cans of TNT or some other high explosive, and Germany could destroy Paris first and then formally announce war afterward.

Heretofore, aeroplanes were regarded as a part of a nation's military equipment and disarmament meant the abandoning of flying-machines just as much as guns or battleships. But with the world-wide establishment of the aeroplane into peace-time, commercial use, no League of Nations can insist on the junking of all flying planes any more than it could enforce an order to destroy all automobiles.

For the next few years, the flying postman is destined to lead the most romantic life on earth. He will deliver messages to Garcia one day and the next day be called upon to sail over unmapped areas of the earth beyond present outposts of civilization. He will cause all mankind to huddle together, in a sense, because of being nowhere removed more than a few hours, or, at the most, a few days, from one another. And above all he will be the factor on which will depend the peace of the world.

TWENTY years ago there were perhaps not more than one hundred usable automobiles in the United States. To-day there are a million and a half. Is it not a conservative guess then to hazard the assumption that in ten years there may be in this country at least one hundred thousand of the most modern aeroplanes? Suppose that these are of a sort that could readily be converted into ocean-going machines. Substitute garbage cans full of TNT for mail sacks or passengers and we have a battle fleet that makes the entire military equipment of all the European nations in the recent war seem inconsequential by comparison. For such an emergency supply of TNT all we have to do is to go to a great dye manufacturing plant and utilize chemical elements which are there available, only in war-time instead of peace-time combinations.

It is logical that the United States should surpass all other nations in the high development of its flying mail service. We have the geographic area to require an elaborate system of the most modern kind of mail-delivery. And we have a population that contains the largest element of inventive ingenuity to be found anywhere under a single system of government.

Development of our flying postal service is, perhaps, the most important thing that lies ahead of us, now that we have completed our war job. Without it we may have freedom of the seas, but we might lack that which is to be of far greater significance — freedom of the air!

It is logical that the United States should surpass all other nations in the high development of its flying mail service. And we have a population that contains the largest element of inventive ingenuity to be found under any government.

A MAN'S WOMAN

Introducing a New Writer

Du Vernet Rabell

Terry, the Tinker

Illustrations by C. H. Taffs

TERRENCE VANDERPOEL TINKER was a perfect combination of his name. He had the impulsiveness and imagination of the Irish, the doggedness of the Dutch to stick to anything his Irish hurtled him into, and a fanatic New England conscience to right the wrongs the other two were responsible for. A great combination, perhaps, but it resulted in some startling situations. For Terry's affairs didn't take up half his time, and his friends got the benefit of his leisure hours. That's why we called him "Terry, the Tinker."

To-day the usually joyous and irrepressible Terry walked up the Carrols' front steps with a frown on his face, and rang the bell with decision; he rang it twice — sharp, irritated little punches — and then while he waited for his summons to be answered, he fidgeted about, impatiently tapping the grille with his cane. He was much annoyed. He had just heard from a total outsider that Willamine Carrol's engagement to Berwin Claverly had been announced the night before. Not that Terry was at all in love with Willamine — it was said that Terry wore a Hindoo charm about his neck to guard against his falling in love with *any* girl — but considering the fact that he had practically brought this affair to a successful solitaire finish, he certainly thought that one or both parties owed it to him to tell him of it the moment it was culminated. And to think he had heard it from Ralph Hanson — who scarcely knew the Carrols!

Entering the wide, formal hall, he snatched off his hat, jerked himself out of his coat, and walked into the drawing-room with the air of one righteously indignant.

Willamine looked up from the tea-table with a welcoming smile. Willamine was pretty — everything about her was pretty with a hundred varied prettinesses. And somehow, as you looked at Willamine, you had the feeling that there were years of care, grooming, preening, and work behind her to bring this prettiness to its present state of brilliant iridescence. Her hair, skilfully waved, dark in the hollows, but brightly burnished at the edges of the waves, rippled from her forehead to the little flat knot at the back of her head; her slender hands were beautifully cared for and the nails shaped correctly, and polished with just the proper subdued glint; her gown was becoming and designed with a clever simplicity, and her feet, in their patent-leather slippers, were arched, and shod with the purpose of displaying this arch.

When Willamine smiled, you looked at her and agreed with the newspapers that she was the prettiest girl in Manhattan. But then, if you were able to drag your eyes from the pretty curve of her lips, you thought suddenly that there was something wrong with Willamine's smile. It was too brightly perfect — no, of course, it couldn't be that — but it seemed too practised, too studied, to go with her eyes.

Now she folded her hands in her lap and watched Terry's progress across the drawing-room floor. She didn't speak — Willamine rarely began a conversation. Have you noticed that superlatively pretty girls seldom do? Their beauty being assured, they do not have to fear losing any one's attention.

"I hear that you are engaged," Terry all but snapped, coming to an abrupt pause just in time to prevent his colliding with the tea-table.

"Yes — Mother announced it last night." She gazed at him for a moment, and her blue eyes, that were gray in some lights — Terry called them lilac eyes — narrowed. "Aren't you pleased, Terry? Everybody is."

Terry's sternness relaxed, and he waved his pudgy hands. "Naturally, I'm pleased. Didn't I open *The Craigs* in the dead of winter for skating and cold weather sports, when travel was almost an impossibility, and getting servants practically a matter of shanghaiing? And take it from Terry, he does nothing without a reason!"

"Um — I look well in winter sport clothes — white wool and crimson," Willamine observed dreamily. Then her lids lifted suddenly. "Proud of yourself, Terry? You may be. Mother is pleased with you and mother is so rarely pleased." She laughed gently. "I dare say that is why so many people are afraid of her. Myself included."

"No — I'm not," boasted Terry. "Anyhow, I'm in her good books. I introduced you and Berwin."

"Ah, yes!" Willamine bit into a crisp little cake, her small white teeth meeting viciously. "Now, for goodness' sake, Terry, don't look so smug!"

"Why not?" Then he added with indelicate frankness, "Berwin Claverly is somebody to marry. There was lots of competition."

"Oh, nothing serious. And don't you know, with all that worldly wisdom acquired from those sophisticated little French books that you so love to delve into, that a marriage such as mine is made in heaven? Berwin is rich — I am not; his position is unquestionable, and I am fitted by looks, education and training to grace it. I have a manner — and mother says that fortunately I am not clever enough to make any real enemies."

Terry was stirring his tea and nodding like a benevolent mandarin. "Quite so — quite so. And little Terry helped to bring this to pass."

"Little Terry tinkered — as always. But" — here Willamine leaned forward with tantalizing provocativeness — "Terry, you needn't be so ready to bind your brow with laurel. These things are simple — if a girl has had the proper up-bringing. Why, with Berwin it was a case of love at first sight. You remember you introduced him at the Cortelyous' dinner. I wore dawn pink — I am nice in that — and the gown had a jeweled girdle and a charming line from the shoulder to the feet." Her tone was dreamily impersonal, as if contemplating a pleasing picture.

Terry eyed Willamine's pretty complacency with resentment. "You hate yourself, don't you?" he remarked.

"Oh, no," she returned at once. "To-day I am pleased with the world in general; and when we say that, it always means that we are particularly pleased with ourselves."

"You know, Willamine," Terry announced after a thoughtful moment, "looking at you, listening to you, I can see perfectly why there are so many unsuccessful marriages in America."

"There are no more unsuccessful marriages in America than anywhere else. But being a nation of free and unfettered speech, we hear more about them, that's all. And," she continued brightly, "divorces are getting more popular every year. Done in moderation, divorce is considered rather smart."

Terry was plainly pained. "Do you believe in divorce?"

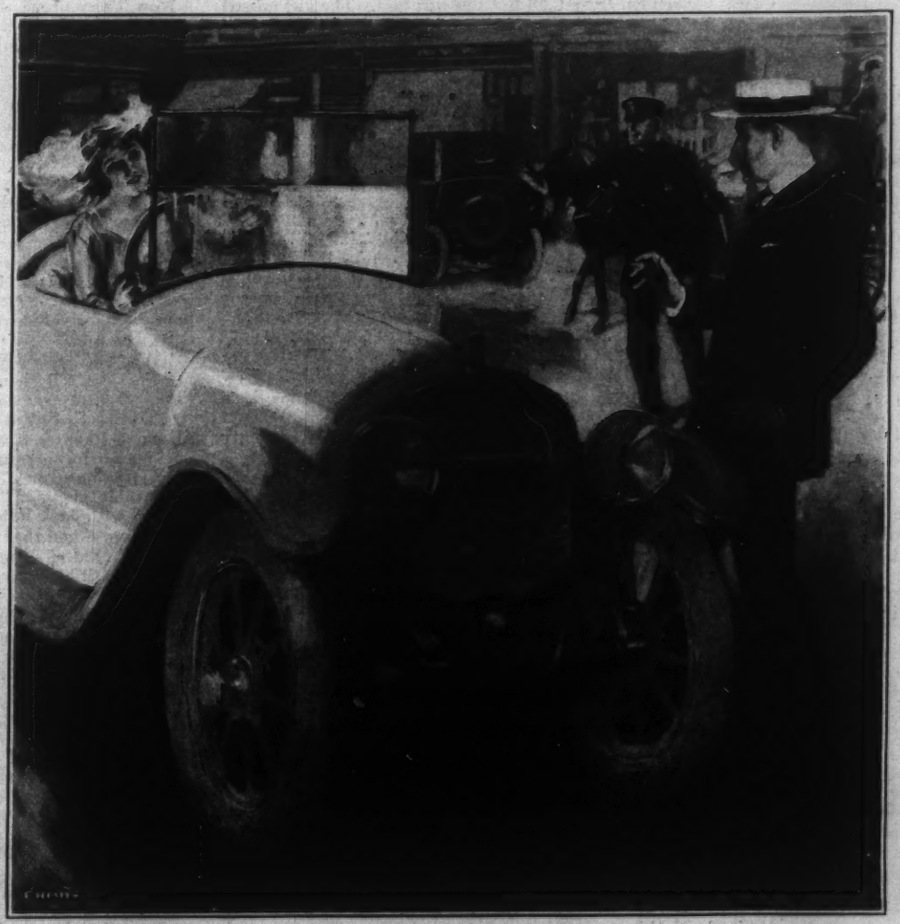
"Certainly."

"Good Lord! The engagement ring hardly settled on her finger and she is talking divorce!"

"Oh, but not for myself. I know the value of my recent acquisition."

Terry drummed on the table. He pursed his lips, and looked at Willamine sidewise. "There you have it again — the attitude of the American woman that Europe cannot understand. *You* don't believe in divorce — for *yourself!* This surety — this sublime sense of security! This serene faith that once a man is roped, he is yours for life!"

"Why not? I couldn't lose Berwin if I tried." A wave of color swept over her face. "Oh, Terry, this is dreadful! It's horrid to sit here and talk in this fashion



A yellow car, driven by a girl in a green coat, all but ran over him

about my engagement. But you started it — I am ashamed of you — and of myself! I don't know why this cheap, cynically flippant chatter has attained its present vogue!"

"It isn't cheap and it isn't cynical — it's true." He thumped one plump hand into the palm of the other. "You are too blamed sure of Berwin."

"But I am engaged to him. Surely I should have faith in him."

"It's not your faith in him that makes you sure — you are not thinking anything about *him*. It's your confidence in yourself — over-confidence. All American wives have an over-developed ego."

"I'm sure I don't see why," Willamine rejoined with soft plaintiveness, "when pretty chorus ladies own limousines, and attractive shop girls live on Riverside Drive." She shrugged with a flush at her own audacity, and rising abruptly went to the piano. She seated herself and smiled at Terry. Her fingers wandered up and down the keyboard, and presently, to the accompaniment of a few vagrant minor harmonies, she began:

"Terry is a tinker — a theorist; and his theories are fine — and oh, so amusing to listen to — as epigrams. They have a clever sound — but they are not true. For Terry, the Tinker cannot prove them — not even to himself!"

"Oh, is that so?" Terry cut in with a deplorable lack of originality. Then he sniffed — an inelegant habit of Terry's implying defiant scorn. "Well, take it from Terry, when he says the girls of this generation are too sure of themselves, he can prove it all right. Two divorces, and one ought-to-be right in our own set! And in your case —"

She smiled, and to the accompaniment of a few vagrant minor harmonies, she began: "Terry is a tinker!"

"STOP, look, and listen, Terry!" There was a high-pitched run of treble notes, like the warning whistle of a locomotive. "My case — could you prove that? Remember, the waters of defeat are bitter. And I would make you drink them — every drop — and publicly. And your idols, Vauvenargues, Gautier, de Musset, La Rochefoucauld —"

"They would stand the test."

"Bluffer!"

"Will you let me try?"

"I might — for the honor of my generation. But you would be afraid — and besides, it wouldn't be nice." She stopped playing with a crash of chords. "Oh, you haven't been at all nice this afternoon, Terry. Your attitude, the things you have said — and made me say. Don't let's, any more. Come and sit beside me and tell me about your sister's baby. Is it sweet and soft and warm — and will it go to strangers? I am going to see it this afternoon; I hope the nurse is agreeable — and not a fanatic on the subject of hygiene."

Now if Terry had left Willamine in the ill-humor he had been in when he came, probably nothing would have come of his call. He would have shrugged his massive shoulders, decided that Willamine wasn't really worth bothering with, her affairs were none of his, and gone his way. But he left in a mellow mood — Willamine had rung for hot, fresh, buttery scones; she had sung Terry the latest lilt from the new musical show; she had listened to his quotations with an inspiring attention, and he left, feeling that she was a sweet young thing, whose affairs merited his attention. He felt that Willamine's marriage to Berwin Claverly was in every way suitable. Should he, then, stand by and see it drift on the rocks for want of a bit of deft manipulating? Willamine was really too sweet a girl to be clever — but she was no simpleton. All she needed was to be shown that man is as unstable as water, and no woman in this age could afford merely to sit with folded hands and complacently listen to the echo of her own wedding chimes. Indeed, no! Her ears must be attuned to the march of progress — the merry waltz of the musical revue, and the alluring fox-trot of the smartest cabaret. And to put the final seal on his decision, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first street, a yellow car, driven by a girl in a green suede coat, all but ran over him. The girl missed him by three inches, and brought the car to a stop with a screech of protesting brakes.

"Oh, don't worry," she told the startled traffic officer. "He is an old friend — I always greet him this way. Get in, Terry."

So Terry got in the yellow car and traffic was resumed.

"Have you lunched, Nilja?" Terry inquired as they swung into the Park, and he drew a surreptitiously relieved breath. Nilja Sovenhof was a good driver but often inclined to the fanciful. "If not, why not — and where?"

"Let us go out of town," Nilja answered. "I am in a bad humor — a very bad humor. I can't eat like that — I must enjoy my food."

"But I'm hungry," Terry protested.

"Well — *I'm* not!" She jerked her brakes. "There's the Casino — good-bye."

Terry turned up his coat collar. "Don't be so hasty. Drive through the Park — and I'll let you know then if I still need food. What's your trouble? When I saw you last Friday you were off for a week of jollity and adulation on Long Island. Wasn't the party a success?"

"The party — no! Of course I was a success — but then I am always that. But women — how I hate women!"

"Sure," Terry agreed cheerfully, "You are 'a man's woman' — old stuff, but always good."

"You are pleased to be amusing — but you do not amuse me. Listen. You know that little Mrs. Norman Torry, whose face is like a pensive full moon — I painted her portrait last winter — oh, you saw it — everybody did! Well, she was what she fancied good to me — took me about — that sort of thing. And I tolerated her patronage as long as it amused me. But now — now I am angry!"

"On with the sky-rockets!" Terry chuckled.

"She asked me for the week-end, and I told her — *told* her, mind you — the man I wished to meet. I said so! I *wish* to meet him! And when I arrived he was not there."

"And did you break up the party?"

"Of course. I went home — and there could be no party without me."

"Take the chili from the sauce, and what have we? Nothing. But who was the man?"

"Berwin Claverly."

Terry sat up in his seat.

"Well?" Nilja's eyes snapped scornfully. "I do not beat about the bush like the girls in your set when I want to meet a man. And I want to meet Berwin Claverly." She laughed, and her voice held the ring of steel on stone. "He has everything that I have had to fight for — some things I will never have — unless I marry them. Position —"

"But, Great Jehoshaphat!" Terry burst out, "you can't marry Berwin Claverly!"

"Ah — and why not?" She turned and looked at him, her brows drawn down over her long Oriental eyes.

Terry slouched down in his seat and vouchsafed no immediate reply.

Presently Nilja brought the car to a stop. "Do you want to get out here?"

Terry roused himself from reverie and shook his head, and his voice, when he answered, held a new note of exhilaration. "No. On with your dream, fair one! You interest me strangely."

About two weeks later Terry lunched with his sister, Mrs. Jim Halloway. Helen had married Jim Halloway, the etcher, and as Jim was rich and famous, and they were both interesting and charming people, they were sought after, and an invitation to their home was regarded as an honor. The Halloways spent the summer in Maine, where a colony of painters, writers — oh, all sorts of clever, worth-while people, had built homes along a wild little rocky inlet that Jim had discovered some ten years previous, when cruising up and down the coast in his battered dory.

Now Terry proposed that Helen ask Willamine and her fiancé up for the first two weeks in August.

"She is crazy about that artistic crowd of yours," he explained. "And it would be a nice thing to do — something different."

"But, Terry," his sister protested, "my artistic crowd, as you call it, are real people; they aren't merely the lions who are asked to roar at parties. They are all pretty busy — we work up there, you know — no dances, no bridge."

"I understand all that; but that's why I say it will be different. Willamine would have a wonderful time. And she's a nice guest — the sort who fits in, you know; and as for Berwin — but a fiancé never counts anyhow." He wrinkled his brow in seemingly perplexed thought. "Now, who to ask. I'll tell you — how about Nilja Sovenhof? She is quite the rage these days, I'm told."

"Who told you — Nilja?"

"No; don't be henny, Helen. She's clever — and take it from Terry, she's a peach to look at!"

"Isn't she? But as for being clever — I don't know — and neither does anybody else. I suppose that's one reason for her success. We Americans love to play guessing games." Helen was jotting down a list of possible guests. "Yes — I'll ask Nilja — she can quarrel with Jack Eaton should things grow dull. She hates him — and they spar so amusingly. You remember Jack Eaton — he used to live next door to the Carrols until his father lost his money."

"Um — yes — too bad —" Terry was reading the slip over his sister's shoulder.

"No, it isn't too bad," Helen denied briskly. "His family fortune was a liability, not an asset, and now that it's no longer hampering his talent, Jack is making a name for himself."

BUT Terry wasn't interested. He wasn't interested in anybody but Nilja Sovenhof. She was coming — that was enough.

Nilja Sovenhof — nobody knew her real name, as she claimed it couldn't be pronounced west of Second Avenue — was the pet of a set who had plenty of money and who merely asked in return for it that they be amused, interested, or thrilled by a totally new diversion each season. And Nilja was certainly a diversion.

She painted portraits. But she painted them differently. She was an originator, and it is the originator who has counted in art as everywhere else. Her specialty was backgrounds. She claimed, and I daresay

with some germ of truth, that everyone had a background against which he stood out at his best. If there are people who bring out the most admirable traits in us, mentally, why should there not be colors, to drape us and make us more attractive physically than we generally appear? But the strange part of it was that Nilja and her subject rarely agreed as to this background. She took a sedate western Senator away from his flat-topped mahogany desk, and painted him against a waving field of ripe wheat. The Senator was mad as a hornet until the picture created a furore; then he changed his tune. She painted Mrs. Lingly Kimble — whose gowns were famous — in peacock green and gold, and somehow as you stood and gazed — and one did stand and gaze at Nilja's pictures — the sequinned splendor of Mrs. Kimble's costumes came to suggest in some indefinite way the tawdry tinsel of the sawdust ring; even the gray, tent-shaped hangings — but, of course, this got by the multitude — Mrs. Kimble *never* did see it. But a few discerning souls caught it, and sneered or chuckled, according to whether they considered Nilja a fad or a genius.

For nobody really knew whether Nilja's work was good or merely startling, but Nilja herself was clever enough or decorative enough to get by on the doubt — with a certain set of people. She was plain with that fascinating plainness that keeps the eye from wandering further; her hair was a peculiar tint of gold — hardly gold at all, more like the brass of a Hindoo incense bowl; her eyes were dark with a Slavic tilt; she was graceful as a jungle cat and she knew how to wear her clothes. To be sure, she wore clothes that no other woman on earth would even have attempted, but, nevertheless, on Nilja they were lovely. She ran to fads. This year she was wearing straight white skirts of serge, satin, or chiffon, scantily plain, and over them loose blouses that hung to the knee; gorgeous in color — coral, mint gold, Egyptian red, the deep, yet vivid blue of the tropical night — orchid, and cool green. And with each blouse she wore a cut stone, its exact color strung on a fine gold chain, and falling over her forehead. Bizarre? Of course — but why not? It might have been that, but it was also exceedingly alluring.

Helen Halloway had a genius for successful parties. She always asked just the right people, and her guests were never bored by too much planned entertainment. For the first week in August she had invited the Hiltons — Laura Hilton sang — and Harry Wilmarth, who wrote Canadian trapper tales; Louise Intereiden, the interior decorator, Willamine, and Berwin Claverly, Jack Eaton — and Nilja Sovenhof. Terry wasn't expected, but he came anyhow. He said he needed amusement and mental stimulation. And he was quite willing to admit afterward that he got it — at least he got the latter.

THE first night Nilja looked about the circle which was having coffee on the wide veranda.

"All lions," she drawled, her glance leaping from one to another like a vivid flame. "Will we roar in harmony, I wonder?"

"I rarely roar in the summer," Harry Wilmarth replied. "I save my dulcet tones for the drawing-rooms of the lion-hunters in the winter."

"And I," Laura Hilton added, "have been given the reputation for temperamental taciturnity, so I find roaring not expected — for which I cannot be too grateful."

Nilja was looking at Jack Eaton with bright, baiting eyes. "And you — no, you have the eyes of a silent man. And your pose is silence — a rather contemptuous silence for the follies of this so-stupid world."

Eaton shook his head. "You don't get me at all. I am not successful enough to pose."

"But yes — we all pose. It's a commercial necessity."

"But all art is not commercial."

Nilja put aside this shaft with a frank laugh. "I do pose — I admit it freely. I want success. But some day — when I get it — I will paint only the people who interest me." She twisted about with the ease of a panther to meet Berwin Claverly's eyes. "Then — I will paint you." She moved closer and dropped her voice, as she went on to explain: "You see, it is this way with me —" and somehow the groups shifted, and Nilja and Berwin were in a corner by themselves with Nilja talking, her eyes alight, her quick expressive hands gesturing, and Berwin listening and laughing.

And Terry stood in the doorway and looked at them, and at Willamine chatting rather aimlessly with Jack Eaton, and then retired to the study, and called for a pack of cards. Terry had a passion for Idiot's Delight.

That night, as Willamine was brushing her hair before the window, the door of her room opened, and Nilja walked in. She swept across the room with all the assurance in the world, and stood looking down at Willamine in unsmiling silence.

Willamine was plainly amazed; not only that, but as Nilja continued to look at her she became slightly disconcerted.

"It's — it's a beautiful night, isn't it?" she began tentatively. She looked out over the ocean, gray, blue, and silver under the moon. As she looked, she idly wondered if Jack Eaton's picture, the picture she had heard mentioned once or twice, was to be of moonlight. She hoped so — surely a scene as bewitchingly lovely as this would bring him fame.

Nilja didn't even glance out of the window. "I rarely notice the weather."

"I didn't exactly mean the weather," Willamine explained gently. "I meant the sea — those two great rocks at the end of the point. It looks like a Winslow Homer — you know Cannon Rock. Only I always call it the Great Third Wave — the black rocks — and that giant comber sweeping in from the open sea. She quoted softly,

"'There is not much that a man may save,
On the sands of life, in the straights of time,
Who swims in sight of the great third wave
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb.'

"I am not interested in that sort of thing," Nilja shrugged. "I am interested only in people, the lips, the thoughts behind their eyes." She touched Willamine suddenly on the shoulder. "Did you notice Berwin Claverly's face — when he looked at me?" she asked with a startling abruptness.

"Why, no," Willamine answered after a moment, in which she seemingly tried to recall something she should remember.

"And you are engaged to him! Do you not know that a woman should always watch the eyes of her man when he looks at another woman?"

Willamine was pleased to be facetious. "How can she watch his eyes when he is looking into the eyes of another woman?" Then she added politely, noting Nilja's frown, "But I will remember what you say. I will watch — if he looks again."

Nilja's red mouth curled in a smile, and the smile was an unmitigated insult. "Oh, he will look again." She bent forward, suddenly, as a swift pinioned bird swoops from the sky. "I am going to tell you something. Berwin Claverly, the man to whom you are engaged, is interested in me. And I mean him to be more interested — I mean that in a week's time you will have lost him — that he will belong to me!"

There was a long silence. "And then?" Willamine asked.

"And then? — why, I am going to marry him."

"Do you love him?"

"I am going to marry him." [*Continued on page 45*]

Nilja walked into the room. "Did you notice Berwin Claverly's face — when he looked at me?" she asked

When the Is in

With Descriptions by

Marilynn Miller (right) is a delicate rosebud. In her dancing, she sways just like a tiny flower upon its slender stem, among the exotics of the Ziegfeld Follies.
Ruth Shepley (below) is a spring flower with the provocative glow of the daffodil. The embodiment of youth, yet this young actress can play a wide range of rôles.

Eleanor Painter (right) is the wild flower of Broadway, flaunting her natural charms at the supermassaged and marcelled beauties of its night life — for all the world like a saucy buttercup or an impertinent Johnny-Jump-Up. After glorifying "Glorianna," with her brisk personality, she is playing in a revival of "The Climax."

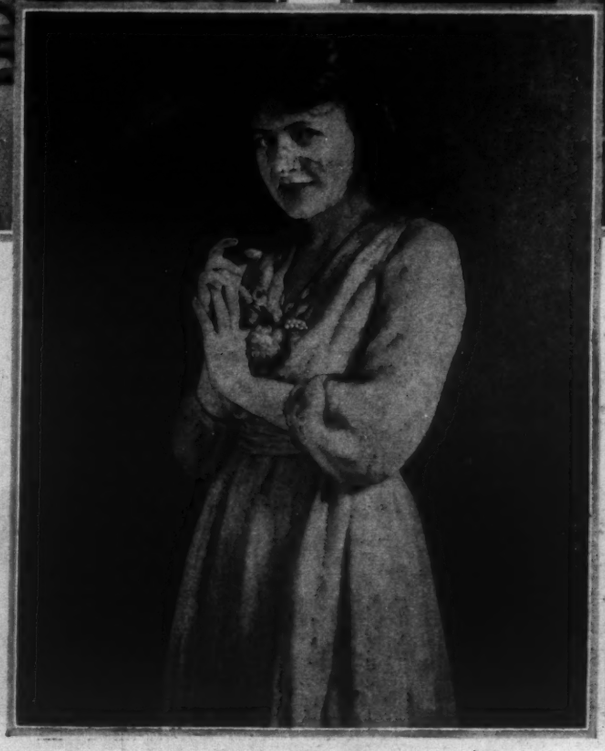
Lola Fisher (above) reminds you of a blossom brought to the height of perfection by a florist absorbed in his task, a thornless rose, each petal as flawless as its mate, in coloring one delicate tint melting indescribably into another. Yet such rare charms could not vitalize Miss Kummer's artificial little play, "Be Calm, Camilla."

Theatre Bloom

Anna Steese Richardson

Florence Nash (left), the star of "Remnant," is a wild rose. As a French street waif, Miss Nash gives a highly artistic performance. Fay Bainter (below) is the cherry blossom of the theatre this season, even though China, instead of Japan, furnishes the setting for the prologue of "East is West," her latest play.

Mary Nash (above) is the tiger lily of the dramatic season. In the leading rôle of "The Big Chance," a vital play growing out of the war, her career is as striped and speckled as the petals of the above-mentioned flower, but at heart you find the stamens of womanliness and tenderness, from which the appeal of the play springs.



For all her frail, blond beauty, Frances Starr (left) is like a rich red rose in "Tiger! Tiger!", David Belasco's daring production of Edward Knobloch's equally daring dramatization of human passion, raised to the *n*th power — a rose whose every movement sheds the deep perfume of a woman's heart wide open to the sun.

André's Revenge

by Griswold Wheeler

Illustrations by James Preston

THIS amazing story was written in May, 1918, six months before the death of the young author. It reads like a prophecy

FOR some time I had been watching him — a small, broken fragment of a man — as he stood on the terrace at Monte Carlo staring blankly down into the shadows of the bay beneath. There was something familiar about him, in a shattered way, though he showed but indistinctly as he leaned against the parapet.

At a distance, the Casino blotched whitely into the night. It was recovering but slowly from the recent war; roulette seemed tame to a populace who recently had gambled with their lives.

Eventually he turned and wandered close to the bench on which I sat. Opposite me he paused and gazed intently. His eyes were cold, dead, emotionless in the rays of a nearby light. I saw that his sleeve was empty. Then he spoke, addressing me in French.

"It is Forbes, is it not?"

"Yes," I admitted, "and you?" I knew him, but could not find his name.

"André," he supplied. "It is pardonable that you did not immediately place me. I am changed, perhaps?"

God knows he was, though I avoided telling him so; as wrecked as the pigeons that had once cluttered the streets from the shooting-grounds below.

"With you it is still the newspaper?" he asked as we clasped hands.

"It is. And you?"

His face performed the mechanics of a smile. There was no life or light in it, merely a rearrangement of the muscles in remembered contours.

"With my one arm I open the door at the hotel for those with two," he said. "The tourists are very kind and very curious, for I wear a medal. When I do not remember it the concierge rebukes me; he feels it conveys éclat upon his establishment. Possibly he is right."

"Yet you do not regret the part you played?" I suggested.

"By no means," he assured me. "It all had to be, and were it to-morrow and I were able, I would do it again. I have but one lament; to me the thing still seems unfinished."

"GERMANY'S thrashing was rather complete," I demurred. "To-day she is little but a loose confederacy, with power gone, allowed only what she earns through good behavior."

"Partially true," he admitted, seating himself next me on the bench; his face, dry as sun-baked seaweed, harshly set and lined beyond his years. Again I noticed his eyes, dead, yet luminous on the surface, with a trick of distending, though he seemed unconscious of it and made no corresponding motion with his lids.

"Yet only partially so," he resumed at length, accepting a cigarette and nipping it sharply between his teeth. "Those who caused it all have suffered least. What of the man who was their Kaiser? Have we crucified him, ground lum into the earth or ripped off his limbs? No! he lives at a suburb of Baden-Baden with his family, pensioned off, still fattening on the toil of others. Since the War he has brought forth another of his kind — a son, they tell me — a son of his old age, who will contain all his senile perversities."

He paused, glaring toward me, but not at me, his hot, fevered breath warm upon my face. I could not help but compare him to the man I had known; dashing, debonair, borne up by the thrill of it all, even through the bitter days when one by one his family fell beneath the lash of war. It was the ensuing months of flat, chilling retrospection that had brought him to this, I decided. Opening the door for others was no work for one who had played with life and death; the physical reaction was too great; it let his blood course slowly and thicken in his brain. Then behind it all I sensed his point of view. It was not unnatural that a man stripped of wife, children and home should harbor venom for the other who had caused it all and still remained comparatively immune.

"They tell me," he rasped on in his cracked, throaty voice, so different from his old mellow tones, "that each day he sits in the park basking contentedly in the sun, thinking how nearly he conquered the world and how trifling was the penalty when he failed. Each night his family gathers round him, whilst I, and countless others, return to homes that are empty because of him. I tell you it should not be, it must not be; the hand that lit the blaze is still unscorched."

"Your daughter," I suggested, wishing gradually to lure him to another topic, "I understood that she survived."

"*Mon Dieu*, and she did, but to be the mother of Hun twins. Twins, do you mind—as if one were not enough! Two squat, round-faced little swine with enormous appetites and blue eyes with white lashes, who suck their fingers all day when they are not eating. Marie looked at them but once, and then she died."

"You have no affection for them? It means nothing that they are part of her?"

"They are in the nursery at Paris," he said coldly, "as they might be in hell for all I care. Should one love the dinner he has eaten, which makes him ill, because it is his?"

There was no arguing with him. Argument would merely have inflamed him further. For he had built his premise on a groundwork of truth which was difficult to attack. I doubted if there was anything that could ever dilute his bitterness, ever allow him to live again the life of a normal man. There seemed nothing ahead but virulent and futile storming against the Hohenzollerns until he ditched himself into insanity.

Again I glanced toward him. He had settled back in the seat, a trifle more composed, it seemed. From his eyes was gone some of their glint, they were softer in tone as he gazed upward through the palms at the scant dotting lights of La Turbie riding high above the town.

During the War I had been a guest at his château for several nights and the memory of his hospitality lingered though the place was now in ashes. Without doubt he was impoverished; his billet of attendant at the hotel vouched for that. Nor did it seem that one in his mental condition could better his lot, victim as he was of that dominating phobia against the man who had once been Kaiser. Yet it would be difficult to offer him money outright; the fact that I sensed his need might hurt him.

"Is there not something I can do?" I broached, lamely, at length.

"There is," he said slowly, without removing his gaze from the lights of La Turbie. "Frankly, I was hoping that you would ask. It is a matter of a hundred francs." There was diffidence in his voice.

"Let me make it two."

"Thanks. But the hundred will be sufficient. It will tell me what I wish to know. Have you it with you?"

I drew out the note and tendered it to him. There was eagerness in the motion with which he took it in his one hand. "We shall call it a loan," he mentioned, "though I may never repay you."

"UNLESS it were more than convenient I should feel offended if you did," I assured him.

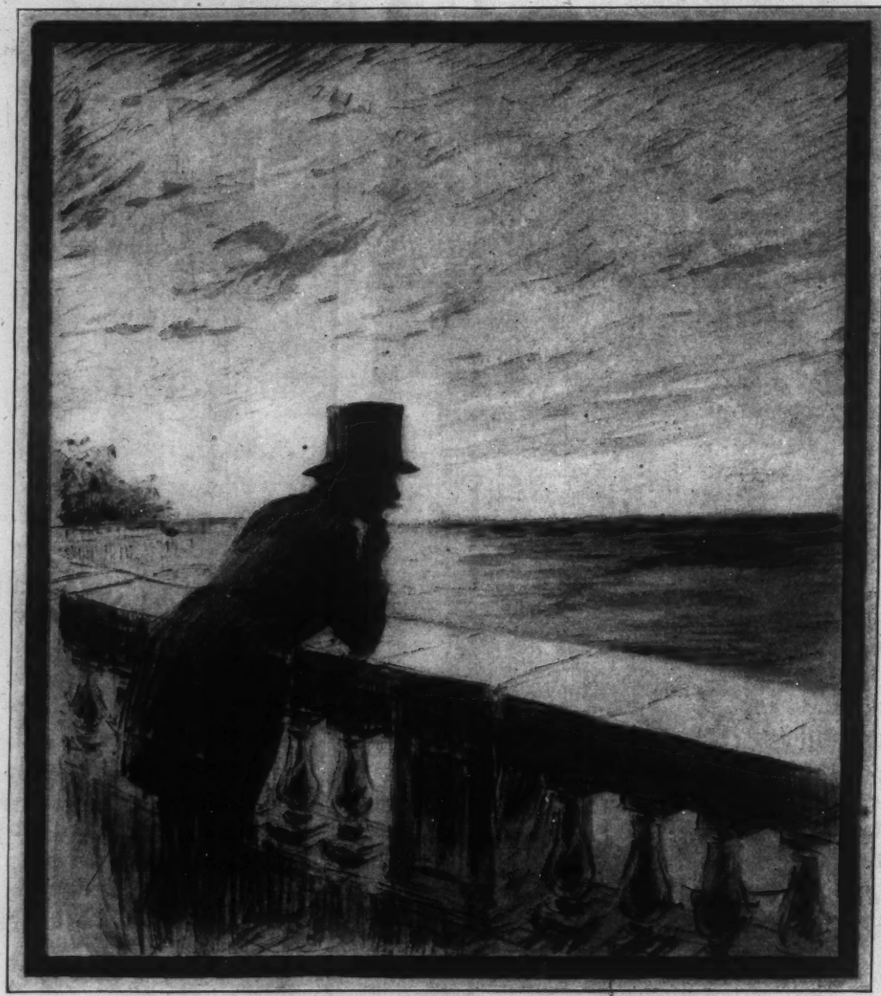
"Have you any appointment for the evening?" he finally questioned, skilfully folding the bill between his fingers.

"Nothing," I admitted.

"Could you remain here for perhaps half an hour?"

"Easily."

"Good. Then I will return and possibly show you something odd." He rose, nodded, and moved slowly off, concealing a slight limp at, I sus-



He stood on the terrace at Monte Carlo

pected, considerable pain to himself.

He did not leave my thoughts during the brief period in which he was gone. The change in him was so terrific and within so few years. One might excusably have taken him for an old man, though in reality he was but comfortably middle-aged—in his prime, had fate dealt more kindly with him. As I had known him before, and during the first few months of the War, he had been the typical French *litterateur*, a dilettante of parts, with a small devoted family and a congenial occupation with a Paris newspaper. Now, bereft of all stabilizing contacts, his inflamed mind obviously precluding him from resuming his old connections, he was attending the door in a French hotel, evidently kept there by the management as a sort of human curio that he might entertain transient guests with his tirades against Germany. Surely, even as he had said, the man who had once been Kaiser owed rather a heavy debt to humanity.

Eventually, André returned. He had been gone rather longer than he had mentioned. There was an odd trace of elation in his bearing. Pausing at my side, he drew from his pocket a handkerchief and laid it on the bench, carefully unfolding it. In the center was my hundred-franc note.

Suddenly I heard him laugh in the old spontaneous way as he seized the menu

"Do you see anything different in it?" he questioned, holding it out for my inspection.

"No," I hesitated, credulously scanning it.

"Neither do I," he agreed. In his voice was the nearest approach to normality I had yet heard. "Yet there probably is," he resumed more lightly, "for it has been blessed. Come now, if you care to. We will go to the Casino."

Dimly I began to see what he intended. He had had the priest bless the money I had given him and was now about to play with it. Even so I was glad if it would give him temporary relief from his harassing thoughts. Surely if ever a man had earned the right to a few pet vices it was André. Doubtless he would lose; yet a hundred francs, I felt, was cheap for a few moments' surcease to one in his condition.

Together we climbed the steps, entered the wide door, and made directly for the roulette table. The room was well filled, but not crowded; women predominated I noticed — rather a contrast from the old days.

At the edge of the table André turned, his eyes upon me. The glassy look was coming back into them. "I shall play red exclusively," he mentioned in a low voice. "That will tell me what I wish to know."

AGAIN he faced the table, then casually flung the entire hundred francs to red. There was a sure, insouciant carelessness in the gesture. Apparently there was no question in his mind but that he would win. And I who invariably lost watched with tense interest as the little ball raced round the ebony platter. Around it went like a small comet of destiny to the silent purr of the wheel, and as I watched, the thought came to me that more than the trivial fate of the small sum involved hung in the balance. Slowly the pace of the wheel slackened, breaking itself to gradual dying revolutions; the little ball now clinging close to center, chattered lightly over the numbered grooves, then dropped silently to red.

Impassively, the *croupier* scooped in his winnings, pushed out his loss, then again broke into his low unemotional chant.

"*Messieurs, faites vos jeux!*" (Messieurs, make your play!)

I looked at André. His mouth had grown thin and straight; the muscles at its corners were tightly flexed. With a motion daintily accurate he stacked his winnings, doubling with the original amount again on red, and again he won. So it went, play after play, and his crisp little stack of notes grew. Some, particularly observant, followed his lead; others smiled and clung to numbers or to black, waiting for André's luck to swing. Even the *croupier* swept him a quick, impersonal glance, suppressed a shrug and spun again. Still André won. Only once did he address me: "It was a rare blessing, that of the priest," he said; then plunged again.

I stood behind him, studying his slight, graceful back. There were pronounced lines of fatigue in it. His well-formed scholar's head was attentively bowed; seldom did his gaze leave the table. A narrow line of snow-white hair swept from his brow, ending at his neck in the back, giving an odd cleft appearance to his skull. It was as narrow as the groove in which ran his thoughts.

At last he took up his winnings in his long-fingered hand, stacked them to a square and crowded them loosely into the pocket of his coat. "*Attendez*," he requested, and we waited as again the wheel swung on, again slackened and stopped. This time the ball had dropped to black.

André laughed in a shallow way with lifted shoulders, then coughed; he was not entirely recovered from an almost fatal gassing. "What think you of that?"

"I'm not superstitious," I defended, "but it's odd — damned odd."

"It is fate," he replied. "Come!"

Beneath a low broad palm in the outer darkness he paused.

"I shall not pay you yet," he mentioned. "The chances are I may need about what I have."

"I don't want you to," I assured him.

"You are most kind. If I return from —" he paused, regarding me carefully, "from Germany," he finished, "I will leave the amount with your bankers."

"Germany!" I exclaimed. "Why there? Is it good for you to enter that country now, feeling as you do?"

"I do not go from choice; it is necessary."

"Why?" I pressed. His manner filled me with foreboding. I was anxious to know what was stirring at the back of his inflamed mind. Already I had a subconscious inkling, but wanted to hear him put it into words.

"To pay a debt," he smiled, "a very pressing one."

"You mean?"

"Exactly," he said, as if reading my thoughts. "I shall visit Baden-Baden. I shall see that ancient reptile who suns himself in the park and returns to his family at night. You cannot imagine the pleasure it will give me as I study each line of his face, knowing that when opportunity offers I shall kill him."

"For God's sake, André," I broke in, "this is madness! You will land in prison. They will kill you instead."

He shook his head. "I shall succeed. It is fate; you saw how I won tonight — how the red came time upon time. Thirteen is their limit for a consecutive color, yet I pushed it to sixteen."

"André, I will not let you," I challenged. Somehow I felt an accomplice. For after all it was my money with which he had made his coup. Unwittingly I had financed this half-demented man to a point where he was equipped to attempt his purpose.

"You say that in all kindness," he replied, "or I should take exception to it. But, for the sake of argument, can you give me good reasons why I should not? Not mere conventional drivel, but strong logical ones, reasons which you yourself feel and believe."

"We are now at peace," I stammered.

"So was Belgium when she was invaded," he came back. "Try again, omitting platitudes."

"But Germany has paid the price," I said next. "She has given up her colonies and is now a third-rate, loosely united nation. Have you the right to abrogate a treaty which France has ratified?"

"YOU do not understand," he said wearily. "With the people of Germany I have no quarrel. They have suffered, and what is past is past. It is with that one man I seek an accounting. Against the shell that shattered my arm I bear no malice; rather against the wretch who instigated its firing."

Quickly it came to me that he was arguing on a narrow front. Anything I could marshal would be general in scope and only theoretical. He was clinging to concrete facts, impregnable to superficial reasoning. He had me and I knew it. The suffering through which he had passed left him equipped with the right to certain points of view which I could scarcely challenge.

"If a murdered wife, an outraged daughter and a shattered constitution do not give one the right to a personal accounting, then nothing does," he summed up grimly. Suddenly he reached out and placed his hand upon my arm in that old well-remembered impulsive way of his.

"Sleep upon it, my dear Forbes," he said, "and look me up in the morning. Perhaps you can do better after a night of thought—though I doubt it." With a pressure almost affectionate he turned and wandered off into the night, a new vitality in his shrunken graceful back.

In the morning when I sought him at the hotel he was gone; nor in the weeks that followed did he return.

More than a year had passed. I had been to America and returned with a fresh assignment. France had revived, her wounds were healing, though many of the scars still showed. Her industrial life was again throbbing through patched arteries.

On a warm Sunday morning in late May, feeling the need of a bit of exercise, I wandered into the Bois, stopping for lunch on the terrace [*Continued on page 47*]

The See-Saw

A Climactic Instalment of This Great Novel of Married Life

By Sophie Kerr

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

Chapter Ten

THERE was nothing in the brief wedding trip they took to reassure Harleth Crossey concerning the wisdom of his second marriage. Not that Leila was not happy. She was, wildly so, but her happiness sprang from things he had hardly heard her mention before. She was exultantly self-congratulatory at having escaped from the temporary poverty and obscurity that she had suffered. She talked with feverish excitement of the things she was going to buy, the entertaining she would do, the people they would invite, the people they would leave out, and her chances for scoring off successfully some of those fair-weather friends who had dropped her in her lean days, or whether it would be wiser to forgive and forget all her grievances and start her social campaign without grudges.

"It will be ever so much more dull if I do," she confided to Harleth. "I don't think I shall decide — yet. It's all so mixed up, you see. If I'm horrid to some of the women who've been the most hateful to me, I'll antagonize their relatives who may be exactly the ones I must keep on good terms with. Of course you know Belle Percy has done nothing but tell the most unkind stories about me everywhere because she's such a friend of Marcia's. I've got all that prejudice to deal with."

A slow, painful red had mounted to Harleth's face at the mention of Marcia's name. "I'm sorry," he said, "that you've got to pay for what was all my fault, Leila. But if people feel — that way — don't you think it would be wiser to go a little slow? I'd no idea you were so wrapped up in that sort of thing. I'd hoped — I'd hoped we might — we might have some sort of a — a real home, you know — and — and get established — another way."

Leila gave a derisive shriek of laughter. There was no need to pretend now. She meant to go back into the world she enjoyed and revenge herself — when revenge was safe — for every real and fancied slight. She meant to be the most admired and photographed and talked about young matron of the season. She had promised herself a whirl of extravagance and gaiety and she felt amply able to handle the prejudice she had so impatiently deplored to Harleth.

"Don't be absurd," she said. "I certainly have a little pleasure due me after these horrid long years of waiting and being poor. Good heavens, if we were going in for the heavy domestic, we'd better have taken a little West Side flat, with one maid. Don't be so ridiculously sensitive about your divorce, Harleth. It's done even in the best families, nowadays. It's not likely that we'll have any awkward meetings with Marcia, if she sticks in that dead little Jersey place."

The reiteration of Marcia's name deepened Harleth Crossey's resentment and something of what Leila was feeling reached through to his understanding. With grim prescience he thought of the years to come. "I've got no one but myself to blame," he reminded himself. "I wasn't clever enough to see her game. I've never read her right. What an awful sweat it must have been for her to be always sweet and sympathetic and jolly and to defer to my opinion as if she hadn't a thought or an impulse of her own. And all the time with a cast-iron plan as to what she was going to do as soon as she had me where I couldn't get away. Lord, what fools we men are if we think we know anything about women."

Second thought counseled him that she probably didn't mean all that she had said and it was true that she had had a hard, dull time and, of course, she wanted to come back to her old place in the world with more or less of a stir. Just because he looked at a lot of things differently from the way he used to was no reason to disappoint her hopes and make her miserable. No, Leila must have her fling and if the pace was too fast, he would put the brakes on, and let it go at that. He had married her and no matter what happened he must not fail her, as he had failed Marcia, though their desires and ambitions were as far apart as the poles. It was impossible not to recall that Marcia had not talked of social campaigns on that first honeymoon. The memory of her charm, her shy yet poignant tenderness, her eager smile, her half-yielding, half-withholding endearments, stung him importunately. He looked at Leila, consciously elegant in every detail, her eyes vividly alight at the prospect of the future, her face set in hard, ambitious lines. As he glanced at her, she roused herself from her pleasant reverie.

"Now what are you thinking of, to be so silent," she demanded, "and with that ironic smile?"

"Was I smiling ironically?" he asked, lightly. "I wish I had a mirror — I've always wondered how those chaps in novels managed it. I never imagined I could do it. Are you sure it was irony, Leila? Don't deceive me on such an important matter."

BUT Leila did not respond very well to his mild raillery. Her sense of humor was not subtle, what there was of it, and there was not very much. She stared a moment, smiled, because she felt that Harleth was trying to be funny, and then ventured on a suggestion of quite a different sort. It was that they should cut their honeymoon short and get back to New York at once. She said the motor made her tired and nervous and that the hotels were not comfortable, and that the weather might change at any moment, although it certainly had been glorious so far. The truth of it was that she wanted to get back to hotels and shops and the Avenue and the new and glittering existence which she was promising herself.

Harleth met the idea with undisguised pleasure. He would be very glad to go, he said. He was disillusioned and heartily bored, as well, for Leila *au naturel* and undiluted had but slight qualities of companionship or congeniality. He lost no time in giving the necessary orders and rearranging their trip. They returned four days earlier than they had intended — though their original plan was for no more than ten days, and he went down to his office again joyfully. He welcomed the demands of his work. Work was impersonal, absorbing and, therefore, doubly kind.

Leila, too, was enchanted to be back. She spent the first few days in a whirl of dashing about to get in touch with the people whose help and countenance she needed. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she did not actually try to get in touch with these people, but she sounded out, here and there, among the few friends she could count on, what her chances were with the more important social guns. She sent for her mother, gave her a couple of luxurious toilettes and some new furs, and started her out in her limousine to call on old acquaintances and renew old ties. She had her mother ask some of these — the most useful — to luncheon, informally, and Leila always appeared, a gracious hostess, with a very pretty display of daughterly affection. It went very well with a few, but Mrs. Templeton was not a successful fisher for the biggest catch.

Meanwhile, Leila had had small warnings, here and there, that a good many people remembered her only to forget her by intention. She met Belle Percy and Mathilde Jones on the Avenue, as she turned sharply out of a shop, and they both managed quite obviously not to see her.

"Which means," said Leila to herself, "that Mrs. Rensselaer Jones is going to take her cue from Mathilde and be nasty to me. I must try some other way of getting at her — stupid old thing. I wish I didn't need her. As for Belle — it's exactly what I expected from her, but she's so frightfully passée that I hope she *won't* notice me."

All the same, she was faintly uneasy. A week or so later she met an elderly woman who had been one of her mother's closest friends, an opulent matron whose specialty was charity and who, through that convenient medium, was on easy terms with everyone in the city worth knowing. Leila grasped her chance eagerly.

"My dear Mrs. Naudain," she said, with her prettiest manner, "how very nice to see you! Mother's staying with me and she was speaking of you only the other day and hoping she would see you before she went out to Daphne again. Won't you — won't you let me take you home with me for luncheon — or ——"

She never finished the sentence. Mrs. Naudain had given Leila's cordially outstretched hand a chilly short shake. "Ah, yes — Leila Templeton. Yes," she observed, in a voice drained of all personality, "very pleasant to see you, I'm sure." And with that she turned unconcernedly away and stepped into her waiting car, leaving Leila's invitation and her mother alike unnoticed.

The slight was so open and so cruel that Leila caught her breath and crimsoned violently. When she had gathered her wits, she remembered that Mrs. Naudain had also been a close friend of the elder Mrs. Crossey. That explained the snub, but it did not lessen the shock of it.

But this was the most unkind cut that Leila received and plenty of people were quite willing to welcome the new Mrs. Harleth Crossey at her own valuation. There was just enough cold shoulder to make Leila realize that she would have to fight for what she wanted. She saw that she could not give large parties and get the slightest effect with them, for the people she wanted would not come to her in sufficiently large numbers to make it worth her while.

BEGINNING in April: "The Cracking Knee," a stirring story by Richard Washburn Child. It is not often that the reader of fiction is presented with such an extraordinarily glowing and impulsive tale as this. Into the warm, golden, mysterious heart of the Orient, with its charms and its intrigues, come two young people from the west, an Englishman and a young American girl, who together love, suffer and triumph under the very statue of Buddha.

After almost prayerful meditation, she determined to give a series of small dinners, each of them eventful. She would ask each time a certain number of the "most desirables" and fill up with lesser lights and a few of the gayer set — though she had determined to discard most of these. She had not given up her intimacy with Dorothy Macoin, nor her clandestine flirtation with Otis Vail, and though there was less opportunity, there was even more warmth in it. Leila enjoyed both and found it much more pleasant to have a house of her own where she could receive Vail than always to be under Dorothy's cognizance. She had, at times, a little uncomfortable feeling that Dorothy had connived at her acquaintance with Vail in order to have a hold on her, Leila's, notice.

Not that Leila really wanted to throw Dorothy aside. Dorothy was clever and contriving and made suggestions that Leila was not slow to use. She was convenient, also. She did not mind being put off for another engagement, and she did not mind being asked at the last minute if Leila needed her. Dorothy was amusing, too, and always ready with the latest scandal, stage gossip and the idle, mischievous backwash of comment that flows through beauty parlors, hotel corridors and fashionable dressmakers' establishments. Leila had always had a certain taste for that sort of thing, and it increased under Dorothy's feeding.

The Harleth Crosseys had been some six weeks married before Leila felt that she was sufficiently well established to begin the series of little dinners with which she meant to conquer. It was not until she had practically determined on every detail that she bothered to tell Harleth anything about it.

"I'm sure I can manage it now," she said, triumphantly, as she explained her plan to him. "We'll have some very unusual entertainment after each dinner, something that will give people a regular thrill, you know."

"For instance?" asked Harleth, who had listened patiently and without any minor objections to her plans. (Why shouldn't she give dinners if she wanted to? It seemed innocuous.)

"For the first one, those new Apache dancers," said Leila. "They're positively startling and everyone's crazy about them. Then, for the next, that Australian cowboy who does things with his lariat and monologs all the while, and the very cleverest vaudeville singer I can get, or that Frenchwoman who's singing at Fysher's. For the third, I'm either going to have one of those weird mind-readers — people simply dote on them, you know — or a boxing match!"

"What?" demanded Harleth. "A boxing match!"

"Yes," said Leila, positively. "It's really the newest thing to have boxing. They've been doing it in Paris. Dorothy Macoin says that she went to a regular prize-fight at the home of a duchess there, once."

"Interesting, if true," commented Harleth, drily. He had never liked Dorothy. "Cut out the boxing, Leila. It's all right for an athletic club, but it's not a desirable after-dinner entertainment."

"How absurd," said Leila, with heat. "Heaps of women went to the Jeffries-Johnson fight and one woman wrote quite a long magazine article about it. You're so old-fashioned."

"In this instance, I am," said Harleth. "But a prize-fight where admission is charged and people go because they want to is slightly different from asking one's friends in to dinner and a prize-fight. This isn't ancient Rome, you know. However — don't let's worry about that now. Let me see who you've invited for the first dinner."

"You're so funny, you men. Underneath, you have the bitterest prejudices against each other. You're really much more hypocritical about things like that than women"
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Leila had not anticipated this inquiry and she reluctantly handed him the list. He looked it over and gave a low whistle of surprise. "Here — what's Otis Vail doing here?" he asked. "I thought you didn't know him."

"I've only just met him," said Leila, with disarming frankness, "but he's a great friend of Dorothy's and I knew you knew him, too, so I thought he'd do to fill in. I really needed another man and I couldn't think of any one and Dorothy suggested him."

Harleth threw the list down in disgust. "Is this your dinner, or is it Dorothy's?" he asked, acridly. "You talk about your social ambitions, Leila, and of how you are making an enormous effort to get back in your old crowd — well, you'll never do it if you have Otis Vail hanging round the house. Everybody knows just exactly what sort of a man he is. Have you actually sent him his invitation?"

"Yes," said Leila. "I've asked him and he's accepted. He seems a harmless enough sort of person to me. You're so funny, you men. You pretend to be good friends and are pleasant when you meet, and yet underneath you have the bitterest prejudices against each other. You're really much more hypocritical about things like that than women."

With an effort Harleth controlled his temper. "Can't you tell Mrs. Macoin that I don't like her friend Vail and get her to tip him off to make some excuse and not accept his invitation?" he asked.

"I certainly will not do anything so humiliating, nor ask Dorothy to do it," answered Leila. She got up to leave the room and terminate the wrangle.

"Well, don't ask him here again," Harleth called after her,—but she did not reply.

It was not until the next day when he was frowning over the thought of Otis Vail being invited to his house that it occurred to Harleth Crossey that there had been something reminiscent in Leila's words and manner. At first he could not recall and then it came back to him with a goading exactness that he had answered Marcia in almost the same phrases when he had invited Leila against Marcia's wishes to their long-ago housewarming.

It was not a pleasing memory. He was reminded, also, that it was strange . . . that Leila should have asked this man if she knew him so slightly. . . . And strange — her glib recital about Dorothy Macoin and her subsequent evasion of discussion. . . . There had been something about it all that had not rung true. . . .

Had Marcia felt like this when he had told her, just as easily as Leila had told him of Vail, that he had met Leila by chance and lunched with her and insisted on her coming to their party? He answered himself with his new ruthless honesty that Marcia had undoubtedly been far more deeply concerned, more deeply hurt, because she had cared for him infinitely more than he could ever imagine himself caring for Leila. He dropped his head on his hands. What a lifetime of regrets he had laid up for himself in those few months of recklessness! Oh Marcia — Marcia! "I wish she knew," he told himself savagely, "that I'm paying dearly for it all. I wish she knew that I know how rotten I was to her. I wish she knew that I've come to realize what I lost when I lost her."

He did not press the matter with Leila, but determined to go through with the dinner and then once more forbid her to bring Vail to the house again. He did not foresee that Leila had gone straight to Dorothy Macoin with the story.

"My dear," she began, as the two women settled themselves for five-o'clock cocktails in Dorothy's rose-shaded little reception room, "Harleth simply flew off at a tangent when he found I'd invited Otis to my dinner. Quite snapped at me."

"Perhaps he knows something of Otis's penchant for his wife," suggested Dorothy, archly.

"I don't believe he can," said Leila, "unless some one's been telling him things. And he didn't speak that way, at all. He simply said that he'd known Otis a long time and that he was undesirable and he didn't want him asked again."

"Oh, well, then he doesn't know anything — except what he's known before. Are you going to tell Otis?"

"I don't know — would you?"

"Yes, I think so," said Dorothy. "It'll put him on his guard. He's so insane about you that he'll do something silly some day and get you both talked about unless you're careful. He's coming here to-day. I told him you were." She gave her sly smile. "Isn't it fortunate that I have an engagement down-stairs for tea?"

But by the time Dorothy had gone and Vail had come, Leila had changed her mind about telling him of Harleth's inhospitality to him. But at least she could hint at it and make an interesting mystery of it. She knew it would pique and please Vail.

"I think we're seeing each other oftener than is wise," she said, ingenuously, after they had talked a little of other things. "I'm afraid — I'm afraid, Otis."

"My dear child," said Vail, putting a solicitous arm about her, "what on earth is there to be afraid of? You and I are the merest friends — that's your fault, for you're so beastly cold to me — and we see each other very little. We're never out together, except with Dorothy. What is all this — a preamble to kicking me down-stairs?"

"You know it's not that," said Leila.

"Then what are you afraid of?" said Vail, lazily, enjoying her confusion.

Leila knew that she was caught and that she must get the situation in hand again. No little explanation about Harleth disapproving him as a dinner guest would serve. He had been too quick for her. She looked up at him earnestly, appealingly.

"I'm afraid," she half-whispered, putting out a protesting hand, "I'm afraid — *of myself*."

IT was stage-stuff, but convincingly done, and for a moment it shook Otis Vail. "Don't — don't say things like that, Leila," he said, thickly. "You'll drive me off my head. I can't stand a great deal more of this fooling. You're — you're too dangerous for me." He jumped up suddenly and walked the length of the little room and back again. "I've seen women like you before," he went on. "You — you like to get a man where he can feel your power, but you don't lose hold of yourself for an instant. You — you don't care a thing about me — and for six months I've been just letting you walk on my heart. I had the hell of seeing you go and get married to a man who doesn't half appreciate you — he can't — or he'd take better care of you — and now you — you tell me — Listen!" he dropped down suddenly beside her, "was that — was that — true?"

Leila flung up both hands to ward him off. "Don't!" she cried. "Don't — you mustn't! I mustn't listen to you!"

"I'm past all that," said Vail. "You'll have to listen to me."

"No — no," she said. "Wait — I think Dorothy's coming in."

They moved apart. It was true — Dorothy was coming in and she surveyed her two somewhat agitated guests knowingly.

"You'll have to run along, Otis," she said, smoothly. "I want Leila to help me about something and I've an early engagement for dinner. You don't mind, do you?"

As soon as he had gone, she turned to Leila. "I thought it better to get rid of him, the way he looked. What was he saying? Did you tell him about the dinner?"

"No," said Leila, "but you know he's really very — difficult. He quite — lost control of himself and I was glad you came in."

"Otis Vail's specialty is losing control of himself," said Dorothy with a laugh. "That's the way he makes love. He's found it very successful. Couldn't you tell it was all pose?"

She could have said nothing [*Continued on page 48*]

Repopulating the Earth

How France Will Solve Her Tremendous Problem

The Second of a Brilliant Series

by Newell Dwight Hillis

LOWELL once said a man was educated in proportion as he had mastered his Shakespeare; and in like spirit, Heine held that the measure of a man's culture was his appreciation of and love for Paris, and France. After considering the claims of Rome the Eternal City, of Geneva the free city, of London the city of finance, by universal consent, the Allies selected as the meeting place of their great Conference, Paris the City Beautiful, and France, dear unto all the world, that France "whose very name is culture."

Among the weighty reasons for this decision was the fact that France was the world's greatest sufferer, like Rachel "weeping for her dead"; but unlike Rachel, comforting herself with the memory of the heroism, fortitude, and faith of her fallen sons. France has buried 1,400,000 of her soldiers, has 2,000,000 invalids and crippled heroes, with 1,500,000 victims of tuberculosis, which was the inevitable result of exposure following the destruction by the Germans of 450,000 French homes, that left nearly 2,000,000 people without roof against the snow and icy rain of winter. Conservative, therefore, the statement that France has lost two million young men, who should have founded homes, reared children, and been the human center of ten millions of people.

The problem of population for France is further complicated by the fact that Germany destroyed seventy per cent. of all her factories, including her iron and steel plants, her wool, cotton and silk mills, her sugar factories, and the works for manufacturing agricultural implements, because all these factories were in the coal and iron regions that bordered on Belgium and Germany, and were the first regions to be invaded. Her Commission upon reconstruction now estimates France's war losses at thirty billions, to which must be added the far heavier loss expressed in terms of property through the premature death or permanent crippling of three million men and two million women and children.

The whole world is interested in the repopulation of France, because Shakespeare's "dear, dear land" has made every nation and race her debtors. The United States has invented tools and machines to relieve man from drudgery; England has developed colonies, and started vast trade movements; it remained for France to put the beautiful into the life of the common people of all countries. In the olden time, the fine arts were concentrated in the Parthenons of Greece, the palaces and cathedrals of Italy. The Greek gods lived in marble houses, but the people lived in miserable huts, under thatched roofs, walked upon dirt floors, and wore girdles of leather and garments of sheepskin.

It is the glory of France and Paris that their artists put the beautiful into the life of the common people, into the clothes that they wear, into the books they read, into the palace cars in which they ride, until the beautiful, that once was concentrated in palaces, is now diffused through the comforts and conveniences of the common life. It is impossible to overstate the indebtedness of the world to France.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in his study

The repopulation of France is the more important by reason of the fact that the French gift is not only a peculiar and divine gift, unshared with other races, but it is also a task that soon exhausts artists and cities. No work is so taxing for brain and nerve as the work of the artist, because the creative mood means that the intellect is suffused with feeling, as steel is filled with fire. The scientist, arranging facts in a system, works with cold precision, and a clear white light that carries no heat. But no artist can do creative work save in the mood when he is half intellect, half passion. Unless the fire burns as it were in the bones, the canvas or marble is second-rate. Therefore, no city has long endured that has given itself to the consuming excitements of the fine arts. Thebes was the mother of painting, sculpture

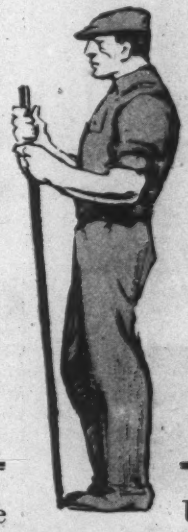
and architecture, but the city that had twelve gates on every side was of life short indeed. Athens led the fine art movement in Greece. During the brief era of Xeurxis, Praxiteles and Phidias, painters, sculptors, poets, dramatists, philosophers and orators walked in regiments up and down the streets. All these men, however, worked at white heat. Studying his works, one thinks of Phidias as half man and half god, for the very fragment of his marbles is the despair of modern sculptors. Men do not grow excited when weighing salt or hides, or measuring wheat and corn. But an artist who can keep cool is a paint-grinder or a stone mason — not a Rembrandt nor a Rodin. Athens, therefore, soon burned out.

The explanation of the occasional Frenchman's use of absinthe and powerful stimulants, and also of certain forms of intense and consuming pleasures grows out of this overwrought condition of nerve and brain, for creative minds. Over-work exhausts and drains the nerve reservoirs. In the reaction, some Frenchmen lost all sense of prudence, and sought to stimulate their jaded nerves. Visitors from other countries, witnessing this abnormal and occasional tendency in Paris, have totally misunderstood France. As a whole, the people of Paris know almost nothing about the existence of night life in their city; that exists essentially for foreign visitors. That which impresses the American on going to England is its solidity; that in Paris which impresses the American is France's mobility, but many visits to London and England will correct the first misapprehension, and show that the solidity of Great Britain is allied with mobility, while Americans who have lingered long in France know that not the French mobility, but solidity is the essential element of French character. In many respects the French are more serious, stable and deeply religious than the peasant or working class of any other nation.

Some travelers and writers like Mrs. Margaret Deland have lamented what they called the passing of the old and artistic France because of the death of two millions of young Frenchmen. Mrs. Deland thinks that the France of the Barbizon School of painting, the France of Balzac and Daudet, of Rostand and Victor Hugo is gone forever. From their viewpoint it is as if all the tall lilies and roses, all the lilacs, with every peach and grape and pear, had been chopped down by the Germans, and only the creeping moss left as a blanket for the graves of the dead soldiers. "An entire school of young French poets and dramatists was annihilated at Verdun. Almost every painter and sculptor, every novelist and dramatist of the younger group has been killed. France is left now with nothing save memory; the old, artistic France is gone forever." This is the jeremiad that many writers are pouring forth.

BUT everything in history, in experience and in the life of France contradicts these opinions. These writers are quite wrong; God is not dead, and France still lives. Because thousands of young aristocrats have been killed, it is not necessary to say that all genius has been destroyed by Mars. Rodin is the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo, but Rodin's father was a stone-mason on the borders of Belgium, and there is good authority for saying there are seventy thousand stone-masons still living in France. Millet and Corot were leaders in the Barbizon School, but that entire school was practically made up of the sons of very poor peasants. If one's eyes are to be trusted in traveling over France, there are about two million peasants now in the fields, rearing successors to Millet and Rodin. If the history of Athens, Florence and Paris tells us anything, it tells us that at the very moment when Athens was at its ugliest, in the reaction, Phidias created his Parthenon, and in the era when Florence was a walled town, full of mire, rags, contagious diseases, with whatever was abhorrent to the eye and the nostril, then, in the reaction, poor boys fled to their dreams and visions, as to a place of refuge, and the result was the Tower of Giotto, the wrought-iron gates by Ghiberti, that Michael Angelo said were lovely enough to be the gates entering into Paradise, with the Last Supper of Da Vinci, and the "Day and Night," by Michael Angelo.

The hope of the fine arts is not in the French patrician class alone, but in the frugal, hard-working French peasants, engaged in physical toil and building bodies as the instruments of fine thinking. In every age the poor have been in the majority, and the poor have furnished the great leaders in every department of art and industry. The great astronomers, from the shepherds who first studied the stars, struggled with poverty, and poor boys are also earth's greatest inventors; witness Watt and Stephenson, with their engine and locomotive; Arkwright and Jacquard with their looms; Franklin and Edison with their electric instruments; Giotto and Rembrandt with their crusts and their fame; Millet with his heartbreak and Rodin with his garret. For the most part, great men are the gifts of the peasant class to the fine arts and universal culture. Now and then an artist of the first rank has come out of a French palace, but the great majority have come from poor men's houses. The first men in France to enlist were — let it be said to their praise — the patricians, because they were the first to hear of the need; but poor peasants' sons were only a step behind.



French painting and sculpture are born of the French temperament, and this war has only intensified the French characteristics. Thoughtful men, therefore, look for a new school of painting, a new school of sculpture, and a new school of drama, as the logical and inevitable result of this war. Immeasurable is the loss to France through the death of her gifted sons; nevertheless, France's great art epoch is before her! Soon men will be saying that one star differeth from another star in glory, and the glory of the Barbizon School is one story and the glory of the new school in 1925 another. God's heaven is wide enough for all the stars and French genius is broad enough to include all the schools of creative intellect.

THE one man in the United States who can write with supreme authority on the Labor question is Samuel Gompers. And he is going to be the one man in the United States who is going to tell the readers of McClure's, through a series of powerful and smashing Labor articles, beginning in April, just what Labor is going to do—and why! Every laborer, every capitalist, every citizen will learn tremendous things from these articles, which are the result of a life of devotion to a great cause.

The loss of two millions of men out of France's productive life is the more serious because of the new strain suddenly thrust upon her people. When Germany seized Alsace and Lorraine in 1870, the Huns robbed France of her hematite iron mines. Now, without a high-grade iron France could not produce steel. But locomotives, palace cars, steamships, automobiles and the ten thousand tools and machines used in modern life assume steel. From the moment, therefore, that Germany had possession of France's iron mines, her industries grew by leaps and bounds, and, by the same token, in 1870, deprived of her iron ores, France's manufacturing life became all but stationary. Recently there has been uncovered on both sides of the frontier line between the French province of Meurthe and Moselle, and Alsace and Lorraine, new mines—mines so rich that they can furnish iron to all the countries of Europe for the next two or three hundred years. Had Germany held the Basin of Briey, she would have controlled Europe through a monopoly of pig iron and steel, and she would have had a death grip on the throat of Europe now. Three-fourths of all German factories are dependent upon these iron mines. Some eight years ago a committee of German mining engineers published a pamphlet on "Germany at Bay by Reason of the Exhaustion of her Iron Mines." William Morton Fullerton has expressed the judgment that the time must soon come when millions of the German people may have to seek work in foreign countries, as the result of the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

IF Germany must henceforth decrease, in the number and size of her manufactures, the time has come when France must increase. All the old iron markets that belonged to Germany must, in the nature of the case, hereafter look to France, while even Germany herself, from this time, becomes a purchaser of French iron ore. Never in the history of France has there been a moment when she needed so keenly the two million young men that she has lost. The first pressing need is to re-open the ruined shafts and put the iron and coal mines in working condition; the blast furnaces also must be rebuilt, new machinery installed, to take the place of the tools that the Germans stole. The new metallurgical methods must be applied, and that means that France will need a hundred thousand civil, mechanical, and mining engineers. Doubtless a few Americans, a few English and Canadian engineers will recognize the opportunity offered in the iron and steel plants, and the coal and iron mines of France, but what France needs most is young men of French blood, French intellect, French initiative — engineers who understand the French working-men, enjoy the French climate, and have a stake in French civilization, and are proud of France's traditions, institutions and history. France's loss, therefore, of her two million sons, is a loss that can never be measured.

THE immediate problems of the reconstruction of the devastated regions of France are more pressing still, and will require the labor of two millions of Frenchmen for five years. Men who have given two summers to the study of the devastated region along the battle front, between the English Channel and the Swiss frontier, will carry the scar in the memory and the heart as long as they live. German cruelty has cut a bloody gash in the soul, and though there be medicines to heal the gash in the arm or the thigh, there are no remedies for the wound in the soul. England's manufacturing life is in the coal regions of Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, while France's factories were clustered around the great coal mines of Lens in the west, and the iron mines north of Nancy in the east. The contrast between the thin, sandy soil of Prussia, with the occasional factories, and the rich, deep, black soil of France, with the deep-fruited orchards and vineyards, and the precious treasures of iron and coal, and the whole land filled with clustered towns and cities, with the thunder of machinery, the whirling of the trains filled with treasure, provoked the greed of the Germans, as the bubbling spring stirred thirst in Tantalus.

From the outset, therefore, the plans of von Hindenburg and Ludendorff involved the capture of all the coal and iron towns in Northern France, and the digging of three rows of parallel trenches south of these mines, that France might never again recover the treasure. The trumpet, therefore, that Mars lifted to his lips, was an iron trumpet. The voice of this war is the metallic voice of steel, though the Germans' hate was kindled in hell. The problem, therefore, that confronts France is so colossal as to stagger the imagination. Four hundred and fifty thousand homes are to be rebuilt. The iron and steel plants must be restored. Cities and towns must be reconstructed. Cathedrals, colleges, libraries, banks, stores, must be planned, the materials found, and the structures built. Vineyards and orchards chopped down by the Germans must be replanted. New bridges of steel and stone must be thrown across the canals and rivers. These gigantic labors ask for two million emigrants from the outside, and at the moment when none are to be had, France wakens to realize that she has lost by death two million of her most gifted sons. Who is equal to these labors? The task would be hopeless were it not for one fact — after two crises within a century and a half — ruined France has been rebuilt by the industry and the genius of her own people.

Every expert in art and literature detects at a glance any canvas or marble, poem or play of a Frenchman. The strawberry has its own flavor, the pomegranate its peculiar tang, and once recognized, the fruit of the French intellect is known forever. Rousseau, Voltaire, Pascal, Victor Hugo, differ from Jean Paul, Lessing and Goethe as the French cantelope differs from the German pumpkin. This birth-gift suffuses the French soul through and through with fast colors that cannot be washed out, not even by a blood bath. The essence of a thousand arts is found in the character of the Frenchwoman, whether studied in the fields and vineyards of Brittany, or in the salons and opera-boxes of Paris. These women exhibit a certain vitality, buoyancy, and zest of life, with a passion for laughter and music and beauty, patience in burden-bearing, loyalty to their family, love of country, with untiring industry, courage and endurance, and to these stronger qualities of oak and rock they add the delicacy of every vine and flower. Witness the mother of Pascal the philosopher, and of Napoleon the soldier! Witness the influence of Victor Hugo's women ancestors upon the author of the world's greatest novel, "Les Miserables." The great men of France simply [*Continued on page 48*]

"That's the way I felt when you soaked me once," said Casey

Take Levy, For Instance

Then Also Consider Casey

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by Irma Deremeaux

PERSONAL charm is a trait with which philosophy refuses to deal. It has nothing to do with reasons, it is based on neither right nor wrong, and it defies analysis. One who possesses it may commit every crime on the calendar and confess his guilt. We cannot help continuing to like him, and we forgive easily. One who does not possess it may be endowed with every virtue. We cannot like him. We say that we respect him but, secretly, we usually resent him. Sad, but true.

Take Levy, for instance.

Casey had met Levy only upon two occasions. The first time they met, Levy had hit Casey upon the head with a piece of lead-pipe. The second time they met, Casey was prepared to thrash Levy, but, being fair-minded, was willing to listen to his excuse for the first assault. Levy, finding that one excuse after another was unavailing, had induced Casey to turn his back for just one instant. In that instant, he hit him upon the head with a piece of lead-pipe again. And, after that, Casey kept looking for Levy until —

An uncle died and left Casey exactly one thousand dollars. It was more money than Casey had ever owned at one time in his life before. It oppressed him. It was too much to spend, but Casey knew that if he ever started spending it he would make a clean job of it quickly. It was not sufficient to warrant his giving up his job as a truck-driver and retiring. At ordinary interest, one thousand dollars does not bring in much more than a dollar a week, and the most retiring disposition in the world could hardly live on that. So Casey placed his money in a savings bank and waited for something to turn up.

It did. It came in the form of an advertisement in a newspaper.

GREAT BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY! Young man, full of energy, thoroughly honest and capable, has fine chance to secure livery stable. Needs partner with $1,000. Write to L., Box 284.

Casey deliberated for one hour. Then he wrote to L., Box 284.

"I have a thousand dollars," he wrote. "I work in a livery stable, driving a truck, but I'd like to go into business for myself. Will be glad to meet you any place you say and talk things over. Hoping you are well, I remain, Yours Truly, A. Casey."

The "hoping you are well" was not the result of a letter-writing habit, because Casey was not accustomed to writing letters. It was the bubbling up of a kindly nature. He really hoped that the unknown advertiser was well. A day later he received a reply asking him to meet Mr. Levy in Kobliner's coffee-house that same afternoon, if convenient. He met him.

It would have been difficult to decide who was the more surprised. Levy, however, recovered first. Changing his seat quickly, so that a table stood between him and Casey, he laughed.

"Well! Well!" he exclaimed. "Who'd ever have thought we'd meet like this?"

Casey blinked several times.

"You're the fellow that hit me with a lead-pipe," he said.

"Now look here," said Levy, quickly, "I came here to talk business. I got a chance to make money for me and for you. D'ye want to talk business or d'ye want to keep on hashing over that old stuff? If we go into business I'll give you references to prove that I'm all right. If you want to talk monkey business or if you think you're going to lick me," — he paused a moment and then smiled — "why, the chances are you'll get cracked on the head again. Y'see, I'm too smart to let anybody lick me."

Casey scratched his head. During the many days when he had pondered over his encounter with Levy he had actually conceived a certain admiration for that person's resourcefulness. He now felt a decidedly strong inclination to believe his boast.

"What did ye hit me for?" he asked.

"The first time," explained Levy, candidly, "was because you pushed me aside. I didn't like to be pushed. The second time — well, if I hadn't, you would have licked me."

Then Levy smiled — he had a very winning smile — and walked straight toward the big Irishman.

"There!" he exclaimed, "you can lick me now if you want to. I won't raise my little finger."

Casey looked down upon the slender figure standing before him. He gazed into Levy's frank eyes. He felt the determination which had been forming for weeks to thrash Levy the moment he laid eyes upon him, beginning to weaken. Then Levy seized Casey's arm and squeezed his biceps.

"Oy! Oy!" he cried. "What a muscle! Why, you could kill an ox!"

A grin overspread Casey's face. The last trace of resentment had vanished. He held out his hand.

"Ye're a smart lad," he said. "Let's hear about the livery stable."

The scheme was a simple one. Levy knew a man named Milkoff who owned a livery stable consisting of a truck, a carriage and three horses. It had afforded him a living for several years but he was now eager to dispose of it in order to move to Chicago. He had given Levy an option on it. The price was exactly one thousand dollars. Levy had not a cent. Nor did he know the first thing about the livery business. But he was young, energetic and resourceful and he had schemes for making this establishment the greatest livery stable on the East Side.

"YE'VE got a nerve," said Casey. "Y'ain't got a cent, ye don't know anything about the business and ye want to be took in as a partner."

"And I want a partner like you what has got a good business head and sees the whole point right on the spot," said Levy. "Y' see, it's true I got a nerve. I got more nerve than anybody on the East Side. But ain't it a good asset? Have you got nerve enough with one truck and three horses to go to the Big Star Department Stores and ask them to give you their trucking business? I bet you ain't. Well, I have; and, what's more, that's the first thing I'd do. Nerve is the same as push and ginger and go-aheadness and all them things. I'm just the kind of fellow you need. I don't care about the money [*Continued on page 43*]

"I could enter him in a race and make a barrel of money!"

There was a chumminess and an element of adventure about the thing that appealed to them

Regarding a Certain Sex

by Fred C. Kelly

WE might as well recognize one thing — that there is a certain widely celebrated and highly estimable sex which has been, and still is, undergoing a noteworthy change. I refer to the feminine, or, as somebody once cleverly termed it, in my presence, the fair sex. After war activities are thoroughly over, this sex is going to be a different proposition from the one with which we have dealt heretofore. By the time war is just a memory, every woman will have changed; or rather, so many will have changed, that, by contrast, the others will no longer *seem* the same. I frankly do not know just how much the change is going to be for the better. This, perhaps, will depend in a great measure on the individual point of view. It is even possible that many will regard the change as for the worse; but I should not feel disposed to take up that phase of the question, no matter how much truth there might be in the contention, for we are discussing now a sex toward which I have only the friendliest feeling, and with which I have long enjoyed very pleasant relations.

For one thing, the War almost completely uprooted the last remnant of the old aristocratic idea that it is cute and clever for a young woman to be weak or helpless. Away back yonder somewhere, when women were regarded more as chattels and were taken less seriously than they are now, there was a big demand for the weak, clinging-vine type of wife, because it was then thought that this kind would greatly add to the prestige of the husband; it branded him as a person able to support a wife purely as an item of luxury — as an ornament. A woman was a lady in proportion to her helplessness. The husband who let his wife do her own housework, no matter how capable she might be of doing it, was regarded as a less important figure than the man who was able to provide a "hired girl," thus giving his wife opportunity to devote her entire time to activities of a purely needless or useless character. The idea was that anybody can afford a wife who earns her own way, but to stand the upkeep of a wife who serves no useful purpose tends to establish the husband as somebody who really matters. You know, there is more social advantage to be gained from having a pleasure vehicle than from having merely a delivery wagon. Mothers used to boast about how incompetent their daughters were — how incapable of earning a living, of cooking, or even of washing dishes — on the assumption that such inability would be accepted as an indication of gentle birth.

IN order to have evidence visible to the naked eye that a girl was totally useless, and, therefore, born to be a sweet little clinging vine, as well as a pampered household pet, semi-invalidism was regarded as good form. Operations came more and more into vogue. Society surgeons and society pill doctors began to reap a harvest. A foolish-looking, thin little waist, because it suggested noticeable lack of strength, and, therefore, an inability to work, was in big demand. Corsets were built to accentuate the small waist in a thin woman and to be implicated in an imitation of it by the stout woman. Of course a wasp-waist on a woman obviously capable of being a blacksmith's helper was just a wee bit illogical, but it was traceable nevertheless to the notion that weakness was an important item of feminine charm. A really fashionable woman usually had an apoplectic complexion and a pained expression as if feeling not a little worry and anxiety over the ruthless manner in which her gizzard was being crowded out of its rightful place in the general scheme of things. In more recent years, corsets have shown a great tendency for advancement in sanity and symmetry. In a general way, corsets have been revised downward. I am told that instead of starting in at the waist and extending mainly upward, as in earlier times, the bulk of a corset is now to be found south of the ever changing waist-line.

NOW, meanwhile, the scientists, that is, the psychologists, were having a great time of it, trying to figure out woman's mental status. Some thought that the feminine sex was characterized by low variability and, therefore, by mental inferiority; others that their lack of variability really meant superiority. Still others, after repeated tests, decided that women have just as much variability as people of any other standard sex. By variability is meant the difference in traits and abilities. The question is whether among a thousand men there would be a greater range of abilities and aptitudes than would be found among a thousand women; and whether there is more difference in the abilities of an average man and an average woman than would be found to exist between two average men, or between two average women.

It is now pretty well agreed, I believe, that there is just as much difference among women as there is between men and women. If this is true, then it is just as much a hardship for all women to be expected to do housework, as it would for all men to be set to farming or looking after machinery. I frankly do not know, at first hand, whether women are any more intelligent than people of corresponding age and opportunity, belonging to any other sex. But learned scientists have pried into this proposition further than I have, and they seem to be of the opinion that there is no more difference between the mental abilities of men and women than would be found between men and other men. Some men are smarter than some women; and various women are smarter than certain men. But it seems to be a fifty-fifty proposition. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the sexes as to intelligence. The consensus of opinion at one time was to the contrary, and that was why it was not considered worth while to provide higher education for women.

In the last few years I have devoted not a little time to conversing freely, on a basis of equality, with various young women, and I am convinced that theirs is really a great little sex. No wonder, now that they are becoming educated, that they

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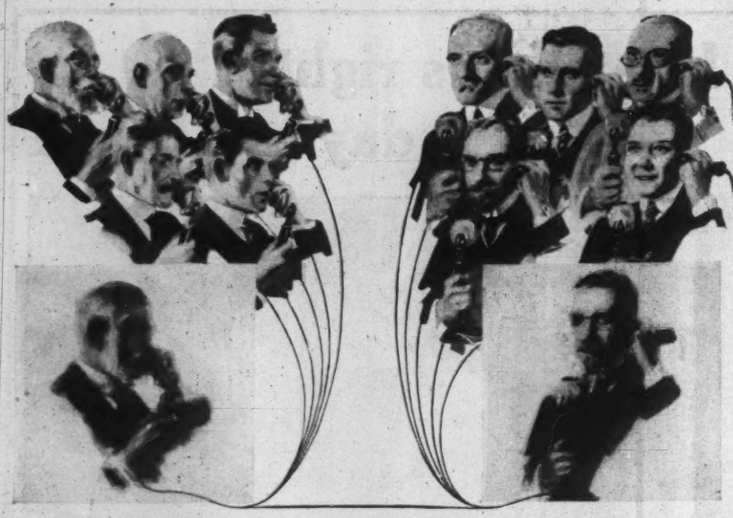

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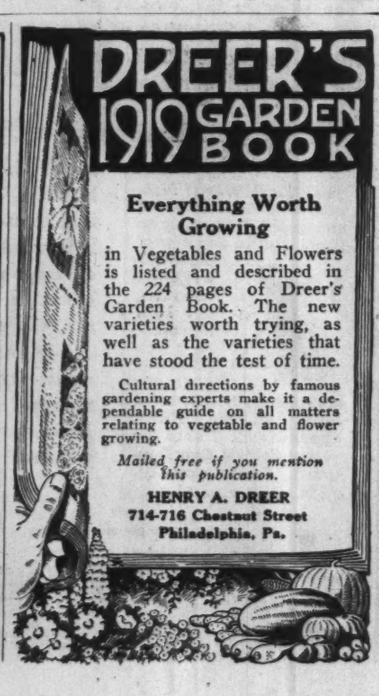

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want something and do not know exactly what!

Seriously, women have been casting about for an opportunity to be up-and-doing. As opportunities were limited, many of them got interested in the suffrage question. Others took up Society and similar forms of nonsense. We have laughed and made sport of women who went in for society, when, as a matter of fact, perhaps we should have felt sorry for them. They turned to society because they didn't know where else to turn. For generations they had been steered largely away from all things useful. And so they took up society, for the same reason that men go out of town to grand lodge meetings — simply for an excuse to get away from home. And, by the way, while reading the social page is about the lowest form of entertainment I know of, it hasn't much the edge on certain features of the sporting page, at that. Imagine the plight of the man whose sole intellectual diversion is reading the bowling news!

We all agree that woman's place is the home — provided we can get her to stay there — but there is no denying that a great many good, well-intentioned women care practically nothing about doing housework.

THERE are women who yearn to be up-and-doing and to see more of the great wide world than they can see in their own homes. Therefore, as I say, they were often placed in the light of making utter asses of themselves. I heard of a woman, a widow, who hired an expensive nurse to look after her children, and then, having nothing to do, she would set forth to buy some form of entertainment in order to help pass the time she gained when she hired a nurse to attend to her children. She imagined that she craved frivolous amusement, or society. When the War came on she discovered that it wasn't society at all, in the silly sense of the word, but simply an opportunity to come into contact with more people. She took a place in an office created by the war emergency, where she had to deal daily with the public, and she not only had the time of her life, but proved herself exceedingly useful. For she was born with a knack for handling people. She worked into an important executive place and expects to stay there. Her children have reached an age where they require less of her time, but she is a better mother to them than she was when she had nothing to do. She is away from home no more than she used to be, only now instead of frittering away her time at footless social pursuits, she is daily accomplishing something.

Many a married woman whose household does not demand much of her time has yearned to be at work, doing something interesting, and earning money, but there has long been an important reason why a married woman, even though she has nothing else to do, should not be employed. If she worked, it would look as if her husband could not support her, and he would be regarded, therefore, as not entitled to have a wife.

This aversion to having one's wife employed was so deep-seated that it is doubtful if anything short of a big war could have changed it. When I was a youngster the only married women in our town who worked were colored women.

A few years ago, a young married couple I knew thought it would be great fun to pull up stakes in their native town and go to New York where each would start out and land a job. Then at night they would meet in their two-rooms-and-bath-and-kitchenette and exchange experiences. There was a chumminess and an element of adventure about the thing that greatly appealed to them. Moreover, contrary to their own wishes in the matter, they had no children, and so there was no reason why they shouldn't have gone ahead with their little plan. No reason except that their friends and relatives insisted that it was too bohemian — so contrary to custom as to be scarcely even respectable. So they gave the thing up. But when we went to war the wife took a war job in Washington. And nobody thought anything of it. She's there yet.

I heard of another case of an entirely different sort. A man came to regard his wife as a good bit of a bore. For that matter, she regarded him, too, as a nuisance and an eyesore. The wife was not a well of new ideas. She was not even a cistern of ideas; for she never went any place to pick up a new thought. You know how it is when you go to a moving picture show a little too early and are obliged to witness the last reel of the picture before you see the first? This husband found life with his wife a little like that. Always knowing in advance what she would do or say under a given set of circumstances, and knowing full well her ideas on everything from grapefruit to Elsie Janis, there was entirely lacking that element of surprise and spontaneity which keeps up one's interest. In short, they annoyed each other until life together became a botch. And so they separated. She got a job doing something connected with the Red Cross. Her work took her among people occupying a humbler plane than hers had been, and she became enthusiastic over trying to be of service to them. Incidentally, her contact with others who were contributing their time to a worthy cause gave her a new slant at a lot of things. One day her husband met her. They got to talking and she interested him. Because, as he expressed it, she had acquired a point of view. I don't know that he became madly infatuated with her all over again, or that they are going to live happily ever after, but they did then and there abandon the idea of divorce or of further separation, and started life over again together.

Now that the War is over, how many women are going to be willing to give up the jobs that they took only from a sense of duty? Having tasted of the satisfaction that comes from having one's own income and learned the joy of really doing things, will they be content to drop back into their former slot?

It is interesting to recall that before the Civil War, a woman clerk behind the counter in a retail store was practically unheard of. This was true even in dry-goods stores. All clerks, whether in the hosiery department or corset department, were men.

The Civil War drove the wedge that opened this line of occupation to women. And they have remained ever since. The wedge, once driven, never was withdrawn. Men clerks in dry-goods stores became fewer and fewer until to-day a man selling ladies' gloves would be rather conspicuous. The Great War has forced a much deeper wedge into employments formerly regarded as impossible for women.

NOBODY knows just what effect all these changes are going to have on the race; whether women are going to be better or inferior mothers compared with those who reared the present generation. The only thing certain is that women have changed, and are changing.

And if at the same time they contrive to retain all their natural feminine charm and appeal, I say they are going to have a sex that will be hard to beat!

We're Coming Back to You

[Continued from page 9]

It was your need, the heroic fact that someone had to die in your defense, that made us fighting men. Nevertheless, though we don civilian dress, we have not done with fighting yet. We are coming back to man the trenches of a kinder social order and to follow the barrage across No Man's Land in pursuit of a new heaven and a new earth. Our souls will still be clad in khaki; we shall be a brotherhood for righteousness. That same brotherhood will exist as well in France and Great Britain. In our brotherhood there will be millions of soldier-girls.

For the War is not ended. When peace is signed on the western front, the War will only have begun. We are not going to slip back into what we were. We have learned lessons of sharing which we cannot forget. God has fought for us and stood shoulder to shoulder beside us in the bodies of pals who are dead. We are coming back to you as knights-errant of a brave and laughing idealism, to smite injustice. We have tried to die for you, and death has been denied us; we are going to live for you now, that the future may be better.

We went away boys; we are coming back white men. We will so live that you may write above each of us, cobbler, tinker, apothecary, millionaire, "Here lies a very gallant gentleman."

This is how and why we are coming back.

Food and Peace

Why Not a Victory Kitchen?

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

THE spirit of celebration is upon us! The country is outdoing itself in paying tribute to the returning veterans of the world's greatest war. The Victory Arch, the Boulevard of Nations, the Community House, memorial parks, gardens, trees — we are quick to subscribe to every new suggestion not only for commemorating the dead, but for making life more livable for those who have been spared. We are all celebrating, or planning to celebrate, in some way — even if it goes no further than a new gown or a deliciously extravagant bonnet in which to greet our own particular hero. In these days of peace contention, however, has the thought ever occurred that we might make of our own home kitchen a triumphal monument to the man who has eaten and slept in the trenches, facing flame and steel and gas and wrecking noise, that we and our children might live — free and safe?

While the nations of the world are striving to bring some enduring order out of chaos, cooking three balanced meals a day and serving them peacefully and efficiently is still a problem for the majority of our twenty-two million housekeepers. And — just as the Food Administration is now considering the food and feeding problem of the world so as to enable all nations "to return to health, to self-support, and to their national life," so must these housekeepers extend their efforts in connection with the food problem that all our soldiers may likewise return to health and self-support, with strengthened ideals and the will and vital force to put those ideals into some concrete form. Social confusion follows famine, or continued food disorganization of any kind. In the same way, in the home, conflict, pain, discouragement follow when the every-day feeding problem is not properly ordered. The men now coming back from Europe are worth, to their homes and to the country, all that we can give them and do for them — and one of the biggest returns that we can offer for the protection they have given, is to make every meal served one of the brightest spots in life, one very real thing to relieve and balance the struggle to live, to give renewed hopes, to give strength to hold our hard won freedom and maintain the ideals for which they fought.

Keep On Studying About Food

Keep On Producing More Food

Keep On Saving All Food

BUT, for numerous complex reasons, home meals, at present, are not always our most joyful or most peaceful moments. The fact is a sad one, but it is true, nevertheless. So true, that since the War — even before — in the names of emergency, economy, conservation, various means for the cooperative feeding of our people have been suggested — from the great central kitchens abroad down to the traveling dinner-wagons in our own New York. But the practical end of the food problem remains, and, apparently, for the best good of the greatest number has yet to be solved — the larger part of it, at least — in the home. And here the thought of the victory kitchen points a possible way. We might have twenty-two million of these Victory Kitchen Peace Monuments, if we would! And if we did — ? But the day of rash prophecy is past.

Experience is proving, however, that the whole matter of the preparation and serving of meals can be greatly reduced and facilitated, with a corresponding saving in money, fuel and food, resulting in greatly increased household order and happiness, if done under scientific conditions — in other words, in an attractive, well-planned kitchen so equipped as to conserve time, labor, energy to the utmost, and guarantee worthwhile, happy accomplishment. And such a kitchen can be ours to-day, if we want it. The American architect, builder, manufacturer of every conceivable type of modern labor-saving device and material stand ready to help us. We can have light, air, beauty, compact freedom. We can have every surface as easy to clean as a china dish. We can have every working unit — food storage, refrigerator, work-table or cabinet, sink, stove, serving table, dishwashing-machine, shelving for dishes, waste disposal, cleaning-closet — not only perfect in detail and complete in itself, but so arranged and related and inter-related that the common tasks which must be done over and over again can proceed in logical order, and always without waste or duplicated effort. We can have every tool that we need, in just the style, size, color, shape that we may prefer. Every dish we handle can be a source of rest and inspiration. And — because we can have all these things, we can have — food and peace. If we are favored with money to spare, generously, we can call in an expert to create this model kitchen for us; we can have walls in creamy tile from top to toe, touched with tiny rainbow mosaics; we can have a floor that knows no wear and does not tire; we can attach an electric current to every piece of working equipment; we can have every pot and pudding dish a bit of real art. If we are poor, we must plan and organize for ourselves, have a painter enamel the walls, or apply the paint ourselves, and buy in equipment that which fits purse as well as need — yet the victory kitchen will emerge, equally helpful and restful. While the matter of money is, of course, important in making this kitchen a success, the spirit in which it is approached, the intelligence with which it is conceived and executed count for quite as much.

Every individual home is merely a unit of the civilization for which our returning soldiers were ready to lay down their lives — and the kitchen is the staying power of the home. If we permit these homes to crumble, fall back to dust and ashes, the War will have been fought in vain. But this is not to be, gratefully. For the waste and the fire which have bled and scorched our world, we must at least in one particular show gratitude. What the American women have not known about the dull routine of food and feeding, the great conflict has disclosed. What power for good lies in the light now shed on that routine it has brought forth! Not, however, until a broader attitude toward kitchen work is more generally adopted shall the practical food help that the American housekeeper still needs be effectively and truly realized. Something must still be done to change the thought that kitchen work is drudgery, despised, to the truer thought that it can be more nearly like a holiday in fairy-land. There is a way — if we can only make the spirit go and find it.

While the day may come when home cooking will be a memory only, for the present, at least, and for the greater number of us — fortunately — homemade meals must and will continue, and the thrills that can come from a twentieth century kitchen, the hopes, the joys, the strength, the courage, the will to achieve, the enduring household peace that can follow, are worth more than a mere passing thought at the moment.

"Food and Freedom," by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros. $1.00

Offer Them
Their Choice

Remember that children nowadays can choose from three Puffed Grains. All of them are bubble grains, flimsy, flaky, flavory—steam-exploded.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat—shaped like wheat, but eight times normal size. Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

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Some like one best, some another. Perhaps Puffed Wheat tastes best in milk. Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs seem more like food confections.

But each is an exquisite dainty—each a scientific food. You will serve them all when you come to realize their hygienic value.

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Thus every food cell is blasted so digestion can instantly act. And thus every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Such foods should hold a high place daily in your children's diet.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2095)

down and bent his ear close to the nostrils of his mysterious fellow passenger.

It was quite all right. She was snoring. Or should we use another word, since the noise he heard bore to a snore the same relation that the trill of a silver flute bears to the bawling of a tug-boat whistle?

"Poor child!" Pontius found himself saying in his fatherly way. Heartened by the assurance that she was not dead but sleeping, he gave her a more careful scrutiny and came to the conclusion that the girl beside him was one degree more weary, pathetic and world-beaten than himself. She wore one of those thick and shapeless coats which poor girls buy with a view to many seasons' warmth. Her hands, curled helplessly in her lap, reminded him of the claws of a little dead bird he had once picked up, for sentimental reasons, after an early autumn storm. She presented an appealing picture of surrender to an unkind fate, and because she was more than usually pretty. . . .

"By Jove!" said Pontius Blint, the instinct of a well-conducted family man coming to his rescue. What in the world was he going to do about it? This sort of thing couldn't go on indefinitely, you know. He'd have to do something. It would be ridiculous for him to desert her in the cab as soon as the Merlinbilt hove in view. And Jerry's gasless vehicle seemed a poor substitute even for a charity lodging-house.

He thought once of consulting Jerry upon this delicate point, and he had turned his eyes appealingly toward the trap-door, now securely closed, when a faint rustling in the space beside him reclaimed his attention to the girl of mystery.

She was sitting bolt upright, wide, frightened eyes burning upon him out of the patch of white which was her face.

"I — I beg your pardon, Miss — I — I didn't mean to disturb you," he found himself lamely apologizing, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when she gave a little smothered scream and started to climb out over the low folding doors.

"You can't do that," said he, restraining her somewhat roughly. "You're perfectly safe with me — don't get excited — everything's all right."

He realized even as he was repeating these inadequate assurances and crowding her back to her seat that this was exactly what a professional kidnapper would say under similar circumstances.

"Oh, please!" at last he heard her voice, which was sweet and, fortunately, pitched to a low key. "Mister, I didn't do it. Honest! If you'll only let me explain. Oh, please don't take me — I couldn't stand it!"

"What have we here?" was old Pontius's first thought which he voiced in the kindly tone of which he was always capable.

"My child, you didn't do what? Please don't take you where?"

"To the station-house, sir," she said simply, but with a tremolo that went straight to his heart.

"Please don't get excited," he implored. "I give you my word I hadn't any intention of turning you over to the police."

"Then what for did you grab out like that when I went to jump?"

APPARENTLY she was a direct thinker, this frightened little miss.

"To tell you the truth, I didn't see any occasion to jump," said he.

"And what for did you get into my cab?"

"Get into your cab!" Pontius whistled. "I didn't know you were the proprietor. I had an impression that I had chartered this boat for the evening — I might almost say that I've bought it."

She sat stiff as a ramrod and in the twilight he could see her large eyes fixed upon him in a stare which was hypnotic.

"Oh, that was it," she said in her small, crushed voice.

"Now, look here," he spoke at last, and a wildwood doe could not have taken fright at his manner of speaking. "I'm not in cahoots with the police — in fact, I've been most decidedly against them once or twice. If you're in trouble — and haven't committed any real crime — "

"Indeed, sir, before God I haven't!" Her pathetic bird's claws came together, and under the flash of a street lamp she seemed more pallid than before.

"Well, then," spoke the best intentioned man that ever captained an industry, "whatever the matter is you can trust me to help square it. If you've been given a raw deal — well, I'm an international expert in raw deals. Why don't you tell me about it?"

She had again settled back into her rigid calm. Quite apparently she was looking him over.

"You look to be a kind gentleman," she at last admitted with the qualification, "but not one maybe that would have great influonce."

"LESS and less every day." It was a pained smile he gave behind his cropped gray mustache. "But as a father confessor I have no equal. And you'll admit that's something."

"That would be," she said, as though talking to herself.

"In the first place, then, what's your name?"

"Lizzie Defoe," she replied, in the mechanical tone of a child being cross-examined by a well-meaning elder.

"Related to Daniel?" inquired Pontius, but was ashamed of his joke when she replied simply,

"He was my father, but he died last May fightin' with the British army."

"Then you're English."

"English we are not!" The response was snapped back with a promptness that explained which side of St. George's Channel the Defoes came from.

"Lizzie, how did you come to be sleeping in my cab at this peculiar hour?"

"I got in, sir. There didn't seem no other place to run to when I saw Sergeant Burger among the soldiers in the big restaurant."

"Oh! And who is Sergeant Burger?"

"He's the fine American marine, sir, who was keepin' company with me and was a-standin' right there by the booth when the stylish gentleman came along and took 'em."

"Took what?"

"Why, the bonds, sir."

"Took the bonds out of Kidd's Restaurant?"

"Oh, no, sir. From the booth this afternoon."

Of course. What else could the stylish gentleman have done?

"Sergeant Burger was standing by the booth this afternoon when the stylish gentleman took the bonds," prompted her examiner, "so that was the reason why you were found asleep in a hansom cab on Broadway at half-past two in the morning?"

"There's lots of other reasons — such a power of 'em!" By the way her shabby gloved hands went up to her face he had a feeling she was going to cry. "But I'm so tired — I been all the way to Jersey City and back — and where I'm goin' now I don't know."

"Why did you go to Jersey City?"

"When I found the gentleman took the bonds I run away, thinking I could sleep with my cousin, Susie Riley — and when I got there she's got another place and — "

"Let's begin somewhere," suggested Pontius, seeing that this method of telling the story savored of Henry James having one of his spells. "As I understand it you were a bond salesman somewhere and a gentleman had something to do with your running away."

"The grand lady that hired me took me temporary a week ago out of an employment bureau." Pontius had a relieved feeling that she was reverting to the straight-from-the-beginning method of the motion-picture scenario. "I was to be ladies' maid and to get my salary doubled on the first if I gave satisfaction. I was livin' in a boardin' house with another girl at the time and we both got a license to sell Liberty Bonds, hopin' to win the honor prize of the St. Martha's Guild. I took subscriptions for four hundred dollars' worth when the lady hired me, but after that I was that busy I couldn't call me soul me own. I — I think I was doin' very well in the new place — "

"I'm sure you were," he encouraged.

"All the rich ladies was sellin' Liberty Bonds all over town and it was a grand work to help the country; and I was so anxious to sell a few for myself that I told my lady one night how I was workin' for the St. Martha's Guild prize with a license to be a saleslady. 'Just the thing!' says she. 'Sometimes I'm that busy with patriotic work I don't have time to sell bonds.' "

"So busy she couldn't do anything!" snorted Pontius. "I know the sort!"

"Well, she was workin' pretty hard at that, what with meetin's and rallies all over town. And it was yesterday afternoon she comes around to me and says, 'Lizzie, I'm that distracted with duties I won't be able to go to me booth tomorrow at all. And would you mind taking my place and helping the ladies with the bonds?' So I went to this booth — it was yesterday mornin' — no, it was this mornin' — "

She put her hands to her forehead and seemed to be struggling with her thoughts.

"It's morning now," he prompted her.

"It seems so long ago," she wailed. "Yes, it *was* yesterday mornin'. It was an awful responsibility, but it made me that happy. I thought I might have a chance to sell a big bond and get the prize. But the ladies in the booth was there to do all the sellin' and it was Lizzie here and Lizzie there fetchin' and carryin' for them. There was a great strong box full of bonds — from fifty dollars up to a thousand — and another box to put the bills in when they was sold. There was hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of bonds in that box, some of 'em in envelopes marked with the amount. And it was one of me jobs to keep them envelopes full and marked with the number. And when a person would come up for a bond it was me that took 'em from the box and gave it to the lady who was a-sellin'. And I was just crazy to sell one of 'em."

"And didn't you get your chance?"

"Eddie — Sergeant Burger stood by and whispered now and then, 'Your chance is comin' — ' "

"Ah! So Eddie was there?"

"He was borrowed from the Marines to be a guard. Eddie is a hero from France where he fought at Shadow-Terry and he ain't afraid of nothin'. So I worked there all the mornin' — and you'd better believe them ladies worked, too. We didn't none of us have lunch until three o'clock when the crowd sort of got thin; then them ladies went away for somethin' to eat. Eddie stuck around and brought me a sandwich, sayin' very polite, 'Now's your chance, Miss Defoe. I bet the sodas you'll catch a millionaire inside five minutes.' They're awful gamblers, them military men. Well — it just seemed like a stroke out o' heaven at that moment — for across the lobby comes a-walkin' a very stylish gentleman with a fine gold beard and a checked suit o' clothes. 'Is this the young lady who's runnin' the booth?' says he. I was going to answer, 'No,' but I could see Eddie winkin' go-ahead-like, so I plucks up courage and says, 'Will you buy a bond?' 'I'll take eighteen hundred dollars' worth,' says he. Just like that. I had the key to the strong box, but I was that flustered what with excitement and fear that the ladies would come back and be angry that I almost couldn't turn the lock. If I only hadn't done it!"

He could hear her sob quite distinctly now and Pontius should be forgiven the fatherly pat he laid across her slender knuckles.

"I'm sure you did what was right," he was so rash as to concede. This seemed to lend the needed encouragement, for she went on,

"I picked out an envelope with a thousand dollar bond in it and another with a five hundred. Then I counted out three ones. Eddie Burger helped me count 'em over again, so I was sure I was right. 'Cash sale or credit?' says I to the gentleman in the checked suit. 'Cash,' says he quite careless, 'and won't you put 'em all in one envelope so they won't make such a big bundle?' "

Pontius Blint was beginning to guess the nature of poor Lizzie's troubles, but he chimed in soothingly,

"So you counted 'em into one envelope."

"While I was doing it the gentleman reached into his inside pocket and brought out a great big bale of bills. It was all in hundreds, done up neat as wax with a strip of paper round it. I thanked him very kind and when he had put the envelope in his pocket where the money had been Eddie leans over and whispers, 'Better count it!' 'Yes, you'd better be sure it's right,' says the gentleman in the checked suit. So I counted the bills and Eddie counted the bills. But go over them as often as we might there was only seventeen hundred in the pile."

"SO HO!" said Pontius Blint softly as though to himself.

"The gentleman seemed that worried when he found the bale was a hundred dollars short. 'I got them from a friend,' said he, 'and I never even counted them. Just give the money back to me. I'll take it round to Charley' — I think he said Charley — 'and have it straightened out. I'll bring back the right amount in a few minutes,' says he, 'and meanwhile here's your bonds.' "

"So he gave you back your bonds?" Pontius all but laughed.

"He gave me back the envelope," said the sad little voice. "Then he went away hurried-like to find Charley who had made the mistake. Just before the ladies got back I opened the strong box to put back the envelope he gave me and I thought to myself, 'Maybe it should be counted again.' So I opened the flap — and, my God, what did I see? Nothin' but an old wad of letters and scrap paper, folded to look like so many Liberty Bonds!"

"Poor child!" said Pontius Blint with a sad smile. "You fell for the old trick — of course you would. He simply substituted an envelope full of scrap-paper and walked away with your bonds."

"How was I to know it? How was I to know it?" she kept asking over and over. "I'd scarcely never seen nothin' larger than a ten-dollar bill before in my life. And to be put there, countin' out thousands like a teller in a bank!"

"It was an outrage!" grunted Pontius Blint.

"You're not blamin' me, too, are you, sir?"

"I wasn't referring to you, my dear. But what sort of a woman would leave an ignorant girl in charge of hundreds of thousands of dollars? These amateurs make me very tired. And now I suppose she's blaming it all on you."

"I dunno, sir. You see, I ran away."

"That was foolish. What did you do with the envelope the man gave you?"

"When I seen what was inside it I was that taken aback I didn't dare tell anybody. I was going to tell Eddie Burger, knowin' he'd find a way out if it could be done, but just then I seen the ladies comin' back from

Gasless Sunday

[*Continued from page 12*]

Children of Dream

by **Bliss Carman**

THE black ash grows in the swampy ground,
The white ash in the dry;
The thrush he holds to the woodland bound,
The hawk to the open sky.

The trout he runs with the mountain brook,
The swordfish keeps the sea;
The brown bear knows where the blueberry grows,
The clover calls the bee.

The locust sings in the August noon,
The frog in the April night;
The iris loves the meadow-land,
The laurel loves the height.

And each will hold his tenure old
Of earth and sun and stream,
For all are creatures of desire
And children of a dream.

Uniform Tires Mean No "Second Bests"

Long-Distance Millers Not Only Look, But Wear Alike

WE do not claim that no tires equal the Miller. Other makers build some tires as good. But how can the buyer tell those "lucky" casings from thousands of lesser ones that look identical?

The greatest problem a manufacturer faces is how to build all his tires like his best ones. This we have solved. And the reason each Miller wears like its brother is much discussed. Here are the facts:

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The result is a new class of long-distance tires—tires that wear the same under like conditions. Not occasionally some that give exceptional service, but more than 99 in 100.

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To Dealers in Open Territory: Write for Attractive Proposition.

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(223)

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

Do Germs and Climate Cause Catarrh?

R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. During the winter months my wife suffers with bad colds.

We have taken treatment from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of catarrh, I don't see how it can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject? J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue, the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

This gentleman says that he lives well, but no one lives well who is ill. That is poor living. He can continue to eat what he likes, and grow healthy, if he will only learn how.

He thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should ***not,*** they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acids, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

The right kind of food, properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, pimples and blotches to flight, and paints roses on the cheeks and makes life worth living.

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. ***If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it.*** You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish. It is marvelous what proper eating will do, when other means fail. Don't take my word for it, but prove it in your own case and on your own person.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who get it, can keep it indefinitely. They can also get rid of it and stay rid of it. Those who have catarrh should not complain about it, for they can easily get the knowledge that will show them how to get rid of catarrh and back to health.

Realizing the universal need of clearly defined instruction on the cause and cure of catarrh, coughs and colds, I have outlined in a small volume an attractive plan of living that has proved successful in curing and preventing these troublesome conditions. My instructions are easy to understand and pleasant to follow.

The plan shows how to live so as to have health at all times. It tells you in plain English the true cause of catarrh, and it gives you the true cure—a cure that works. There is nothing mysterious about it. You need not go to health resorts. You need not take drugs. It is simple, good, workable common sense that you can apply without expense ***right in your own home.*** The title of this book is, "CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS." Its price is considerably less than the usual charge for prescribing treatment—less than the usual charge for a patent "cure all" ***that doesn't cure***—less than it would cost you to lose a day's pay on account of sickness—less than the cost of an evening at the theater. In fact its real value to you cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Send only two dollars to my publisher, Frank E. Morrison, Dept. 204, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this book of instructions. Follow my complete and simple instructions for the cure of Catarrh and the prevention of colds, for one month; then if you are not entirely satisfied with the improvement in your health, return the book and your money will be refunded to you.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself of Catarrh you can do so. You have your choice of living right or living wrong. This book teaches you the truth and nothing but the truth. Get it.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT: R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is an eminent authority on the subject discussed in the above article. He has a large and constantly growing practice; his patients come from all corners of the globe and they learn from him how to get well and stay well. He has put the net result of his many years of professional experience with sick people into his writings and it is a real pleasure for me to recommend them, because I know from personal experience and observation that good results ***always*** follow an observance of his simple instructions. Don't risk another day's sickness. Send $2.00 for "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds" and learn quickly how you can get back to health and happiness. Money returned if you follow instructions for one month and are not entirely satisfied with your improvement in health. FRANK E. MORRISON (Estab. 1889), PUBLISHER, Dept. 204, 1133 Broadway, New York.

OH, YOU SKINNY!

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lunch, so I opened the lid of the box and slipped the envelope under a pile of bonds. Then I just simply walked out. I was so scared I was wild. I had a date with Eddie at Kidd's Restaurant for supper, but all I could think of was getting away before they found out about what I done. I wandered all over town till dark, then I took the tube to Jersey City where Susie Riley had been workin', because I hadn't more than car-fare and no place to sleep. Susie had got another job and the folks where she used to be was mad and wouldn't tell me nothin' about her. I wandered round Jersey City, afraid to come back, but the men talked so rough in the parks that I got on the tube again, not knowin' what to do. Once I thought of goin' back to the lady where I worked and tellin' her everything."

"That would have been the wisest course," counseled Blint. "But I suppose the silk-stockinged idiot would have made a scene."

"The tube let me off at Broadway. By then I was too tired to be scared, but everybody looked at me so strange and queer. Then there was the cops. There seemed to be nothin' but big blue officers all over the street. Once or twice I thought of going up to a policeman and tellin' him to take me to the station-house and be done with it. And at that I seen Kidd's Restaurant shinin' out of the dark and I thought of Eddie Burger."

"I see. Eddie and you had a date for supper at Kidd's?"

"Yes, sir. But the first thing I seen when I looked in at the crowd was Eddie standin' by the cashier's desk glum as a singed cat. I wanted to go in. But I was that scared I just couldn't — and around the corner comes another policeman, swingin' his stick and lookin' straight at me. It was all up, I thought, and my feet stuck to the sidewalk. I turned, lookin' for somethin' to crawl into. And there stood this hansom cab, the driver fast asleep on the box. "Folks that comes in carriages ain't wanted by the police,' I thought, and with that I stepped into the carriage, proud as a duchess."

"It happened to be my cab," grinned Pontius.

"Did I do wrong, sir?" Another slanting street lamp's rays showed him that helpless look which appealed to every corner of his chivalry.

"My child," said Pontius, "you were certainly very foolish to have run away. If your story's straight — and I know society women enough to believe every word of it — then you should have faced the music and you would have been able to put the blame where it really should lie."

"And where should it lay?" she echoed.

"With your mistress." Pontius was ever so positive about that.

"You think so, sir?"

"BY all means. There are too many bediamonded dames around the country making a great bluff about winning the War and doing nothing more than getting their silly pictures in the papers. These gabbling females think that the western front is at Newport and that they can stop hostilities by cutting the Kaiser socially! I'm of the opinion that this woman who employs you is a she-jackass. By Jove, I'll make an example of her! I'll see that she has to make good the sum of money lost through her carelessness. It will be a fine object-lesson to show these satin-finished slackers that this war is something more than a charity benefit."

"Then — then you think — that I won't have to pay back that eighteen hundred?" asked Lizzie Defoe quaintly, just as though she could if she had to.

"I'll pay it myself first."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

Possibly she would have said more had not the cabman, roused from his crosstown sleep, opened the hatchway above.

"Dhrunk an' talkin' to himself!" said he pleasantly.

"What do you want, if anything?" asked Pontius, less genially than in his previous conversation.

"If it please yer honor, was it the Hotel Wahldoff-Astory ye was a-goin' to?"

"Merlinbilt, you fool! Hotel Merlinbilt!"

"Thank ye, Gineral." The little trapdoor banged to.

When Pontius looked again at Lizzie Defoe he beheld quite a new person, for she had pushed open the folding doors and was again making as though to jump out into the night.

"See here!" said Pontius, now slightly ruffled. "What's all this?"

"Did you say — you live at the Hotel Merlinbilt?" she asked, her hands braced between the porthole window and the door.

"That's where I'm stopping. But then —"

"Excuse me, mister. Please don't take me near there — I shouldn't be goin' by the Merlinbilt."

She fell back, as though too weak to follow her desperate plan.

"Why? Is there anything the matter with it?"

"Yes, sir. It — it's the place where I was a-workin'."

Pontius looked at her a puzzled minute, then, more understandingly, out into the street where the dim façade of the Merlinbilt was already swinging into view.

"Say, what's the name of the lady who employed you?" he asked ever so gently.

"Mrs. Pontius Blint," said she, and wearily closed her eyes.

THE ormolu clock over the mantel in Mrs. Blint's pink dressing-room was just arranging its golden hands in such a manner as to indicate the hour of seven. Pontius Blint had chosen his wife's dainty Empire chaise-longue upon which to stretch himself and on a costly satin pillow he had elevated that mound of flannel, grease, and absorbent cotton which contained his suffering foot. A hotel boy had brought him some nasty black salve from an all-night drug-store and Pontius, having smeared the gouty area and left several indelible ichthyol stains upon the surrounding upholstery, had fallen back among the cushions with the idea of waiting until Julia returned. Lying there, a fat, haggard, middle-elderly man, his shirt-sleeves revealed, his broad neck bare to the collar-button, he fitted into the background of enamel, lace, and filigree, as nicely as a rhinoceros might into the queenly bedchamber of the *Petit Trianon*.

He had made up his mind to stay and die quietly; but his one prayer was that life should linger until his wife's return, because he had composed a dying speech which would compensate in many ways for his life of silent endurance. He had resolved to tell Julia just what he thought of her now, and to do this artistically it was essential that he should not pass away too soon.

Old Pontius eased his foot a little higher on the pink pillow, clasped his hands behind his sparse gray locks and thanked the Lord that the striker was broken in that silly clock which somehow reminded him of Julia and all she stood for. Since Lizzie Defoe's revelations in the hansom cab, Pontius, exercising his well-trained will over his inferiors, had induced the girl to return to the Blint apartment by way of the servants' elevator and go to bed. It was part of his plan that she should be included in the historic group who should witness his dying remarks to Mrs. Blint.

"Such women as you," he lay repeating to himself the opening lines of his yet-to-be-famous speech, "do the government far more harm than Bolshevism, defeatism or anarchy. You turn Liberty into a pink tea and, by gad, take all the sanctity out of patriotism."

This was a pretty good opening, he thought; but possibly it would be more effective if he started in an ironic vein, working gradually toward the heights of passion. Something like,

"So you have fought for your country, my dear, under the sweetest little effect in flags, all shirred with Cluny lace medallions of poinsettia guimpe!"

He rather favored the latter method until he recalled that Julia's superior knowledge of dressmaking might cause remarks which would rob even death of its dignity. In spite of himself Pontius began to drowse. The couch on which he lay was so cunningly adapted to the lines of the figure that he found himself yielding to its effeminate influences. Muscle by muscle he relaxed. His foot disturbed him less, but his eyes rolled like burning coals in volcanic craters.

"Such women as you . . . such women do the government more harm than capitalism . . . such women . . . Bolshevism . . ."

He opened his eyes gradually upon broad daylight and sitting in a slender gilt chair beside him he beheld a badly drawn and badly damaged portrait of Mrs. Pontius Blint. His first feeling was that he would let the artist sue for his money — he wouldn't pay for such a daub. Good heavens, her hat was on crooked, a strand of Titian-dyed hair was draggling loose. She looked positively dirty — and what in the world was that smudge running from one of her expensively arched eyebrows to the bridge of her enameled nose?

"Well, Pontius, is this any time for you to get yourself laid up?"

It was her voice and the way she said it that at once convinced him that, however

outwardly changed, this was Julia herself and not a poor reproduction. She seemed to have dressed herself hastily out of a rag-bag. Possibly Percy Follip's fashion show had degenerated into one of those hard-time parties they used to give out in the country districts. But what was she doing with her dress all spattered with mud and her white gloves the color of dusting-rags?

"Well, what in thunder's the matter with you?" he asked croakingly, glancing up at the ormolu clock, which was pointing to nine and convincing himself that he was not dreaming.

"I've just gotten back," she informed him with a deep-drawn sigh.

Quite disregarding the poor condition in which she had returned, he reverted to his dying speech and opened up thickly,

"Such women as you do the government far more . . ."

"No wonder you've got gout," she snapped him up. "You've been drinking — and ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"YOU *will* have your joke," he replied. "I didn't expect you to take it seriously — I might have fallen out of an airship into the City Hall for all you would know about it."

This sudden attack silenced her for a moment and seemed to offer an orational pause, so he opened up thickly,

"Such women as you . . . women do the government far more . . ."

"Are you crazy or are you ill?" asked his fond wife, settling back into her chair and eying him through her dishevelment.

"I should like to ask you exactly the same question," he replied, struggling to arise and groaning as he did so.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming to New York?" she queried sharply. "I could have made use of you."

"I think you've made enough use of me, Madam." Here was a splendid opening! "Call me away from my important work under the pretext that you wanted me to buy bonds — then I find you gadding about after some idiotic society show — "

"Pontius, I don't want you to speak that way!" she said, and it came upon him with a sudden pity that her eyes looked tired and dreadfully old.

"Do you expect me to quote poetry?" he resumed. "I've been all the evening trying to square one of your fool mistakes."

She merely raised her plucked eyebrows which seemed at that moment worn to a frayed shred.

"You went away and calmly left an ignorant servant in charge of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of bonds."

"What's — what's happened to Lizette?" she asked with sudden anxiety.

"Lizette — my word! Why don't you call things by their right names? If you mean Lizzie Defoe — "

"She hasn't stolen any?" asked his wife, emerging from her lethargy.

"Worse than that. A bunco man has come along and cheated her out of eighteen hundred dollars' worth. And, of course, I've got to make good."

"I might have known that girl couldn't be trusted," was all the comment she made.

"Always pass the buck to the working girl! Of course it wasn't your fault. You had more important things to do. You had to be at Atlantic City prancing round the ring with Percy Follip — "

"Percy Follip!" she echoed.

"Well, haven't you?"

"Pontius, has that poison gas gone to your head?"

"Didn't I see your picture in the *Evening Trombone*, big as a three-sheet poster?"

"I never read the *Trombone*," she responded with a shrug. Apparently she was not too tired to be a snob. But then she added, "I've been too busy to read the papers."

"Yes, I suppose Percy has kept you changing gown after gown."

The eyes which he had always regarded as hard as blue china plates became suffused with a moisture which, according to his previous belief, could never come there.

"Perhaps if you'd paid a little attention to your family," she said in the broken voice of an old woman, "you'd know better than to think such things."

"I'm sorry," was the next paragraph of his carefully prepared Philippic.

"Early yesterday morning another hospital ship came in," he heard her explaining. "The influenza has caused a dreadful shortage of nurses and last week I promised to do what I could. So when the call came I took Anderson and the car and went down to the dock. It was dreadful, Pontius — and yet there was something splendid and beautiful about it. A lot of the soldiers died on the way over; some of them died as they were being moved. I rolled up my sleeves and did what I could. I never realized what a helpless fool I'd been raised to be — "

Pontius sat up and brought his swaddled foot thumpingly to the floor.

"Do you mean to say you've been — doing something?"

"You don't think I've been staying up all night — looking like this — for the fun of it?" She swept a messy glove over a muddy skirt.

"Where's Doris?" he asked, shooting his last feeble bullet. "It seems to me she ought to have been helping, too."

"Doris? She's still at work. I couldn't make her go to bed. She's driving with the Woman's Motor Corps, you know."

"What's that useless husband of hers doing all this time?" He could at least take a fling at his pet abhorrence, Middleton Knox.

"He's at Fort Totten. He expects his commission next week."

Pontius sat and blinked like an owl, and like an owl his head was whirling round and round. He heard the telephone ring, a muffled note, and saw his wife nervously spring toward the receiver.

"Oh," he heard her saying. "Yes, I'm sorry — but, of course, I told you I couldn't possibly go. Is it as serious as that? Yes, we're still up. Yes, we'll be ever so glad to see you, I'm sure."

"Is that Doris now?" asked the perfectly reduced husband.

"It's Percy Follip," she explained, while she preened before the mirror, faint reflections of her vanity returning as she stood arranging her eccentric coiffure and making hasty attempts to powder her nose. "My word, what a fright I look!"

"Nine o'clock!" groaned the battered Blint. "Well, that's the fashionable hour for a call, only he's chosen the wrong end of the day."

The jangling of the door-bell brought Mrs. Blint again to attention. Out in the lobby Pontius could hear words of greeting between his wife's soprano and an effeminate voice only a trifle less shrill than her own.

"Most unconventional hour — I'm sure, my dear Mrs. Blint, you'll think me no end of a bounder — very disastrous — quite silly all around."

"Pontius, do you think you could come into the drawing-room, or is your foot too bad?" asked his wife, returning to the boudoir after a far-away parley.

"I'm beyond either joy or pain," he told her, yet permitted her to help him with his coat and support him across the hall. Many years of it had accustomed her to Pontius's gout.

In the paneled drawing-room he found a lithe gentleman with a thin golden beard, a checked suit and a barber's pole necktie, who arose mincingly and simpered,

"Ah, Mr. Blint, in times like these one must be prepared for anything, must one not?"

"One must," gloomed old Pontius. "And what's the great war crisis now?"

"The first night of my style show was nearly ruined," he mourned dramatically.

"I hope the Kaiser doesn't hear about that!" Pontius sympathized.

"THE feature of the evening, you see, was to be a series of rapid sketches by the great modern colorist, Fortescue Klotz. As he worked, fashionable ladies, robed in the styles illustrated, were to march across the stage. But Klotz, like all geniuses, is peculiar. It is impossible for him to work without the original drawings before him as references."

"And you've lost the original drawings," spluttered Pontius. "Of course I'm just the man to come to about that."

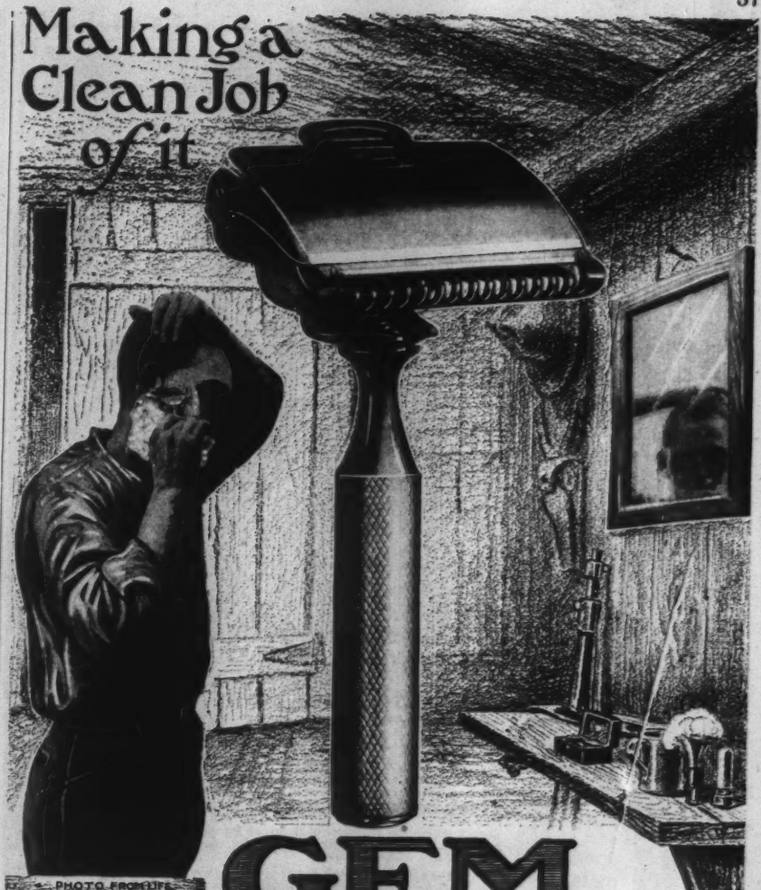
"The originals were made in Paris, and I had them — just as they came on thin paper for convenient transportation — in an envelope in my inside pocket — "

"Don't bother with the rest of your story," said Pontius, grinning his old grin. "You went to Mrs. Blint's booth yesterday afternoon at about three, asked for eighteen hundred dollars' worth of bonds, got the wrong change and in the mix-up gave the saleslady the envelope full of French sketches."

"My Lord, Pontius!" said Mrs. Blint, and, "My dear sir!" chirped Mr. Follip.

"It's getting on toward bed-time," continued the man of affairs, "so there's no use spoiling the day with explanations. Julie, if you'll go back to the service section you'll find Lizzie Defoe awake and crying."

"Lizette? How do you know she's awake?" Julia got in her oar.



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McC.

"She had a good nap in the cab."

"Oh!" Julia was now sure that poison gas had done its work.

Once alone with Mr. Percival Follip there was very little left for Pontius to say, apparently. There was a long pause during which Pontius stared at Percival, and vice versa, the communion of souls being that of a house cat caged with a wild boar.

Mr. Follip cleared his tender throat.

"Do you think the Germans will be on the same lines in the spring?" he asked at last.

"Are you speaking, sir, as a military expert or a dressmaker?"

This was Pontius's contribution to the dialogue which was left unanswered because Lizzie Defoe, who too apparently had been awake and crying, was brought in, dressed exactly as she was when Pontius sent her to bed.

"That's the gentleman who took the bonds!" she exclaimed almost as soon as she had gotten into the room.

"I wouldn't part with those sketches for ten thousand dollars," vowed the voice through the golden beard. "My dear young woman, could you tell me what you did with them?"

"They're in the strong box under a pile of bonds where I put the envelope."

"You see," said Mrs. Blint wearily, "they're perfectly safe."

"Now please don't cry," pleaded Pontius, noting alarming symptoms on the part of his wife's maid. "Just go to bed — and sleep this time."

"My word! When did you become housekeeper?" asked Julia, but Pontius hadn't finished the day yet.

"Julie," he said meekly, "are you going to take Mr. Follip down to the booth to get his sketches?"

"I suppose so — since there's nobody else in the house capable of getting anything straight."

"Well, there's something I want you to fix up for me, since I'm too sick to move."

Poor Lizzie Defoe, more confused than ever, was now sliding away toward the service section.

"Lizzie."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me two subscription blanks and do it now."

"You ought to have a doctor," exclaimed his wife, pulling off a glove and laying her hand on his hot forehead.

"I'm going to be sick for two weeks," he reassured her, "and believe me, it'll be the time of my life."

Lizzie Defoe came tiptoeing back with two tan-colored squares of cardboard.

"Now, Follip," said Pontius briskly, shaking the ink down in his fountain pen, "are you carrying those bonds round with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Blint — but I haven't got my drawings back — "

"You have my word — and it's still pretty good — that you'll get 'em as soon as Mrs. Blint opens the box."

Mr. Follip rather tremblingly handed over his envelope.

"Here's my check for eighteen hundred," said Pontius, tearing a sheet from a brown book. "That's a cash transaction."

"Yes — but I was intending to buy — "

"I'm coming to that." Pontius was scribbling in his fussy hand across the face of a subscription blank. "I'm making this out for twenty-five hundred. You won't mind making it a little extra, now that you're going to get your drawings back. Sign here, please."

Pontius furnished the fountain pen and when Percy Follip, saying not a word but blinking like a Maltese cat, had added his ornate signature, it was Pontius who in the most businesslike way handed the blank over to Lizzie Defoe.

"Maybe that'll help a little bit for the St. Martha's prize," he barked out.

"Pontius, what in the world?" Julia was beginning when he interrupted her drily.

"I'm coming to that," he growled, almost savagely, as he tackled the second blank, scribbled fussily and thrust it into her hands.

"That might add to the day's business in your booth," was the length and breadth of his crusty speech as his wife stood turning the card this way and that.

"But Pontius — you can't mean this. It's for a million dollars."

"All I can afford," he grunted. "And now please take him away and let me be sick in peace."

JULIA, however, refused to take Mr. Follip away until she had deposited her husband in the spare bedroom and rewrapped his foot into a smooth parcel of black salve and gauze.

The telephone rang.

"It's Jerry," moaned Pontius, already half asleep. "Tell him I died."

"He's intoxicated, I think," explained Mrs. Blint, turning from the telephone. "He says he wants to talk to you about gasoline."

Pontius got the instrument in his clutch.

"Hello, yer honor. I was askin' afther yer health. Mebbe ye'd be afther feelin' wor-r-rse as th' day goes on. We'll never be young agin, sor."

"Who the devil told you to wait?".

"Waitin's me job, sor. While th' rich man dhrinks his fine wine th' poor man must wait out in th' wind an' weather."

"How much do I owe you?"

"From twelve to nine, Gineral. And I'd sooner dhrive a hundhred mile than wait an hour."

"I can't do that sum. Come down to figures."

"Make it nine dollars, sor."

Pontius had just strength to whistle.

"You'll never get a taxi at that rate."

"Nor do I want wan o' thim things. What wud I be doin' wid Pansy, says I. Sell her to a ragman, says you. Ther's never been a ragpicker in the Sullivan family nor a hangman naither. I see be th' papers that Profissor Gar-r-rfield do be afther stoppin' gasless Sundays from this day on."

"Go round to the desk and collect," said Pontius, wearily, as he hung up.

"You'd better get some sleep," said Julia, hanging over his pillow.

"Do me two favors," he whispered. "Ask the man at the desk to give Jerry twenty-five dollars."

"What's the other one?"

"Give me a kiss."

After that she waited a few minutes to see if the medicine had taken effect. Apparently he was under its influence, for out of dreamland she could hear him gibbering,

"Such women as you do the government far more . . . far more harm than Bolshy . . ."

She found Mr. Follip waiting impatiently and led him forth to her Liberty Bond booth where she resumed her day's work.

The Day of Days — *Continued from page 16*

him of the momentous date drawing ever nearer. She wanted him to speak of it first. She had manipulated the last celebration; it was now his turn. She waited, more and more impatient within, more and more composed without.

At last, one day, she couldn't help glancing at a calendar and, with a false, casual inflection, remarking:

"Why, this is the seventeenth — I hadn't dreamed it was so late in the month."

And Andy, with a false, casual inflection, returned:

"The seventeenth? — you don't say!"

Corinna puckered her brows as if thinking of something with some effort.

Andy was trying to concentrate on the alibi he'd carefully rehearsed for this very situation.

"Let me see — it's next Thursday!" exclaimed Corinna.

"What's next Thursday?" asked Andy, feeling suddenly almost wretched at having to put that question.

"Why, the Twenty-third!" she answered, with enchanting sweetness and simplicity. Could Andy only have known what lay beneath that sweet and simple surface!

"Oh, yes, to be sure — the Twenty-third," he mumbled, feeling every second more like a stupid brute.

"Had you forgotten?" she inquired.

"Oh, no!" he denied hastily. "I hadn't forgotten — I was thinking of it only this morning."

Corinna waited, watching him with speculative eyes. What was the matter with him? He certainly was acting queer; not at all like his usual cheerful, straightforward self.

"Well," she remarked at last, in a clear, cheerful voice and maintaining her casual demeanor (Andy was reassured by this, blissfully blind to the dangers it might connote), "are we going to have our party?"

"Oh — our party!" He hesitated, cleared his throat, resumed: "You see, it's this way, darling — " Andy, who had got his rôle letter-perfect in his mind, knew he was giving a clumsy performance. "You see," he went on, "I found out just this morning that I have to be out of town on that date. I've been fearing it for several days — that's why I haven't mentioned the party." He gazed at her anxiously. "It's vitally important or I wouldn't think of being away that day — you understand that, don't you, darling?"

"Yes, I understand," said Corinna amiably — a shade too amiably. What she did in reality understand was that the one important thing connected with that date was not Andy's "business."

"And you know how terribly cut-up I am?" Andy went on.

"Of course," assured Corinna sweetly; but, she was thinking: "You'll be much more cut-up, my good man, before you are through."

SHE would have loved to blaze something of this out at him, but it was in such issues as this that her deep instinctiveness came into play and gave her a definite ascendancy over him. So instead of exhibiting her grievances, her growing resentment, she looked meek and said:

"Of course I know you're sorry, dearest — I'm much too vain to imagine otherwise. And I daresay we can manage to live through one Twenty-third without frolicking."

Andy, then, thinking of the "surprise" frolic, couldn't restrain that big inner smile from glimpsing through a second.

Corinna caught the smile and thought: "Why did he smile? Is he *glad* the party has to be given up? — glad to be away from me that day? If that's so, it must be the beginning of the end. And so soon! Oh, why does one ever fall in love, if disillusion must come so soon and break one's heart?"

As she miserably speculated thus under her softly unruffled exterior, Andy pulled back his smile and fatuously observed:

"I'm glad you're not offended, dear."

Corinna elevated her delicate eyebrows and stared at him in mild surprise.

"Offended? — why should I be offended?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Andy, sensing he had made a false step. "Women are sometimes so queer — unreasonable."

"Queer? — unreasonable?" echoed Corinna, lifting her eyebrows again. Andy, realizing he was still on the wrong path, thought to retreat by kissing her.

"But *you're* not that way!" he said hastily. "Not at all! You're always so sensible, Corinna. You can't imagine the comfort it is to a man to be able to bank on a woman's common sense."

Corinna said nothing. No woman enjoys being termed "sensible."

"That's one thing about you I've always admired," he rambled on. Growing complacency over the masterly way he was managing this difficult moment and reassurance inspired by Corinna's docility were combining to make him rash.

"Thank you, dear," murmured Corinna. "If I get to feeling dull that day," she continued meditatively, "of course, I can concoct something to amuse myself."

"Oh, no! you mustn't do that!" cried Andy in alarm.

She again turned on him her look of mild surprise.

"Why not?" asked Corinna. "If I don't mind *your* going away, surely you don't mind if I'd try to console myself."

"No, of course not, but — "

"Do you want me to sit around and weep?" she asked, smiling.

"I don't want you to do anything special on the Twenty-third," he mumbled helplessly. "Tell me you won't, Corinna."

"You *do* want me to sit around and weep! What an unselfish creature man is!"

"Promise me, Corinna," he begged.

"I might, if necessary, fall back on Victor," she mused.

"Corinna — *please!* You know I hate that man," muttered Andy.

"Yes. But for no reason I can make out except that he doesn't hate me — nor I him." Her tone was calm, with a little edge of superiority to its calmness.

He muttered again:

"Anyway, I hate him. And I don't want you to go out with him."

"Who's unreasonable now?" bantered Corinna. The deeper he sank into gloom the more provocatively serene she became.

"Promise me that you won't go out with him on the Twenty-third."

She put her lips together and smiled mysteriously, but said nothing.

Andy rose and began to pace the room.

"Will you promise?" he urged, trying his best for an easy calm.

"What if I won't?" she asked, still smiling.

"Then I demand that you promise!"

Suddenly she showed him angry eyes.

"What right have you to make such a demand? — to decree with whom I shall or shall not associate? On *any* date?"

"Hasn't any engaged man that right?" he asked back.

"He has not!" blazed Corinna. "No man at all has the right to show jealousy if he really respects a woman. It means he suspects her. You are insulting me."

Then, as suddenly as it had flared up, her flame of anger subsided. "I think you must be out of your head, Andy, to object to poor Victor to the extent of such a scene as this."

Andy placatingly sought her hand.

"You know I didn't mean to insult you, Corinna. And that I do respect you. You know it's not that. It's just that I'm jealous, I suppose — can't help being jealous. You don't blame me for that, do you?"

"Oh, I suppose not." But she looked at him with guarded eyes, and the stiffness of her body in his embrace implied reproach.

"Then kiss me — to show you don't blame me."

Obediently she kissed him. Then, slipping from his arms, she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, that's over," she said.

But Andy knew it wasn't "over." Nothing was settled. Her sudden, inexplicable spurt of anger had jarred him off his course, and now he had no assurance she wouldn't go off somewhere with Victor and smash his Grand Scheme to bits.

However, it was Corinna herself, in that bewildering way she had of veering to sweetness after storm, who solved his difficulty for him. As he was leaving, she came close to him and put up her face.

"I'm so sorry I was cross, darling," she whispered. "You know I don't *ever* want to do anything you don't want me to do."

Andy's first feeling was one of relief: he needn't fear she might frustrate her own "surprise." Then succeeded a wave of tender appreciation. What a darling she was! He must strive harder than ever to deserve her. All this he put into his kiss and, that moment, both of them thought no cloud would rise between them ever again.

Yet, on his homeward way, Andy reflected with puzzlement on certain manifestations of his Corinna. He had said to her that she was "reasonable." Now he jeered, benevolently, at that preposterous notion. She wasn't reasonable — never would be. Why, take this episode just closed. She hadn't been at all angry when informed he must be away on the anniversary, and he'd expected her to be just a little peevish over that — it wouldn't have been entirely unreasonable if she had been. And then, later, when he showed a bit of jealousy over Victor, she had exploded at him. That was queer. One would naturally suppose a woman would like, in a way, to see her lover jealous — as proving how much he loved and prized her. No woman is ever reasonable, logical. An absurd, queer, dear lot — women!

The philosopher, chancing to pass a telephone booth, with a sly smile called up Miss Brooks and made an appointment for tea.

And while he was doing all this, the object of his reflections and activities was engaged with communings of her own. Though she had decided to "make-up" with Andy, for she deemed it unwise to appear to nurse ill-temper — in her heart she hadn't "made up."

In the first place, *she* would never have dreamed of absenting herself from him on the Twenty-third: no matter how important or urgent the necessity seemed. In the second place, despite his words, he hadn't seemed especially upset over the matter, except for those few minutes he acted awkward, almost embarrassed. Why that brief constraint? — And why had he *smiled?* Such a furtive, sneaking sort of smile, too. Could that smile have meant — could it possibly mean — that Andy was making a subterfuge? But, no! She must not allow herself to suspect him capable of such horrible black deceit; else the fabric of her happiness would fall to pieces.

But she clung to her grievances as well. She did not air them, but brought them out now and then to be nursed in solitude, those next few days which elapsed before the momentous, memorable Twenty-third.

Nevertheless she held to her purpose to be noble and dutiful and to sit quietly by the fireside while Andy should jaunt away, until, the very morning of the Twenty-third, something happened which had the effect on her determined docility as of a lighted match landing in some placid kerosene.

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A young lady telephoned to ask her to a bridge. Then, that business concluded, the voice went on: "By the way — "

Beware of those innocent-guised "by the ways"; the very innocuousness of the prelude is often used to cloak a mischievous significance to follow. This young lady, "by the way," had seen Andy, the afternoon before, having tea with Miss Brooks in a restaurant. "She's a pretty girl and an old flame — better watch out, my dear."

Corinna replied in a vein of casual serenity which implied that the episode was trivial and within the bounds of her acquiescence. Impossible to divine from her voice that her lover was deceiving her, that her heart was broken.

But she knew, as she hung up the receiver, that her happiness was gone forever. Oh, what a fool she had been! She had realized Andy wasn't perfect, but she had made excuses for his imperfections. But this!

For, resigning herself to second place after "important business," she had meekly reconciled herself to the fading of sentiment; and then, *two hours after he had telephoned her good-bye*, he had taken that Brooks girl to tea! It was too cruel! If such a thing could happen before marriage, what hideous revelations might have come afterward?

Her heart was crushed — but not her spirit. After a while she bathed her eyes, threw out his flowers, and scanned her wardrobe. There hung Andy's favorite frock — a wisp of moonlight and mist ——

She took down the dress and laid it on her bed. So Andy Benson thought she would sit at home while he lied and skylarked! . . .

She went to the telephone and called Victor.

He was glad to hear her voice, she could tell.

"Well," he said, "it's jolly, your calling me up."

"I want you to do something for me."

"And I promise in the dark to do it — than which greater proof of devotion need be asked of no man."

She hesitated a second; then:

"Are you busy to-night?"

"I was — but I'm not, if you want me."

That should have comforted her a little. But she wasn't conscious of feeling comforted as she answered:

"I feel like being gay and I thought maybe you'd be willing to be gay with me."

"I am, and will. I'm quite equal to that. But what's happened to Andy?"

"Oh, he has to attend to some idiotic business or other."

"You and Andy have had a quarrel?"

"Oh, no," Corinna lied smoothly.

"What specific brand of gayety do you order?"

"You are a dear, Victor. You do the ordering."

"I suggest a nice little dinner and a nice little musical comedy. Shall it be a two-some, or shall I invite the nice little Martins?"

"I like the Martins."

"So be it. The Martins shall protect your fragile reputation as an engaged lady, or protect you from me, or from Andy's ire — whichever it is."

At her end of the wire Corinna frowned. But she said again, sweetly:

"Thanks, Victor — you're a dear."

"And you're a dear — else I wouldn't let you make me the stick with which to give Andy his deserved beating."

Corinna frowned again. Victor had too much perspicacity. She was glad Andy wasn't — that is, she would have been glad, if . . .

She hung up the receiver, having agreed to meet the rest of the party in the exclusive restaurant Victor named, as he would be too hurried to come up for her in time.

That evening, just as she was preparing to dress, she was called to the telephone.

Andy's voice!

Corinna's heart leapt; then hardened.

"Why, I thought you were out of town," she said in a tone of cool surprise.

"Well, you see, I'm not!" His voice had an eager ring. "I'll explain when I see you. Be getting into an evening dress."

"I'm getting into it now," informed Corinna sweetly. She had suddenly begun to feel surprisingly better.

"You are? — how splendid! It must have been telepathy."

"Perhaps," said Corinna. "But I thought it was because I was going out."

"Why, how did you know you were going out?" exclaimed Andy agitatedly.

"How?" she echoed. "How does one usually know? Because one has been asked and has accepted."

There was a pause, rather blank. Corinna actually smiled. Yes, she *was* feeling better! At the other end of the wire something of the true situation must have begun to seep into Andy's head, for he sounded different when he demanded:

"Corinna, with whom did you think you were going?"

"*Think?*" She gave a little laugh. "I *am* going with — But, no; I don't think I'll tell you."

"Corinna, you must call off this other plan of yours — you can't —"

"Can't?" she cut in. "How astonishing you are, Andy. I made an engagement, and I intend to keep it."

"Who's it with that it's so important?" he demanded again.

"I think I'd better not tell you. You might get cross."

"It's that damned Victor!" he exploded.

"Andy!"

"I beg your pardon, but — You know you promised me you wouldn't — "

"Did I promise?" she interrupted evenly. "I don't think so."

"But to-day of all days! — the Twenty-third!"

Ah, yes! the Twenty-third! Corinna put her lips together firmly.

"I can't see how you could do it!" he went on. "*Our* day!"

"Well," she inquired in mild surprise, "didn't *you* make other plans? And did *I* — "

"I'll explain all that," he broke in. Then his tone changed to one of pleading. "Please call him up at once, Corinna, and tell him —"

"I've told you," she said more forcibly, "that I've made an engagement and intend to keep it."

Andy knew that tone. He cried wildly:

"You *must* break it! You don't realize —"

Corinna gave a little tinkling laugh and hung up the receiver.

When she returned to her mirror, she who had been wan-eyed and pale looked radiant; she had color, her lips smiled, her eyes shone. And the transformation went deeper: her heart, which had lain heavy and bruised, had mysteriously lightened. As she smiled and hummed she visioned Andy, disappointed, baffled, angry, hurt . . . A queer lot — women!

She was putting on her wrap when the doorbell rang and Andy rushed in.

"Why, Andy," she asked, "what are you doing here? I'm just leaving."

Though she seemed engrossed in drawing on her gloves, her eyes under their guard of lashes took in his gala attire, his agitated manner, the look of anxiety in his eyes.

"I've come to explain — everything's gone wrong. But — " His impetuous explanation suddenly broke off as his gaze fell on a cluster of roses prominently on a table. "That florist made a mistake! I ordered pink ones, not red."

"Oh, the pink ones came," said Corinna.

Something in her manner made him glance at her quickly. "But they're not in such favor as these. I see."

Corinna, buttoning her glove, said nothing.

Andy shot her another glance then: "And may one ask — ?"

"One may." She turned to a mirror and patted her hair. Andy gazed at her.

"Corinna, what's the matter?"

She turned toward him to reveal wide eyes.

"What makes you think anything's the matter?"

He crossed over to her.

"Corinna, darling, please don't act this way to-night — it's the Twenty-third."

"I'm perfectly aware it's the Twenty-third."

He caught her hand. She let it lie unresponsive in his.

"What's gone wrong?" he said miserably. "Of course something [*Continued on page 52*]

If We Feed the World! — *Continued from page 14*

leading tomato state, but Washington, California, New Jersey, Virginia and Delaware are close in the race.

The development of automatic machinery has partly offset the loss of labor during the last two seasons. In the tomato plants a "merry-go-round" conveyor supplies two hundred peelers and takes away the refuse. There are also inventions to hull peas, remove the strings from beans, extract cores from pineapples, macerate pumpkins and squashes, and husk corn and cut it from the cob. There is even a mechanical corn-picker, which picks seven acres a day. There are devices for grading, washing, filling cans, and so on. One cleaning machine now does the work eight girls formerly did, and a certain conveyor did away with twenty-five people.

Another vegetable of which the army took practically all of the better grades is peas. Of the 1918 pack the government bought twenty-five per cent., or 72,000,000 cans.

The magnitude of our undeveloped opportunities in peas may be judged from the fact that the aggregate pea farm under canning contracts last summer was less than fifty-six miles around. The export possibilities are tremendous. Only 307 factories in the United States last year canned peas.

Wisconsin seems to be the biggest pea region, and all the districts adjacent to the Great Lakes are favorable. It has often happened that canners were overwhelmed with peas and great quantities spoiled before they could be put up, but now the crops are more commonly laid out to come along in conformity with plant capacity. But, of course, this is partly theoretical, and it happens even now that canneries are swamped. Interesting stories are told to show how townspeople mobilized themselves in emergency to save the food. In one Ohio town all the business men and employees ran the pea canneries all night for a week, contributing their wages to the Red Cross. In Indiana 600 acres of overripe tomatoes were harvested by boys. The merchants of a California town closed their stores for noons to work in the orchards.

Peas are among the difficult vegetables to preserve, and unless they are passed swiftly from field to cook-room they lose their quality. They are also subject to deterioration after canning unless the work has been done in a thorough way, yet in a large group of canneries only a quarter of one per cent. of the product suffered from spoilage.

Corn furnished another large item of canned goods for soldiers as well as civilians. The total pack of 1918 was around 280,000,000 cans, of which the government took 72,000,000. Canned corn ought to have a good future at home and abroad. Curiously the best quality of this product comes from Maine.

One of the vegetables of which the soldiers were fond is asparagus, and the government bought practically all of the 1918 California crop. It is said that most of it went to the canteens abroad. About two-and-a-half million cans throughout the United States were taken last year.

ASPARAGUS is cultivated in its greatest perfection in the deltas of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, near the sea, but the industry is attended with great difficulties because the levees overflow and sometimes ruin the whole crop. In successful years the asparagus is marvelous for its delicate quality.

Spinach is another popular item, grown extensively in California. Fourteen plants last year canned 15,000 tons, and one factory alone shipped 197 cars of the canned product. Since the invention of improved machinery for washing out the grit, spinach has grown greatly in popularity.

For some reason sauerkraut is not on the army ration list — perhaps because of the name. Yet the navy was reported to have asked bids for 4,200,000 pounds. An average crop of the United States for sauerkraut is 400,000,000 cabbages — almost a cabbage apiece for as many people as there are in China. Sauerkraut is now generally known as "Liberty cabbage."

One of the most important of all canned products for the soldier is baked beans, of which the government took 360,000,000 cans in 1918. Gage this quantity from the fact that it would give two million people a can every other day for a year.

One Illinois canner packed nothing but beans for government use for a period of six months last year, running day and night. He produced over 275 carloads.

Baked beans, of course, form the smaller part of American bean production. Dried beans are shipped to Europe in immense quantities. On the piers of New York last summer one concern employed a hundred and fifty men rebagging beans for the Belgian Relief. For world relief both dried and canned beans promise to be huge factors.

The need of the world for food is almost certain to develop in the United States many lines of canned products hitherto scarcely known; for example, canned eggs. Experiments have been made, too, in canning ostrich eggs. One of these is the equivalent of twenty-four hens' eggs. I believe, however, that this product is put up only in liquid form for cooking uses.

Vegetable soups make up another item for which an immensely increased demand is predicted. In this way the United States could utilize an almost unlimited vegetable crop and release for foreign emergency purposes a corresponding quantity of other foods.

All sorts of canned specialties should be popular with families who feel an impulse to alleviate overseas distress. Great quantities of staples could be conserved for shipment in this way. Such food as canned chicken tamales, used perhaps for luncheon, will help. Various other specialties adapted from Mexico, Spain, Chile and Italy are now being put up quite extensively in this country. There are over a hundred and twenty forms of canned foods, among the latest of which are nuts; one can get almost anything from apple sauce to dandelions. People who are able should buy such canned products as mushrooms, caviar, crab-meat, okra, kippered herring, squab, salads, English plum pudding, fig pudding, and so on.

I ought to touch on the subject of dehydrated vegetables and fruits, but the topic is too big. America's immense agricultural capacity no doubt will avail itself of this outlet, but so far very little seems to have been done.

The government in 1918 virtually took all the canned fruits of the better grades. The total fruit pack was about 240,000,000 cans, or 4,000 carloads. Fruit men say that this should be increased tenfold; that the public must be educated to substitute this food for some of its meat and flour diet, not only aiding in the bigger food problem, but improving digestion.

The use of jam by the soldiers abroad is already having its effect as they return to private life; they demand it here, too.

Jam could not be made fast enough to suit the boys abroad, and immense quantities of blackberries, raspberries and strawberries were manufactured into this product. From the state of Washington alone a third of a million cans of jam were shipped, one order embracing seventeen carloads for overseas. From the Chicago district, including the great blackberry regions of Wisconsin and Michigan, millions of pounds of jams went to Europe for use on trench bread.

In some sections the government reserved the whole peach pack. Cherries, plums, pears, apricots and other fruits were also in big demand.

It is said that the navy got practically the entire winter pack of pineapples, and called for more. Some pineapples are now grown in Florida, Porto Rico, the Isle of Pines and Central America, but the big crops come from Hawaii and the Malay Peninsula.

In addition to canned fruits, of course, the dried products contribute largely to the army and navy. Our army in 1918 ate 20,000,000 pounds of prunes. An old boarding-house fan estimates that this would supply 200,000 such establishments with the prune delicacy for a year. The government took sixty per cent. of the prunes in California last year for the Allies, and that state in 1917 yielded 218,000,000 pounds.

ONE of the most vital of canned products to come under government demand was milk, and the requirements grew so fast that plants ran nights and Sundays. In 1918 the government took a billion and a half pounds of canned milk. The army and navy divided the product equally. Thirty-two thousand freight cars were needed to transport this supply for the government, and its value was $165,000,000. Illinois led in production.

The greater part of the milk purchased by the government went to feed the babies of the Allied countries. Again we get the bigger aspect of the whole subject of canned foods. From our vast supplies of food we are called on to contribute generously to perishing fellow-creatures. Any man would do it for a dumb brute. If necessary, America will do it for those who were her enemies.

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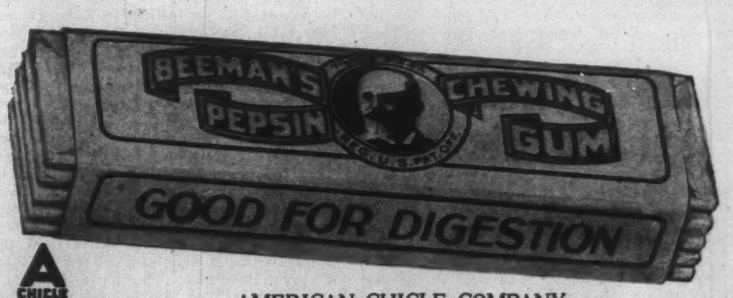
D. C. Beeman



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You know that boy — the world called him

Robert Louis STEVENSON

but he is the boy we love so in "Treasure Island," he is the youth in "Kidnapped," he is the gallant soldier in "St. Ives," he is the irresponsible king in "Prince Otto," he is the preposterous lawyer in "The Wrong Box," he is the daring wanderer in the South Seas, he is boyhood eternal, undying. But in "The Master of Ballantrae" he finds no place — and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" we look for him in vain; for these were written when the boy's soul was overborne by the wisdom of the world. If we could understand genius, then we might know how one man wrote two such books as the lovely "Child's Garden of Verses" and the dark and dreadful "Ebb Tide."

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Highway Freighting by Motor-Truck

The Open Road Instead of the Steel Rail

by **Waldemar Kaempffert**
Automobile Editor of McClure's, and Editor of the Popular Science Monthly Magazine

IF you are a New Yorker you have reason to be thankful to a quick-witted, opportunity-grasping man who conceived the idea of running motor-trucks between New York and Philadelphia. It was he who enabled you to sweeten your coffee during the terrible war-winter of 1917–1918, at a time when it seemed as if New York must do without sugar for several days. Freight cars were bursting. Railways could carry no more. And so he transported one hundred thousand pounds of sugar in his motor-trucks. He brought you your breakfast egg, too; for he extended his motor-truck lines to include the region about Vineland and Millville, New Jersey, a region which may be regarded as the chicken-coop of New York even though it is one hundred and sixty miles away.

At first he had only two trucks. He would start one of them from New York just as the other was leaving Philadelphia, and he tried to maintain a time schedule. Now he owns about eighty trucks which cover not merely the route between New York and Philadelphia, but eighteen other routes that run through Long Branch, Atlantic City, Cape May, Easton, Wilmington, Bethlehem and Baltimore. His original investment was only ten thousand dollars; his present investment is about $375,000. He did his best to help win the War. When ships were waiting for their cargoes at a time when hours were precious and the railways were groaning with freight, he transported 400,000 pounds of finished leather from Philadelphia to New York. It was leather that Frenchmen and Englishmen needed badly. He helped to defeat the Germans by carrying a hundred thousand pounds of ammunition to a waiting steamer. More than that, he enabled some manufacturers to distribute their products despite freight embargoes. The largest maker of phonographs shipped as many as ninety tons of records to New York in a day by means of his motor-truck transportation system.

MR. KAEMPFFERT will edit this new department with his usual vigor and enthusiasm. It will be a regular McClure feature. Articles by trained writers selected by him will appear each month. They will be of interest to buyers and manufacturers alike

There are dozens of such haulage companies as his, most of them born of war-time necessity. The desperate railway situation and the freight embargo did more for the motor-truck than years of the most persuasive arguing and volumes of telling statistics. The entirely new business of inter-city highway transportation has been created, something of which there was hardly an inkling in August, 1914, when the world was plunged in the bloodiest of wars.

But has this new business of highway freighting by motor-truck come to stay? Is it perhaps a mere war-time makeshift? Some of the companies charged extortionate rates. One of them rendered a bill of nine hundred dollars for carrying forty-four tons of imported steel from New York to Hartford, which is about nine times as much as the railway freight rate. Others charged a little more than the express companies. All skimmed the cream while it was thick. But will it always be thick?

Highway freighting by motor-truck may be regarded as an institution although the high rates that prevailed during the War may never be earned again. The advantages are too obvious. Your Vineland egg, for example, is ordinarily handled by at least fourteen persons before it reaches you. The motor-truck reduces that number to eight. How? By obviating terminal delays. When you ship goods by railway you must first transport them to the cars in wagons, and when they arrive at their destination you must unload them and cart them away in other wagons. The motor-truck is more direct. It starts from the farmhouse, as it were, and delivers its cases of eggs to the dealer. That means much in a city like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, where hours and hours pass in waiting for a chance to reach a pier or a railway terminal clogged with horses and wagons.

It is not strictly correct to regard the motor-truck as a competitor of the railroads, even when only short hauls are involved. From ten to twelve miles an hour is the speed of the motor-truck; from thirty to sixty miles an hour the speed of a railway train. There can be no real competition in speed. It costs less to haul a ton of machinery a mile by freight than by motor-truck. There can be no real competition in the price of transportation. The truth is that the motor-truck has developed its own possibilities. It opens up territory which cannot be profitably tapped by a railroad or which has no railroad at all.

It is true that in the anxious days of the War the motor-truck did relieve the railway. Automobile tires were shipped by highway from Akron to Boston. Astounding journeys were made between Detroit and New York. But freight cars will not always burst with goods; railway systems will not always be congested. In the future the motor-truck will stand in a different relation to the railway. It will not relieve the railway, but it will actually feed it with freight. In time of peace, even of the most prosperous peace, it is seldom indeed that a railway system is taxed to its utmost carrying capacity. The products are there to be shipped, chiefly farm products; but there is no cheap and rapid way of bringing them to the trains. If war-time experience means anything, it is safe to conclude that this is the niche that the motor-truck fills so admirably. The time is surely at hand when every railway company will maintain a huge fleet of motor-trucks — vehicles that will circulate over hundreds of square miles of farmland, gathering the produce that would ordinarily rot on the ground for lack of some cheap rapid mode of transportation. The railways will charge for rendering this service, but it will be a small, even an unprofitable charge. Because it pays to load freight cars to the roof, it will pay to bring farm produce to them at cost. As the market price of food mounts and mounts — and we shall never again buy vegetables and meat and milk at the prices that we were accustomed to pay ten years ago — it will mean more and more to the farmer if he can reach the great cities by railway-feeding motor-trucks.

More haulage companies, too, will be established to meet the needs of the business man and the manufacturer; above all, the small business man and the small manufacturer. At present, there are about eighty-five companies that will haul your goods for you by motor-truck from ten to five hundred miles — most of them established by alert men who made the most of the situation created by railway congestion. They follow regular routes and adhere to a time schedule as formal as that of any railway system. In addition, there are many "tramp" companies that will carry your goods to any place at any time. Where the railway congestion has been most pronounced, there you will find the most numerous companies.

It is hardly conceivable that all these newly created enterprises will die as rapidly as they grew. They will inevitably seek to adapt themselves to the conditions of peace.

[*Continued on page 52*]

Take Levy, for Instance

[*Continued from page 30*]

part. I'll leave that all to you. All I need is enough to live on. You can fix up some kind of a salary until the business begins to grow. But I'm the boy to make it grow."

Casey gazed at the speaker with increasing admiration.

"If you can talk like that to customers," said he, "ye'd ought to make a good business man. Let's go and take a look at the stable."

Milkoff's sign came down and in its place, Levy put up one that read,

"CASEY & LEVY, INC."

"What's the idea of the Inc.?" asked Casey. "What does it mean?"

"It means 'included,'" explained Levy. "You and me are both included in the firm."

On the fourth day Levy walked triumphantly into the little office in the front of the stable and slapped his partner on the back.

"Mr. Casey," he said, "please run around to the Star Department Store on Grand Street and talk to Mr. Isenberg, the manager. I just left him. He's willing to give us a try on some of his business. It's up to you to fix the price. I ain't going to butt into that end of it. Maybe we'll have to get half a dozen more trucks."

Casey shook his partner's hand enthusiastically.

"Ye're a great lad, Levy," he said. "And I take back what I said about your nerve. The Star Department Store! Lad, we'll be rich men."

"And before you go," said Levy, "you might let me have twenty dollars. I'm broke."

Casey handed him the money cheerfully. He then went upon his errand. Mr. Isenberg received him somewhat gruffly.

"Make me a good price on three trucks," he said, "and I'll give you a try for six months. But don't let that partner of yours come around here. He talked me crazy. I ain't got long enough to live if I got to listen to him."

Casey grinned. He fixed a price that appealed to Mr. Isenberg, who, after a moment's thought, increased his order to five trucks. Casey went to his former employer and to other livery stables and arranged for the rental of the trucks. Then he returned to his stable. A small boy sat in the office.

"Mr. Levy has went out," the lad explained. "I'm minding the office."

After three hours Levy returned. He fairly danced into the little office. He gave the boy a dollar and sent him home. Then he threw his arms around the bewildered Casey's neck.

"Casey," he cried, "I could almost kiss you! You've brought me luck."

He drew from his pocket a huge roll of bills. He counted them before Casey's eyes. They amounted to $850.

"Here," said Levy, "is the twenty I borrowed. Thirty I'm going to keep for myself. The other eight hundred you take and put it with our partnership money. And if I ask you for any of it, don't give it to me."

"Where did you get it?" asked his partner.

"Rosey — that's my friend Rosenstein," explained Levy, "gave me a tip on the second race which I played straight. It won. Then he had another tip on the fourth but he thought I ought to stay out of the third. I looked over the entries for the third and there was a horse called Spitfire. Well, somehow or other, I had a sudden hunch and in spite of what Rosey said I put a hundred dollars on it at five to one. And she came romping in. And in the next race —"

"You don't mean to say you left the stable to go to the races?" cried Casey.

"OH, gosh, no," said Levy, with an injured air. "I didn't have time. I placed the bets with a hand-book man who hangs out in Kobliner's coffee-house. How did you make out with the big store?"

"Hold on a minute," said Casey. "D'ye mean to say ye've been betting on the races?"

"I have," said Levy. "Whenever I have any money and Rosey gives me a tip, I bet on the races."

"How d'ye expect to run a livery stable if ye're a sporting man?" asked Casey.

"I'm not running a livery stable," explained Levy, as soothingly as if he were addressing a child. "You're running the stable. I'm only helping you make it a big thing. If I didn't play the races I wouldn't have any interest in horses. Would I? You just hold on to that money and run your end of the game. Did I get you the Star Department Store or didn't I?"

The sense of justice was strongly developed in Casey. He was compelled to admit that it was Levy who had given the new enterprise its first fillip. Nevertheless, he felt uneasy over this discovery of his partner's weakness.

"I wish you wouldn't play the races during business hours," he said, reproachfully.

"Business hours?" exclaimed Levy. "Say! My business hours are twenty-four in the day. Can I help when they run the races? Every cent I win I'll put into the business."

"Suppose you lose?" asked Casey.

"While Rosey is around I couldn't lose," answered Levy.

Casey felt that it was useless to argue with him. An hour later he came upon Levy in the back of the stable, gravely contemplating one of the horses.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I was thinking," said Levy. "If that horse wasn't so fat I bet I could enter him in a race and make a barrel of money."

"That isn't a race-horse," said Casey, contemptuously. "That's a truck-horse."

"Casey," said his partner, solemnly, "if I had all the money what I lost on truck-horses, thinking they was race-horses, I'd be a rich man."

CASEY went home thoroughly disquieted that night. He had just begun to see possibilities in the livery-stable business that he had never dreamed of before — thanks to the optimism of his partner — and now he was filled with a dread that he had gone into the venture with the wrong man. When he came to the office next morning he found the little boy in possession again.

"Mr. Levy was called on the telephone by his friend, Mr. Rosey," the lad explained, "and he had to go out in a hurry." Casey picked up the lad by the collar of his coat and set him outside the door.

"Clear out of here," he said. He then began to figure up the accounts of the firm with the intention of proposing to Levy that they settle and part. He would go into the livery business for himself. In the midst of his calculations Levy returned, seated himself on the desk on which Casey was writing and blew a cloud of cigarette smoke into his partner's face.

"We millionaires," he said, "don't often bother talking to the common people, but seeing you ain't such a bad sort of chap, I think maybe I'll stretch a point and give you some information. My friend Rosey just took me down to see a friend of his, Mr. Simkovitch, who is the agent of the Georgia Steamship Line. They need half a dozen trucks right away and they'll want 'em for a month. If you know anybody by the name of Casey, I wish you'd ask him to drop in and see Mr. Simkovitch, p. d. q., and stick him for a fat contract."

Casey stared at his partner. Slowly the blood surged to his face. He felt ashamed of himself. He tore up the paper upon which he had been writing and then held out his hand.

"I was thinkin' wrong about ye," he said. "I thought ye was playing the races ag'in. Ye're a great business man, Levy, and I take my hat off to ye. Where does this Simkovitch hang out?"

"Say, look here," said Levy. "Races is run in the afternoon and not in the morning. And if I want to play the races I'm going to play the races. I like you for a partner, but when it comes to preaching, they got a rabbi down at the synagogue on the next block what beats you all hollow. You just chase out to see Simkovitch."

The arrangement which Casey made with Mr. Simkovitch was even more to his liking than the one with the Star Department Store. Mr. Simkovitch fixed the rate himself and it was more generous than Casey had ever hoped to get. He returned to the stable in a mood of deep contrition toward his partner. This mood, however, was quickly dispelled. The small boy was in charge of the office again. Levy had gone to Kobliner's café to play the races.

Casey was on the point of throwing the lad out of the office again when a huge, middle-aged East Sider of powerful build

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entered, swinging a knotted cane which looked like a war-club.

"I'm Garfunkel," he declared. In that neighborhood that particular statement was more potent than "I'm Napoleon!" would have been.

"Mr. Garfunkel, the coal man?" asked Casey.

His visitor nodded. "Have you got a carriage?" he asked.

Casey took him to the stable and showed him the one carriage which the firm possessed.

"Bring it to my house right away," said Garfunkel. "I want you to take my father out for a ride. He had a stroke last year and he don't talk, but he writes on paper that he wants a carriage ride. Take him up to Central Park. If he likes it you can take him out every day. I don't want to be bothered keeping a carriage."

Casey twisted himself into the nearest semblance of a profound bow that he had ever made in his life. He dusted the carriage carefully and harnessed the horses. Then he turned to the boy.

"When Mr. Levy comes in, tell him to stay in the office till I get back."

THE elder Garfunkel turned out to be a shriveled, helpless bit of humanity whose vitality seemed entirely concentrated in his eyes. These were so bright and so keen and flashed in such quickly changing moods as to create the impression that he was a perfectly healthy old gentleman with a peppery temper. Casey carried him from the house and placed him in the carriage. The old man had a pencil and a pad of paper tied to his wrist. Casey, following his instructions, watched the old man scribble upon the pad and then tore the sheet off and read it.

"Pull the curtains half-way down," he read. "I don't like too much light."

Casey drove him around the park and then took him home. Before he carried him back into the house the old man wrote:

"That was good. Come at 1 o'clock to-morrow. I want a long ride."

When Casey returned to the stable he found Levy sitting with his feet on the desk and his hat tilted down over his eyes, a picture of dejection.

"I was looking for you this afternoon," said Casey, reproachfully.

"So was Rosey," said Levy. "But he found me. Say, Casey, could you let me have fifty dollars out of my money?"

"Not a cent. Ye said yourself I shouldn't do it."

"A man don't always mean what he says. Only fifty dollars."

"Ye don't get a cent. I bet ye lost to-day."

"That's a better bet than any I made. But I got a tip for to-morrow that's a wonder. How did you make out with Simkovitch?"

"Look here, Levy," said Casey. "Simkovitch is all right. He's going to give us good business. And all the customers you bring in are all right. The only thing that ain't all right is this racing business of yours."

"Racing," said Levy, gravely, "ain't a business. It's a habit. But don't jaw me to-day. I got a headache."

And he walked out of the office. The following morning was sunshiny. Levy possessed a temperament that responded quickly to every influence, and the joy and sparkle of the day were reflected in his mood. Without bothering to let Casey know what he was doing he went quickly from one business establishment to another until he had found a customer. Then he telephoned to his partner.

"Mr. Hirsch of the Hirsch Bottling Works needs two trucks," he said. "I told him you would call at three o'clock this afternoon."

"I can't," said Casey. "This afternoon—"

"Say," interrupted Levy, "in the livery business there ain't such a word like 'can't.' It's too nice a day to chew the rag. If you don't want to go, don't go. Good-bye!" And he hung up the receiver. He went to Kobliner's coffee house where he found his friend Rosenstein, a ferret-eyed, dilapidated specimen of the familiar race-track type who, despite his forbidding personality, was sincerely devoted to Levy.

"Let's get out of here," was the first thing Levy said. "Casey'll be telephoning me here as sure as anything." He was right. They had hardly left the place when Kobliner explained to Casey, over the telephone, that Levy was not in the café.

"If you'd only come down to the track," said Rosenstein, "I'd get the real dope and you couldn't go wrong."

"D'ye know," said Levy, "I got half a mind to do it. It's such a fine day. I ain't been to the track in a year."

"If you feel flush you might hire a carriage," suggested Rosenstein.

Levy's face brightened. "That ain't a bad idea," he said. "But I don't have to hire one. I got one. Let's get some lunch and then we'll go to the stable and get my carriage."

There are incidents in life the narration of which one undertakes with trepidation. This is due to the fact that human emotions become, at times, so complex and so bewildering that mere words are impotent to describe them. A symphony orchestra could do much better.

Casey, finding that Levy showed no signs of returning to the stable, went into the street to look for some one who would remain in the office while he was gone. He saw the same lad, whom his partner had employed for that purpose, playing marbles on the sidewalk.

"Will you mind the office while I'm out?" he asked.

The lad grinned at him. "I knew ye'd ask me some time," he retorted. "I'll do it for half a dollar."

Casey agreed to the terms and then set forth to pick up Garfunkel, senior. When he had placed the old man in the carriage and had lowered the shades, it occurred to him to stop at the stable in the vague hope that Levy might have returned. He found the office deserted. Whether it was that the lad whom he had left in charge had resented Casey's summary treatment of him or whether it was that Casey failed to inspire the devotion which the lad had shown to his partner, Casey never learned. He telephoned to Kobliner's coffee house again to ask whether Levy was there. Kobliner said he would go into the back room and see. And—

While Casey sat with the receiver glued to his ear, Levy, turning the corner with his companion, beheld the carriage standing in front of the stable, grinned with pleasure and, beckoning to Rosenstein to follow him, quickly climbed to the driver's seat and drove off.

"I guess Casey had a call for the carriage," he chuckled, "and that's why he didn't want to go to the Hirsch Bottling Works. Well, he'll make more money calling on Hirsch than he will driving a carriage. Besides, I need the carriage."

After a long delay Kobliner reported to Casey that Levy was not in the back room.

"Haven't ye an idea where I could find him?" asked Casey.

"Maybe he stands outside on the sidewalk with Rosey," suggested Kobliner.

"Would you mind looking out to see?" asked Casey. "It's very important."

Kobliner did not mind in the least. He was very slow but very obliging. He returned to the telephone after three or four minutes.

"He ain't standin' outside," he said, "but I just seen him. He and Rosey is drivin' a carriage. They just went by my door. I wonder where he's goin'."

Casey did not stop to wonder. Nor did he even pause to thank Kobliner. He rushed outside the stable. The carriage was gone.

Casey's mental processes functioned slowly at their best. For a moment now, they ceased entirely. Then, out of the bewildering chaos of nothingness that reigned in his mind there shot a sudden idea. Levy, filled with remorse, had seen the carriage standing in front of the stable and was driving Garfunkel around the park. The idea grew quickly into a hope, and, within an incredibly short space of time, developed into a profound conviction. And Casey's heart grew light.

"He ain't such a bad fellow, after all," he murmured. "Now I can call on that bottling chap and maybe get an order."

He called upon Hirsch, obtained the order for two trucks and returned to the stable in perfect contentment.

Down the long Coney Island boulevard, meanwhile, a somewhat dilapidated-looking carriage was rolling toward the race-track, with two happy individuals on the seat outside and a thoroughly bewildered old man catching glimpses of unfamiliar scenery under the lowered shades from the inside. When they arrived at the track Levy drove to the stabling shed of a road-house directly opposite the entrance and left the carriage there. Rosenstein said that the proprietor of this road-house was a friend of his and would not charge for the privilege.

They had arrived in time for the second race. Rosenstein looked up his friends among the stable-boys and came back with the information that Gloaming Bird was sure to win the race. He then found a book-maker with whom he had credit and introduced Levy to him. Levy bet fifty dollars on Gloaming Bird. There were only seven horses in the race, but Gloaming Bird finished seventh. Rosenstein was greatly depressed. Some one must have "doped" Gloaming Bird. But, in the next race, Codger Third was sure to win. The odds, of course, would be very light because Codger Third was far superior to every other horse in the race. Levy bet fifty dollars on Codger Third. Well, Codger Third would actually have won the race had not a despised, worthless outsider poked his nose ahead at the finish line.

"'S' too bad," said Rosenstein. "We ain't gonna make a clean-up to-day. But you'll get all your money back on the next race. That's when Tomahawk runs. D'ye remember what I told ye yesterday about Tomahawk? He'll be about even money, but he's a lead-pipe."

Levy bet one hundred dollars this time. It was the logical thing to do. When you have lost one hundred dollars and are sure of winning it all back on the next bet, what could be more logical than betting the full amount? The only drawback to the situation was Tomahawk.

"A lead-pipe, did you say?" he remarked bitterly to his friend as they watched Tomahawk falling further and further behind. "He's solid lead."

The book-maker sent for Rosenstein and whispered long and earnestly into his ear. Rosenstein returned to his friend, disconsolate.

"He says he's got to have some money," he reported. "He says he lost heavy to-day and he needs cash."

"I'm broke," said Levy. "Casey's got all my money and he won't give it up."

Rosenstein pondered long and thoughtfully. Finally, "I tell you what let's do," he said. "I can borrow a hundred from the fellow who runs the road-house if you'll leave the carriage and the horses there. We can go back by trolley and to-morrow you can get the money from Casey. That book-maker is a good friend of mine and I hate to throw him down."

Levy nodded. He liked the way Rosenstein stood by his friends.

"Go ahead," he said. "The trolley is good enough for me."

The proprietor of the road-house was exceedingly complacent. He walked to the stable shed, bestowed one glance upon the carriage and horses and handed Levy the money.

Be sure to read "Outposts," by Andrew Soutar, in April

The sensations of the elder Garfunkel form no part of this episode. Which is rather fortunate. For how could pen describe the feelings of an old man of peevish disposition who finds himself helplessly abandoned in a darkened carriage without knowing where or why, a prey to unutterable thoughts and dread suspicions, his emotions running the entire gamut between fear and rage and back again? It simply cannot be done. The rest of the episode is much easier to tell.

It was growing dark and Casey, who had been occupied with trucking matters for several hours, was sitting in his office figuring up the day's accounts, when Garfunkel, the coal merchant, entered, brandishing his ferocious-looking cane.

"WHERE'S my father?" he asked. There instantly came over Casey a disquieting feeling that something was wrong.

"I—I think," he stammered, "me partner took him out for a ride."

"You think?" bellowed Garfunkel. "Didn't you call for him? Where is he?"

And at that very moment the door opened and Levy entered, his hat tilted low on his forehead, a picture of dejection.

"Where's the carriage?" cried Casey.

"The carriage?" repeated Levy, scornfully. "The carriage is in hock. That's what you get for not letting a fellow have his own money. But the way them horses run just make me sick. Talk about your truck horses!"

"Where is it? Where did you leave it? Where's the old man?" cried Casey, excitedly.

"The carriage is in the shed outside the race track," replied Levy, "but I don't know what old man you're talking about." Then Garfunkel stepped forward. He was quite pale but exceedingly calm.

"My father went out for a ride in the carriage," he explained.

"He was sitting in the carriage when I left it standing outside," added Casey.

Levy's mouth opened wide and he stared from one to the other. "An old man sitting in the carriage? Holy Smoke! He must be sitting there yet. I didn't even look inside. He must be sore!"

"Just tell me where you left it," said Garfunkel.

It was the work of a few minutes to telephone to the road-house and learn that the elder Garfunkel was still sitting in the vehicle and to give directions for his care until his son could call for him. Garfunkel started to leave the office. He paused for a moment and saw that Levy was talking to his partner. He strode quickly across the room, raised his knotted cane and brought it down sharply on Levy's hat. Then, without a word, he left the place. Levy staggered and sank into a chair. He dazedly took his battered hat off and felt of his head.

"The dirty loafer!" he exclaimed.

Casey grinned. "That's the way I felt when you soaked me once," he said. "And I'm kind of thinking you deserved it. If you and me are going to stick in the stable business, Levy, you've got to cut out that racing business."

Levy was not listening to him. He was gazing at his hat.

"I paid five dollars for that hat day before yesterday," he said. "And now I got to buy a new one." Then, slowly, a smile began to light up his face. "The old man sitting out there in the dark all afternoon! And he hadn't any idea where he was! Say, I ain't got the heart to be mad at that fellow. I really deserved it."

"Levy, you're all right," said his partner. "Now come around in the morning and we'll work out a scheme for you to keep office hours."

When Levy arrived at the office the next morning he found Garfunkel and his father with Casey. The old man was huddled in a big chair, writing upon his pad, while his son and Casey bent over him.

"Here's my partner, now," said Casey. "Levy, the old gentleman says he don't feel bad about you, but he wants to look at you."

Levy, with a new derby hat tilted upon the back of his head, grinned at the elder Garfunkel.

"IF you was able to give me a licking," he said, "I wouldn't mind it a bit. But I got punished all right. First I had bad luck and lost on every race. I guess you hoodooed me. Then that gentleman there soaked me on the head and cost me a new derby."

The old gentleman smiled. His son stepped softly behind Levy. And, the next instant, the heavy stick crashed through Levy's hat. Levy sank into a chair, dizzy. The old man was uttering strange, creaking sounds, which Casey suspected represented laughter. His son turned to Levy, almost apologetically.

"I'm sorry I had to do it," he explained, "but the old gentleman wasn't satisfied with my telling him about it last night. He said he couldn't sleep again until he seen me do it. He's all right now."

Levy did not utter a word. In perfect silence he watched Garfunkel raise his father from the chair and carry him out of the office. He gazed at Casey's bewildered countenance. And then he smiled.

"Go after them, Casey," he said. "Don't let's lose their trade. They're grand customers."

A Man's Woman

[*Continued from page 21*]

"You are, perhaps, going to try to marry him."

"Try! Listen to me. When I try to do anything — it is done! I am that way." She tapped Willamine's wrist. "Do you know anything of me?"

"I think not," Willamine answered with sweet deliberateness. Then as a polite afterthought — and Willamine could be so polite — "Should I?"

Nilja laughed unpleasantly. She was about to speak impetuously, when apparently she changed her mind. "No — why should I tell you? I have armed you sufficiently. You will know enough — shortly. But this much I will tell you. I love a struggle — life has never been anything else for me. And this struggle — for the man I mean to marry —"

WILLAMINE'S soft laugh interrupted her. Willamine didn't appear to take this situation with the seriousness it warranted. "But — there will be no struggle. You seem to forget that Mr. Claverly is engaged to me."

"Engaged! What is that? And if you were married it would be no more!"

"But — pardon me — you don't seem to understand. Men of my — how shall I say it without giving offense — well, my class, don't do that sort of thing."

Such an unfortunate speech! Nilja's eyes flamed. "When men meet a woman like me — are attracted — in love — well, you shall see!"

"You are very sure, aren't you?"

Insolence looked out of Nilja's heavily hooded eyes. "I am always sure."

Willamine sighed, as her eyes turned seaward. "How fortunate you are!"

Nilja was studying her with a slightly puzzled curiosity. "And yet you are not afraid?"

Willamine smiled — her brightly perfect smile, "Hardly."

Nilja rose. "Well," she said from the door, "I have been fair — I am always that. I have warned you."

"Suppose," Willamine suggested quietly, "I should repeat what you have told me to Mrs. Halloway. I am her guest — surely I need not be subjected to this."

"I don't think you will do that," Nilja surmised shrewdly. "You are too proud."

"Well, then, suppose I do not choose to play this — this unpleasant game. Suppose I leave in the morning and take my fiancé with me?"

"You won't — again your pride."

Willamine gave this her earnest consideration. She plaited her soft gown between her fingers and looked thoughtfully into space. Nilja watched her. Presently Willamine looked up. Nilja's eyes brightened expectantly — her attitude was that of a fencer facing a strange antagonist.

"Good night," Willamine smiled. "I have enjoyed listening to you — so much."

Nothing in this, surely; but it was the underlying note of sweet but unmistakable dismissal, that caused Nilja to clench her fingers as she stepped into the hall.

Nilja Sovenhof was not the person to let grass grow under her feet when she had a definite goal in view. Willamine had infuriated her the night before — her manner, her smiles — her gentle voice — everything about her. Therefore she had no compunction concerning what she meant to do.

So the next morning she paused in front of Berwin Claverly, who was deep in the baseball news.

"I am going for a walk — and you may come with me," she told him.

Berwin looked up in surprise. He had walked with many girls, but never before had it been held out as a privilege. Just the other way round. He looked at Nilja's cool smile, at the parasol she held out to him, at the bit of green jade on her white forehead, and rose with a novel sensation of interest.

Nilja watched him keenly. She saw that this method she had conceived was successful with Berwin. Berwin had been accustomed to having girls listen to *him* — *his* affairs — the things that interested, amused *him*. Nilja didn't listen at all. She talked about *herself* — the things that interested *her*. She talked Nilja Sovenhof, she made her a fascinating character in an absorbing drama, and when she mentioned Berwin Claverly at all, it was as a person of no consequence whatever.

"You see," she explained to him one day as they sat on the rocks watching the tide come in, "you have never done anything, — not even with your money. You should have doubled the fortune left you!"

"A fellow has to work hard enough in these days to hold on to what he has, let alone trying to make more," Berwin contended. This was surely an odd position in which he found himself — driven to his own defense.

"Work — all right, why not work? I have always worked — and to-day — well, you know what I am to-day!" She laughed, a soft, throaty laugh. "Have you ever been down in Hester street? No? — I thought

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not. I was born there — there were five others besides myself — we lived in one room. Were you ever hungry — hungry with no chance of getting food?"

"My God — no!"

"I have been — often. And cold — and sick. I was put to work as soon as I was worth anything, and then almost at once things changed. My fingers were quick — I did piece-work — and I made more than any of the other girls. And I spent it for food — warm clothes. I knew I must take care of myself — that I was going to mean something to the world."

"Did you always paint?" he asked.

"No," Nilja laughed at him. "Did you think I was born with a paint brush in my hand as the girls in your set are born with gold spoons in their mouths?"

"No — I —"

"OH, no matter!" She cupped her chin in her hand. "I used to draw on the backs of the shirt-waist boxes — at first to amuse the girls — later in the hope that some one would see them — some one of influence — who could do something for me. And one day Max Tirrilton saw them. He was at the height of his fame then. He came down to my home — ah — " she paused and drew her breath sharply. "Then — it was Paris — Italy — and finally fame! In ten years — possibly less, I will do better work than Tirrilton ever did. And like Sargent," she finished, "I will have more commissions than I can fill in my lifetime."

"Gad, I believe you!" Berwin breathed. "I wish I had your confidence!"

"Why should you have — what have you ever done to inspire confidence, even in yourself?" She leaned back and let her eyelids droop until only a bit of derisive light showed. "I wouldn't marry a man in your set for all the gold of the Orient!" And she said this with a truly beautiful convincingness.

"Even if you loved him?"

"But I wouldn't love him."

"He might make you."

The topaz on Nilja's forehead flashed as she shook her head. "He might try."

A very good beginning for a swift finish, wasn't it? And yet it wasn't easy. You see, Berwin Claverly wasn't at all brilliant — Terry said he had a gold brick where his brain should have been — and while any young thing, she doesn't even have to be pretty, can capture a wise man, it takes a mighty clever woman to net a fool.

As for Willamine — oh, she was unbelievably stupid! At first she seemed dazed at the state of affairs, and then after the third or fourth day when she found herself quite out of the picture, she went to Terry. She was confiding — but not too confiding. For instance, she didn't tell him of her interview with Nilja the night of her arrival. Perhaps her pride checked her tongue. If she had been entirely frank, there might have been a different ending to this story. For Terry would undoubtedly have been scared out of his wits and run for help. You see, he had counted on Nilja — but he hadn't counted on the limits to which she might be willing to go. And besides he had over-estimated Willamine. He thought her fully capable of taking care of herself — and Berwin. So if he had known everything he would have gone to his sister. Helen was a skilled social tactician — she would have known just what to do. But not being in full possession of the facts, Terry was disposed to be brutally frank.

"I must say I am surprised at you, Willamine," he declared, "letting Nilja Sovenhof annex Berwin this way. Why" — and he scowled at her — "this may end seriously!

"Oh, you don't think so!" Willamine exclaimed with the proper amount of concern.

"I sure do — you'd better get your guns into action before this raider gets away with the prize packet." He shook his finger impressively. "Nilja is a man's woman — that kind can get away with murder!"

"But what shall I do — what *can* I do?"

But Terry was not giving advice for once — maybe he couldn't. "Well, you'd better think of something," he muttered. "This story may get out — and the loser never gets any sympathy in a game like this." Terry was thinking of Mrs. Hunter Carrol with growing apprehension.

So Willamine tried to do something. She was very sweet to Berwin. She trotted at his heels from one end of the day to the other — that is, when she could find him — like an anxious little spaniel eager to please. And Berwin didn't want to be pleased. He wanted to be tormented and bullied, exasperated — and fascinated.

Jack Eaton sat on the side lines, and was about the only member of the party who wasn't amused.

"I don't see why Helen asked that Slavic highbinder," he declared indignantly, one day, to Terry.

"And I don't see why Willamine can't play the game," Terry stormed.

"What chance has she against a *Becky Sharp* like Nilja."

"Well, if *Amelia* had laughed at friend husband, and then gone forth and developed a fiery little flirtation of her own, 'Vanity Fair' would have had a different finish," Terry retorted.

"What a help you would have been in its writing," Eaton sneered.

But Terry wasn't listening to him. "You know," he announced suddenly, "Willamine might flirt with you."

"Me!" Eaton scowled.

"Yes — you are one of those romantic-looking chaps who always love in vain."

Eaton shrugged with a perfectly plain annoyance. So many people failed to appreciate Terry's brand of humor — if you could call it that.

Terry thought over his conversation with Eaton and in the end decided to pass the suggestion concerning a flirtation with Eaton along to Willamine. She was not inclined to regard it kindly.

"No — it's been done too often. And besides, I'm sure I couldn't flirt convincingly with Jack Eaton — he's so unresponsive. But" — and her eyes brightened — "I have a plan. I am not going to tell you — it's to be a surprise — but I am sure it will work."

"I hope so," Terry said, grasping fervently at this straw of comfort. "Your mother will be in Bar Harbor any day now — and we are uncomfortably close to Bar Harbor." He looked at Willamine and shook his head. "Why don't you tear a leaf from Nilja's book? She's a man's woman, and take it from Terry, she knows how to play the game."

"'A man's woman,'" Willamine mused softly. "Is that what you call it?" She smiled doubtfully. "No, dear Terry, I'm afraid I couldn't play that game. I'm not very clever — and besides, you know, they say a girl can never use her brain when her heart is involved."

And Terry, the sublime simpleton, believed this!

The result of Willamine's plan appeared the following week. The Friday before she had made a hurried trip to Boston. She had not returned until late on Saturday, and all Sunday she wore an air of suppressed excitement. On Monday she appeared in a short white serge skirt, and over it hung a blouse, long, loose and flowing, of blue — harsh, screaming irrepressible blue!

Terry gave one look and covered his eyes. Directly after breakfast he appeared before his sister.

"MAKE her take it off," he demanded. "Oh, it's all right for a girl to play the game — but great Jehoshaphat, not with her rival's own weapons! Fancy any one trying to wear clothes like Nilja's!"

"Why not?" Mrs. Halloway asked, looking keenly at her brother.

"Why not? Look at her. She's too tall — no, she's too short. Oh, her eyes aren't the right color — or her hair is fixed wrong! You probably know the answer." He waved impotent hands. "Take it from Terry, if he had known what was ahead of him —"

"He wouldn't have tinkered — is that what you were going to say? Yes, it is. I can tell by your guilty expression. Terrence Vanderpoel Tinker, you *are* at the bottom of this. Oh, I can see it all now, so plainly. *You* planned this party — Nilja Sovenhof was *your* suggestion. What insane idea did you have? Not that Willamine is losing anything — Berwin is plainly a cad as well as a fool! — but no girl can afford to be jilted! And what about *me*? Oh, just wait until Mrs. Carrol hears of this — and bad news travels on the wings of an eagle!"

And with her accusing eyes upon him, Terry felt himself sliding down an endless, icy incline with nothing to hold to.

Presently he retreated to his room, where he sat staring into space. That was always the way, he reflected bitterly, try to do something for a person's own good. . . .

"Come in!" he called sharply.

Willamine entered and closed the door behind her. She was dressed in a pongee traveling-suit, and she carried a dressing-bag in her hand.

Terry rose and drew forward a chair. He took the bag from Willamine's hand, and shook his head.

"It's bad, Willamine," he said, "but I'm not going to let you run away."

Willamine remained standing, and her smile deepened. And it was a funny thing about that smile. It wasn't the beautifully perfect thing — curved lips, and a flash of pearly teeth, that it used to be. It was almost too wide to be perfect at all. But you didn't stop to think of this — you just wanted to smile, too, because it was so happy. You wanted to laugh because she was laughing, and she looked so radiantly joyous.

But Terry wasn't looking at her smile with analytical eyes. He was thinking ruefully of how young she was, how engaging, how sweet — and of his deep guilt.

"Terry," and her voice rippled into music — and all the gladness of youth's summer, that time of love and laughter sang in her voice, "I have come to thank you. Everything is all right — and I am so happy!"

"Then it worked. Your plan — our plan — worked!"

"Yes — it worked." Her eyes danced wickedly. "Nilja Sovenhof has captured the citadel — and I am free!"

Terry's smile vanished. He looked at Willamine with the expression a man assumes when it occurs to him for the first time that a member of the weaker sex may perhaps possess an atom of gray matter.

"FREE for what?" he asked.

"Free to marry the man I want to marry. You see — I — he — oh, what is the use of explaining it to you? You aren't interested in anything but the epigrams you read in those silly books — you think they are the theories of life, when in reality the authors wrote them with tongue in cheek for the confounding of simple souls like you. There are no theories in my love story. I just care for him and he cares for me — and mother will have no choice but to let me marry him now. Not with the story of this party going the rounds. Can't you just hear the story that mother will tell — clever mother! Boy-and-girl affair — coming together after years of separation — I can almost forgive her those years now, I am so happy, — and finding that we still cared. So I took the only honorable way — I asked Berwin for my freedom. Quite simple, isn't it?"

"Not to me. You are running away —"

"But not alone, Terry."

"Well, go on — I can't stand much more of this leading up to a climax. Who is going with you?"

"Jack Eaton."

"Oh, my Lord — I never thought of that!"

"Why, Terry" — and Willamine chuckled maliciously — "do you read anything as really humorous as the funny papers?" She held out a little friendly hand. "Well, good-bye. I thank you — Jack thanks you — and mother will thank you. I wrote her your part — and sent it special. You ought to hear no later than to-morrow."

Terry looked at her with resentment growing in his eyes. "And yet that afternoon when you told me of your engagement, you said —"

"I said that you would be afraid to tinker. But I knew you wouldn't be — I banked on that."

"'He who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word soon finds he has nothing.'" Terry quoted gloomily.

Willamine turned in the doorway. "Oh, Terry," she remarked as if the thought had just occurred to her, "about Nilja being a 'man's woman.' Didn't you know, haven't you read in those volumes of wit and wisdom, that we all are — if we happen to meet the right man? Why, even *I* am a 'man's woman' — one man's!"

Coming in April — "Nights to Remember," by Anna Steese Richardson, is an article which will never be forgotten by any one who reads it. Mrs. Richardson went to France for McClure's Magazine while the War was at its height. The vivid pictures which she draws in this story were not gathered safely behind the lines, but were the result of many thrilling hours so far toward the front that she wore a gas mask many times while she was jotting down her notes

André's Revenge — *Continued from page 25*

of a small inn that bordered a still smaller pond. The atmosphere of the place was very quiet and restful, and as the coffee was excellent I lingered over my paper longer than usual. I had started a witty little column of *causerie*, when suddenly I paused. There was something oddly familiar in the tone of it, a subtle piquancy, a cool lucidity that won my interest. Somehow it recalled André at his best. My mind wandered back to that strange night at Monte Carlo. Even while in America, the vision of his strained, unnatural face had followed me, haunting me at odd, inopportune moments.

What had become of him after he had left me that night? I asked myself again. Had he gone to Germany, as he had said he would, and if so, what had been the result? I was still pondering upon him when the loud prattle of two children at a table near the door caused me to glance up. They sat facing me, two blond, sturdy little tots quarreling over the menu. With them, his back toward me, was a frail man in a black frock-coat. One sleeve hung empty at his side. Without doubt it was André — the odd line of white hair would have told me that — yet there was a subtle change in his bearing. Suddenly I heard him laugh in his old spontaneous way as he seized the menu and ordered as only a man would dare order for children.

For a time I sat blankly taking in the scene; it all seemed incredible, the change was so great. It was difficult to associate this apparently normal man with the half-wild creature who had left me that night in Monte Carlo.

But at length I crossed over to his table and held out my hand.

"Forbes!" he exclaimed, rising. His pleasure at seeing me was unmistakable. I studied his eyes. They were normal. In their depths was a tinge of unconscious sadness which would perhaps never leave them, but on the whole he seemed the average man again.

Unconsciously I glanced toward the children. They were very bleached and blond, and twins — unmistakably so. With wide, critical blue eyes they were watching me as they ate. I looked up at André. I'm afraid I did not entirely repress a smile, for he flushed, then smiled slightly in return. "My daughter's children," he acknowledged. The twins rose, bowed like two small automatons, then seated themselves again. Evidently, they considered themselves introduced, for shortly one of them spoke.

"Grandpère has a medal," the child informed me. "It is for killing Huns. It is home in his top drawer."

"Indeed?" I remarked, adding vacuously, "Perhaps some day you will do likewise?"

"But, yes, if the chance ever comes. That is why we eat so much — to become big and strong. We shall have airships and blow them from their beds."

"A most becoming thought," I agreed. "One of which I am sure grandpère approves."

"THE occasion will never occur, my dear Forbes," said André seriously. "I have been to Germany, and I have seen. Shall we walk in the garden while the fish is grilled?" He rose. "Remain quiet," he cautioned the twins; "we shall soon return."

We wandered slowly to the verge of the little pond, then seated ourselves upon a wooden bench. I could not help but recall the last time we had been together, that night at Monte Carlo. For a time we sat in silence basking in the warm sunlight that drifted down between the trees. I knew that he would give me the story when he had found the proper opening, and I waited patiently. Eventually he began to speak, very slowly, much as one would describe a visible landscape to a blind companion.

"As I mentioned," he resumed, "I went to Germany. That same night I began to fear that in the morning you would try to dissuade me, perhaps even report my intention to the authorities. My mind was over-acute in those days."

"Odd," I replied. "It was what I intended if I could not persuade you. But you had gone."

"Yes," he admitted. "By morning I was well on my way to Germany. Two days later I arrived at Baden-Baden. You recall the place — the big trees and parks, the trout streams, the hotels?"

I nodded. "Perfectly. But what of you?" For he had paused and seemed again immersed in thought.

"It was raining," he recalled himself sharply. "For three days it rained steadily. I had taken a room at one of the hotels. Outside my window was a large tree, and the patter of the drops on the leaves made me wish to cry out, so thin were my nerves. My nearness to the man I sought increased my stress. I feared some sort of paroxysm before I should meet with him. On the morning of the fourth day I found sunlight pouring through the blinds. I rose and dressed, strangely calm; then I enjoyed an excellent breakfast.

"IT seemed ages before ten o'clock, the hour Wilhelm was supposed to take his siesta. But at last it came and I hurried forth to the gardens and entered. I had been there the day before in the rain. Carefully I picked my way about, avoiding the paths and moving among the shrubbery, keeping from view wherever possible.

"For half of an hour I moved on. Then, suddenly, near the further gate I came upon him. He was seated in an iron chair, a pillow at his back, reading from a small book with a red cover. I was calm, unhurried. I surveyed him closely. It was my moment at last, and I wished to lengthen it, to revel in it, to enjoy it to the utmost. Not twelve yards off he sat reading, unconscious of my presence; his head bowed low above the book. Very thin he appeared and sunken of chest; his civilian clothes, such as yours and mine, draped him loosely. His mustache was white as snow.

"Perhaps you can image my feelings. At last I was with the man who was responsible for all my suffering; the man whose greed had blackened the world. I felt for my revolver. As you know, I am an excellent shot; through all my stress my hand has remained steady. I had no compunction in shooting him as he sat there; his conduct entitled him to no consideration beyond what one would show a vicious dog. Carefully I took aim, when it occurred how fitting it would be that he should see my face and learn why I was to kill him. The gardens seemed empty, and I passed from among the shrubs and approached.

"At the sound of my steps among the pebbles of the walk, he glanced up. Never in the world of God have I seen such a face — so shadowed, so worn, so sick of soul! Not a line of it moved as his sunken eyes rested upon me.

"'I have come from France and to kill you,' I told him calmly. 'In the name of my wife and my daughter and a million others.'" Again I drew out my revolver.

"He closed the book with his bony fingers. I noted he did not mark the place. Then he leaned back, facing me silently, as I raised my arm and leveled upon him, glancing carefully down the barrel.

"Very close we were, and my eyes found his. I wondered that he did not show more fear; brutes are invariably cowards in extremities. Yet he sat unmoving, gazing back at me, and as I looked a strange peace was coming upon his face. I could not understand. My hand for the moment wavered. Then an odd thing happened. He settled more deeply in his iron chair. There was provocation, invitation, even, in the movement; and it came to me in a revealing flash that he was *glad* to die. In killing him I would but release him from the thoughts which were tormenting him. All the ravages of hell slumbered in his fading eyes.

"Slowly I lowered my arm and pushed the revolver into my belt, drawing my coat about it. When I looked again tears, tears of disappointment had wet his face. Turning, I walked unquestioned from the garden. I returned to France. But I was a new man. The sight of a suffering deeper than my own had cured me. Nevermore shall I be as you saw me that night at Monte Carlo. At times perhaps sadness will come, but bitterness — never."

It sounded stilted of me, but it came involuntarily, so apt did the words appear. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," I quoted.

"A truth," André agreed, "a very great truth."

Rising, we went back to the terrace, and joined the children at the table.

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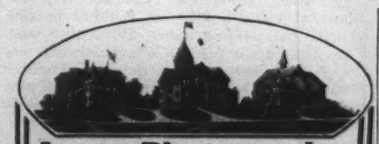

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Repopulating the Earth— *Continued from page 29*

repeat the greatness of their mothers, as the face in the mirror repeats the man who stands before the glass.

No woman of any nation is more devoted to her home and her family. Often criticized because she rears but two or three children, the critics forget that the French mother is determined to dedicate all her time and strength and powers of education unto the three children, instead of distributing her treasure upon many, with not enough vitality for all. Let it be confessed that the Frenchwoman is the best dressed woman in the world; the very peasant girl wears the simplest robe with the dignity of an empress. Beauty turns words into literature; beauty turns rude speech into eloquence; beauty turns a blurred canvas into a great painting, and the Frenchwoman's artistic touch turns the blanket of a squaw into a robe of unrivaled loveliness. Last summer in the devastated district near the wreck of Peronne, I saw a ruined farm, to which a family of refugees had returned. Out of the charred rafters, broken stones and falling bricks, with a few new timbers, the soldier-farmer had thrown together one room for his family. Behind that little house was a small pond, filled with oozing mud, to which the Huns had brought their horses for drink in the hot days of summer. Two brief months had passed by since the retreat of the Huns, and yet during those months the Frenchwoman had dug a drain for an outlet to that water, drawn the mire back, planted watercress, with two clumps of lilies, thus turning a mud hole into a lovely little pool of clear running water. Around the edge she had arranged the stones, and with a few centimes' worth of lime mixed in water she had whitewashed these stones. What transformations a Frenchwoman can work! But this woman, with the genius of her race, by lending an impulse to movement, had kept the water fresh, and by the watercress had made the pool serve food and use as well as beauty.

Her husband was a crippled soldier, but in the two years that had elapsed since his release he had reared his little child, in whom was latent the mother's artistic gift. Now, that single home interprets what is to go on in the homes that are to be established by a million and a half of wounded Frenchmen, and from such homes, bred of souls so beautiful, there will come new paintings for the Salon, new sculptors to carry on the work of Rodin, new dramatists to take up the pen where Rostand laid it down.

That the genius of France, manifest in the fine arts, is to be continued seems the more positive because of certain considerations based upon the study of heredity. Gone forever the time when genius was believed to be sporadic or miraculous!

The number of great men who were born in 1777, when their parents were in moods of intense excitement during 1776, is strangely revelatory, while the same rule holds of the great men born during or shortly after a great war in any land or race. Huxley defined religion as "a great idea touched with emotion"; and genius, whether in Dante or Shakespeare or Lincoln, represents a babe brought forth in a mood when intense intellectual, emotional and moral excitement dwelt like fire in the creative cells of the body, and the child born of these occasional moods is called a man or a woman of genius. Now that all young Frenchmen are of intellect and fire compact, and French girls of intellect made luminous by love and patriotism, it follows as warmth follows the sun that a new era for France has dawned. Her peasants have returned from the War broad-minded citizens of the universe; her working-men of narrow intellect have come home with an outlook like unto that of statesmen and heroes. For those who understand the deeper problems of heredity, it is impossible to over-paint the future of the French people.

AS an illustration of how this war in France has made raw souls ripe, little souls large, and tended to broaden minds hitherto narrow, it is only necessary to recall perhaps one of the finest sayings of modern times. It was struck out like a spark of fire on the red-hot anvil of war, by a poor French poilu. He was a hard-working farmer, with years given to plough and furrow, to sickle and pruning knife. Wounded at Verdun, in the most critical hour of the battle, the youth was taken back to the first dressing-station. The piece of shrapnel was removed from his thigh. After the wound was dressed, the surgeon said, "With your fine health, that wound will be healed within a week, or a fortnight at most." "Then," said the poilu, "sterilize my clothes and kill the vermin, and I will go back in the trench in an hour or two hours at the most."

So critical was the battle and so uncertain the outcome, that when this young soldier insisted, the surgeon yielded. "How are things faring with you, Jean?" asked the officer. "Oh, we sleep in mud, we bathe in blood, but our souls are with the stars." Dante never uttered a finer sentence; Shakespeare never struck off a more luminous phrase. That youth will return home to rear brilliant boys, brave and beautiful daughters.

This is France!

The influence of the American blood upon the repopulation of France must not be overlooked. If to-day a million, four hundred thousand French boys have been slain in noble battle, one million, four hundred thousand French girls and young widows survive, to be the center of homes. But there are two million young Americans in France, and tens of thousands of British, Canadian, Australian and American boys will remain in or return to France to help develop the newly recovered iron region. The mere fact that a single morning witnessed the marriage of twelve of our young men to twelve French girls is interpretative of what will take place more and more. These French girls are heirs to coal and iron lands, vineyards and orchards, shops and houses; they are thrifty, industrious, of kindly disposition, and excellent comrades; and, moreover, the Frenchwoman is the only woman on earth who can take one onion, one blade of grass and one gallon of hot water, and evoke a hundred different kinds of soup. One day an American soldier, who had just descanted upon the horrible sanitation in the French house and village, sat down to a dinner that was a feast for the gods. Having satisfied his appetite, he turned to the widow's daughter and said, "Mademoiselle, the marriage of an American plumber and a French cook should usher in the golden age. Will you marry me?" Being ambitious to help found an ideal community, she married him. Giving up ten dollars a day in New York, that plumber has settled down in the French village to regenerate the sewage system of that town. Now similar events take place in thousands of French communities. Hitherto, the bonds between the United States and France have been political bonds woven by Lafayette in Philadelphia, and Franklin in Paris; but henceforth the bonds are to be woven of love and marriage and the exchange of the blood that unites races forever.

The See-Saw — *Continued from page 28*

that would have better aided Otis Vail's cause with Leila. For if it were all pose, then he was doubly exciting to play with. Leila said no more, but she went away with a much deepened interest in Otis Vail. She did not quite agree with Dorothy that his avowal was all pose. It couldn't be just that, and nothing, more. But either way, she liked it, for if it were all pose, then he was the most outrageously clever philanderer she had ever known; and if it weren't all pose — why, so much the greater compliment to Leila!

Chapter Eleven

OTIS VAIL was the sort of man who had two occupations in life — banking and the pursuit of women — one for business hours and the other for the remainder of his day. He was fairly successful in both and because of the same qualities — a highly unscrupulous sharpness, which kept the letter if not the ethics of the law. He dealt with women exactly as he did with negotiable paper — which was to study them minutely and then drive as hard a bargain as possible, in which all the profit was to himself. He had no fancy for poor stuff. He would not loan the banks money for any enterprise that was not gilt-edged and his fancy for women led him unerringly to those who had beauty and style and clothes and jewels to do him credit. The type of woman he particularly fancied was the young matron who had plenty of money and plenty of leisure and not much affection or interest in her husband. Such women made delightful companions; they liked being made love to; they dressed well and so did his taste credit in public, and, what was most important of all, they could not marry him — and he was in deadly fear of matrimony.

Vail enjoyed all the furtiveness about these amours, and he had brought the art of conducting such affairs to something like perfection. Naturally, a man with tastes like these carries with him the flavor of them, and other men instinctively fight shy of him. It was so with Vail.

He never intended to let any woman entangle him or lead him into any rash impulsiveness, but he admitted to himself, when he left Leila Crossey, in Mrs. Macoin's rooms, that he had been as near as possible to losing his head and that only Dorothy's opportune entrance had saved him. He had a profound conviction, too, that if he had, Leila would have laughed at him.

Leila had been perfectly right in thinking that what he had said was not all pose. He was far more affected by her than he liked to think. From the first time he had seen her, he had admired her and wanted to know her, recognizing in her a kindred spirit, but he had not counted on the possibility that she might be more skilled than he in his own particular sort of social piracy. When he had at last met her and knew that she was going to be married, he had entered with zest into his usual campaign of conquest. To his chagrin, he found that when the marriage actually occurred he was tr ubled and pained by the knowledge that she would actually belong to another, and it had elated him to find with what indifference she had regarded the union. He had even flattered himself that this indifference was largely on his account. On her return from her honeymoon he had sought her with more ardor than before and had been rejoiced to see that she welcomed it.

Meantime, the cool head of him warned him that Leila was cold, selfish, and as old a hand as he at the game they were playing. With this warning his purpose deepened. It would be a real triumph if she could be made to care — he felt that he was willing for once to waive his security, and, for once, to put something more into one of his little affairs than the mere need to be safely amused and entertained. He acknowledged to himself that "Leila had him going."

Yet his habitual caution reasserted itself and he did not seek her or try to see her again until the night of her dinner. He would give himself plenty of time to regain his poise.

He had counted that dinner invitation as a special privilege, and yet as a sign of Leila's daring, for most of the women with whom he had carried on similar flirtations had never permitted him the entry of their homes in a conventional way, under their husbands' very eyes. That Leila would do so argued either that she was more indifferent to him than he hoped, or, if not that, that she was more defiant of convention. Either surmise piqued him, raised her value in his eyes. He wanted to see her, too, with her husband and judge for himself what they were to each other.

Leila had prefaced her dinner by another demand on Harleth for an adequate string of pearls. "It's simply not decent to have no pearls," she had said. "There's no other jewel that takes the place of them."

Harleth had evaded her. "You have quantities of other stuff," he said, "and I don't think pearls suit you half so well as stones with a lot of light and color."

She faced him angrily. "That's not the reason at all," she said. "I don't see why

you're so beastly obstinate about this one thing. You gave Marcia a beautiful string."

Although Harleth had schooled himself to show no outward sign of the inward flinching which he felt at Leila's mention of Marcia, he felt it none the less. "Perhaps that's the reason I won't get one for you," he said, shortly.

Leila had stamped her foot and flown into a rage, but he was imperturbable. At last she gave it up, but the struggle left her wrathfully indignant and looking for some adequate means to express her resentment.

She had chosen a black gown for her début as hostess, a film of black tulle with a sheath of black satin beneath. There were bands of black sequins to weight down the net and to lie along the décolletage and make her white skin still milkier. There was no color about it at all, but its beauty lay in the line of it, that emphasized Leila's slenderness and suppleness. There was a long winglike drapery of tulle from each shoulder that pretended to be a sleeve and gave an airy flutter as she moved, revealing her perfect arms to the shoulder. But her reflection did not give Leila any great satisfaction.

"A string of pearls would have made it magnificent," she said spitefully to her maid, "but I suppose I shall have to wear these." "These" were the diamonds and emeralds that she had received with so much rapture on her wedding day. After they were on, Leila became a little less gloomy. But it lurked in her mind that she must pay Harleth up, and when she went to meet her guests she was agreeably conscious that a means of punishment was at hand, namely, Otis Vail.

Vail had not come early, nor had he come late. He and Mrs. Macoin had achieved a fairly inconspicuous entrance, amongst some others. But Leila promptly singled him out by the warmth of her greeting, and the curt nod and forced handshake that Harleth offered him were noticeable by contrast. If Harleth could have known how greatly his lack of courtesy pleased Vail, who thought it came from active jealousy, he would have met him with open arms.

Harleth's coldness gave Leila her cue for greater efforts to provoke him. Dinner was served at small tables and Vail was placed at Leila's. Harleth was given a dowager and a complement of the dullest members of the company. But he was peacefully content amongst them, or might have been had it not been for the high jinks that went on at his wife's table. He shrugged his shoulders at the din and turned his attention stoically to making his dowager happy, and as she was a jolly old lady, a Mrs. Gavit, whom he had known for years, it was not difficult.

Leila had reproduced as faithfully as possible the interior of a celebrated French restaurant for her dinner — that, too, had been Dorothy Macoin's suggestion. She had used two rooms and provided a series of diversions while the guests ate — a trio of gypsy singers, a girl flower-seller who gave away instead of selling her bouquets, a most amusing, rascally performing dog and his master made up as a tramp, two Moorish tumbling boys, a street fakir with clever patter and odd favors — all these threaded their way among the tables, offering their gifts or their entertainment, and prolonging the service beyond the usual time. Through it all, Harleth was conscious, with growing annoyance, of Otis Vail at his wife's side, leaning to her, talking to her in swift bold asides, his eyes always greedily fixed on her, and of Leila's pleased response.

WHEN the dinner was almost over, servants entered and unobtrusively shifted some of the tables so that a space between the two rooms was opened. A horn was blown, a piercing, impudent note, and with it the Apache dancers burst into the cleared space and stood there motionless. Music began, shrill, insistent, with a wild bold rhythm, and then the dancing.

The two Apaches, a man and a woman, had created a distinct sensation when they had brought this dance into the middle of the latest revue, and it was more effective, more arresting here, danced so close that one could see their faces well — his, degraded, lowering; hers, abandoned to wild voluptuousness. Her black hair was short and flying, her tight blouse strained over her breast, and she flung herself about with a sort of frantic madness, giving now and then a short shrill cry like the scream of an animal.

Harleth watched them for a while and looked away. He glanced about him and saw his guests, for the most part, hanging on each sensational gesture of the dancers with obvious delight. As he looked, he became aware that some one was missing and he looked again and finally discovered that Leila and Vail had slipped away and that Dorothy Macoin was watching him. He sat stolidly in his place and turned his eyes again to the dancers. The people at his table were saying enthusiastically what a clever idea it was to have the Apaches and how they had seen these very same people in Paris at a café there, and how wonderful it was, and didn't the man look like a real desperado. And to all of these remarks Harleth Crossey made more or less mechanical answer. He felt tired, bored and disgusted with the whole thing, — the dinner, the people, the dancers and Leila. He wondered if she had arranged this particular sort of entertainment so that she could slip away for a confidential tête-à-tête with Vail, but he did not suspect anything more than that. Why couldn't she manage to see the fellow less noticeably, he thought with irritation.

AFTER the Apaches had done their program of dances, and the guests were going, he was conscious of a sick moment of anxiety as to whether or not Leila had returned. But presently he saw her, in the highest spirits, and when the last guests had gone, she turned to him exultantly:

"It went," she said. "It went! People will be crazy to come to my dinners after this. Not much like the usual formal bored-to-death affair, was it? Weren't the dancers a thrill?"

He did not answer, so she walked over to him. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Are you peeved because I put you down with the Gavits and the Demorests and Mattie Poindexter? I only did it because I knew you were the only person who could make them have a good time. It *was* dull for you, I'm afraid."

Harleth sighed. "Look here, Leila," he began, good-humoredly, "we'll have to have a show-down on this Vail person. I guess I'll have to put it into words of one syllable. You don't realize what sort of man he is at all. You know with most chaps there's a sort of dead-line, a dead-line of decency, you might call it — things they wo 't do — things they won't say — things they won't stand for. They've got a distinct limit, and everybody knows it without telling. But Otis Vail is one of the kind who hasn't any dead-line. He's a confirmed woman-chaser and he talks about the women he knows to anybody he can get to listen. Now, can't you see why I don't want you to have anything to do with him?"

Leila looked at him amusedly. "My dear Harleth," she began, in her most exasperating tone, "what could he possibly say about me?"

"He might say, with truth," answered Harleth, in very much the same manner as his wife's, "that you had literally thrown yourself at him when he was in your house at dinner, and that you had permitted a great deal of familiarity in word and manner from him before a large roomful of interested spectators, among whom was your husband, and that you had absented yourself from the rest of your guests for — well, for what? You might answer that question."

From under her lowered lids Leila turned on him a sparkling gaze. "How droll you are," she said. "You saw nothing at all in slipping away with me for a joy ride at the big stupid party Marcia gave in Wellridge, Harleth, and we didn't get back in time for you even to say good-bye to your guests. Now I didn't leave you in any such dilemma. I returned before any one but you had missed me and said good-bye sweetly to everyone."

"Just because I made a fool of myself once," said Harleth, "is no reason why you should do so, too. Perhaps I would like to save you from my mistakes. But we seem to be getting away from Vail. Don't bring him into this house again unless you want to have me put him out. And if you're wise, you'll drop his acquaintance altogether. He'll only be a drawback to your ambitions. He can't possibly help you socially. Don't be foolish. You've evidently taken a fancy to the man and, I assure you, I'm not jealous. I know him well enough to be sure that his friendship can't be anything but a loss to you. Come, now, as a matter of self-preservation — why not drop him?"

"Do you think I can't take care of myself?" asked Leila, sulkily.

"I know you can't take care of yourself with an unscrupulous cad like Vail," said Harleth. "It made me sick to see him sitting beside you to-night and staring down at your shoulders. Pretty raw stuff. Look here — you've given your first big dinner and it's gone off with a bang, and you're on the high road to what you've been saying you want — which is to put all your old friends in their proper places again — why can't you be content with that and not let Vail butt in and spoil it all?"

Leila looked at him strangely and burst into a trill of laughter. "You're really rather nice, old dear," she said, in a softened voice. "Thanks for the lecture and for not beating me. I know I deserved it." And she ran up-stairs, her black tulle wings flying behind her in airy inconsequence.

She laughed again when she had gained her own room — laughed at what an old fogy Harleth had gotten to be . . . at his solemn warnings against Otis Vail . . . and a little at the ardent things Vail had said to her in the brief half hour they had snatched together. And then she shivered a little, too. He had been very earnest . . . even Dorothy Macoin couldn't call it all pose. . . .

And she resolved to be more careful.

She did not say anything more about Vail to Harleth and they went their ways as usual through the round of the winter's engagements. Leila's other dinners had been as successful as her first and she had had more invitations than she could possibly accept. Harleth, seeing her apparent acquiescence in his decision against Vail, had put the matter far back in his mind and tried to lose it. Even though she had acquiesced, the thing left a stain in his memory.

Winter waned and early spring appeared. Harleth Crossey, hurrying up-town in a taxi, much earlier in the afternoon than was his wont, for he had been summoned to see a certain big financier who only transacted business in the library of his great Fifth Avenue house, thought impatiently that winter had been longer than he ever remembered before and that spring bade fair to be as wearisome. The old joke of married men living longer than single — no, it only seems longer — came to his mind and he felt the philosophic force of the humor. If half a year of marriage with Leila seemed to him like ten years, what was a life sentence going to be?

HE wondered how other men endured it — who had married the wrong woman — laying aside the cheap and doubtful consolation of seeking solace elsewhere. He had made a double mistake. He had married the right woman and thrown her away for the wrong one. And now at the end of six months he hated the very thought of the obligations he had incurred. A lifetime of Leila — a lifetime of theatre-parties, dinners, receptions, dances, restaurants, resorts and the attendant bills for all of it. Slaving away down-town to make money for her to spend. Suddenly he thought of his little son, his and Marcia's. *He* should have some of that money — he'd see his lawyers to-morrow and arrange it. It had been so long since the child had been in his thoughts that he could hardly recall how old he was. He counted it up laboriously — why, he must be nearly five years old!

Five years old — almost at school age. Harleth wondered a little wistfully who the boy looked like, and what he knew about him, his father. Would Marcia, he questioned, let him go to his grandmother's for a little visit. . . . If she would he might go to see him, talk to him. He wanted inexpressibly some one who really belonged to him for comfort in his dire loneliness. Well, he would ask his mother to approach Marcia and arrange it, if she could. She had been very stiff with him since his second marriage, — but surely she would do this. How he had disappointed her! Looking at it in all retrospect he could see no one who had benefited but Leila. She had got what she wanted. She was happy. Since that one time when he had spoken his mind about Otis Vail, they had led an ostensibly harmonious life. She was living up to her bargain, at least, and he suddenly condemned himself again for finding it so hard to endure his part of it.

At Forty-fourth Street his cab got into a crush of traffic and they could only creep along the Avenue. Moved as though some one had called to him to look, Harleth sharply turned his head and saw, in the last window of Delmonico's, a man and a woman leaning toward each other absorbedly over the table. He knew perfectly that smile, that level glance, the lustre of the smooth dark hair under the tilted hat.

And facing Leila, [*Continued on page 53*]

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The Family Budget

Make One and Stick to It!

by **Paul Tomlinson**

THE head of one of our largest industrial organizations was quoted recently as saying that he sees no reason why the United States should not take and hold the commercial, industrial, and financial leadership of the world. He described the five years to come as "the most prosperous, progressive, and successful of any like period in our history."

The business outlook is good. True, the biggest customer of all, the Government, is not buying to the same extent as during the War, and in comparison with the needs of war the demands of peace may seem small. If judged by ordinary times, however, our prospects look very bright indeed.

Moreover, the cost of living will undoubtedly decline; not at once, perhaps, for it is largely dependent upon the agricultural situation throughout the world. Another crop must be harvested and brought to market before this situation can be normal again; which means not before next fall. At that time the supply will be somewhat in proportion to the demand, and from that time on the price of food should begin to decline from its present high level. When it costs the workers less to live, then the products they are turning out should go down in price. Wages will in all likelihood follow living costs, and the present standards, therefore, will be reduced only gradually. And this is as it should be. It is to the interest of business men and of business to have purchasing power kept equal to the production of goods. A prosperous community, able to buy, is an asset for any enterprise which is making goods to sell.

THE United States is rich, and should remain rich. Our property has not been destroyed by the War, and all wealth is after all represented by property and goods. Our factories are intact, more efficient methods have increased their capacity, and we have goods to sell which all the world needs. Practically the whole world owes us money, and in order to have them buy from us, we shall have to be willing to let them owe us still more. We must extend credit, long-term credit. This means that foreign securities will be sold in this country in large quantities. These countries cannot pay us in cash, because they have none to spare, but that does not mean they are bankrupt. If we furnish them money for the reconstruction of property then they can resume the production of goods; we can trade with them and receive payment through trade.

To overcome the waste of war greater energy and stricter economy are needed. We have said that wealth consists of property and goods; the supply of goods is everywhere at a low ebb, and much property must be replaced. The demands in Europe will be greater than capacity, and the United States will have to make up the difference. We have come out of the War stronger than when we went in, and we have more friends than ever before. The result is that our opportunities are greater than ever.

If it is our privilege to help our foreign neighbors recover their strength it is also our duty to see that our own is preserved intact. We have not been ravaged by war, and it is for us to see that we do not grow careless and wasteful now that peace has come. Valuable lessons have been given us. Let us take them to heart.

We know war is wasteful; we know also that much of the money spent in carrying on the War did not return full value. The American people loaned unstintingly and unquestioningly to the Government while we were at war, for then the problem was not "how much" but "when." Everything was sacrificed to speed. We had the money and we gave it. It looks as if we were going to have still more money, but we are going to pay more attention to how it is spent from now on.

Voices are being raised in all parts of the country against the old Congressional methods of appropriating money. It has been easy to vote appropriations and, in case the money was not available to finance them, tax the people to make up the difference. But the Government has urged the people to be thrifty and to save; now the people are beginning to demand that the Government adopt these virtues as its own.

Take the case of a man who has his own business. He must figure how much money he has to spend before he can begin spending it. His receipts must govern his expenditures. So the business men of the country insist that the Government do likewise. This means an annual budget, with itemized schedules of what the country needs, and available sources for meeting these needs. The former Secretary of the Treasury recognized the necessity of a budget and both political parties have promised its adoption. It is a big step forward.

Then the question presents itself — if the budget system is the proper program for business concerns and for the Government, which is itself the biggest business of all, why not for the family? Can we expect of others what we will not do ourselves? Why should not each family map out its program for the year, figure its income, and apportion it among its needs? Begin the first of any month. No doubt you can estimate your income with reasonable accuracy, and be very sure not to overestimate. Then make up a list of necessary expenditures and balance the account. *And stick to it!*

In your list of expenditures include the grocer, the butcher, the doctor, the milkman, the dressmaker, the cook, everything and everyone with a claim on your pocketbook for the year to come. On this list, estimate generously, and then if your estimate of expenditures exceeds income, revise the list and see where you can cut down. *And stick to it!*

STICK to it, and you will come out on the right side at the end of the year; you will owe no one money, yourself included. You will have your family affairs on a business basis, the kind of basis necessary in your office if you want to hold your job, for a business concern managed in any other fashion would not last long. A careful record should be kept of all receipts and expenditures. In business, receipts must exceed expenditures if the year is to be successful. True, a bad year may come along, and the concern lose money; but a surplus should have been accumulated for this contingency, a fund on which to draw during the rainy day.

Can a family afford not to provide for this rainy day? In your list of expenditures provision should be made for a fixed amount set aside for a surplus, just as in business. Rainy days come to families as well as corporations. If this surplus fund or savings account or whatever you want to call it, is looked upon in the same light as the money apportioned for the butcher—and you stick to it—you are sure of having something when the end of the year rolls around. And

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"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

How a Public Utility Company met the demand for Electricity at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, is described in an interesting manner in the latest issue of "Bond Talk." Free copies may be had on request for "Bond Talk."—"12" from P. W. Brooks & Co., 115 Broadway, New York.

Hambleton & Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York City, are distributing to investors a circular describing the First General Mortgage Bonds of the Washington Gas Light Company which supplies the entire city of Washington, D. C., and vicinity, with gas. The bonds are offered to yield 5.08 per cent. and are earning over 2½ times the total interest charges.

Breed, Elliott & Harrison, 105 South La Salle Street, Chicago, in the latest issue of their publication, "Incomes" discuss many items of current interest and include three particularly interesting articles of value to investors on the Railroads. Copies will be mailed free upon request.

John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet, "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118 dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, N. Y., & Straus Building, Chicago, have issued a booklet entitled "Safety and 6%," and a circular describing the new Hotels Statler Co. First Mortgage Bonds.

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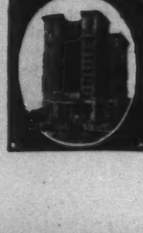

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The Day of Days — *Continued from page 40*

would have to go wrong. But to-night! — when I'd been counting on things being so different."

Corinna looked slightly more interested.

"Just what were you counting on for to-night?" she asked.

"I'd planned a surprise party," he replied dully, "been planning it for weeks." This was not the way he had planned to let the full glory of the surprise burst upon her.

But the effect on Corinna was nevertheless marked; for, all in a second, from an icy statue she became a warm, approachable, human woman.

"Tell me about it, Andy," she invited.

So he told her about it: the menu, flowers, favors, box-party, supper — everything. He mentioned Miss Brooks as having helped him; and Corinna's head lifted slightly from his shoulder, then quickly fell back again.

When he had finished she still kept her face hidden. Andy gently raised it to view.

"Why on earth are you crying?" he exclaimed.

"Because — I don't deserve you, Andy." At that moment Andy had no cause to feel displeased with himself.

Presently she stirred in his embrace.

"Andy, you're mussing my hair!"

"Oh! — I'm sorry."

"Please muss it some more," she whispered. And then, presently he gave a start.

"I forgot that gang! — they're waiting for us."

Corinna became mournful once more.

"Andy, darling, I really can't go."

"You *must* go — the party's for you."

"How can I? — the other's for me, too, and *they* won't understand. Victor and the Martins are sitting down there in the Ritz this minute — waiting and wondering."

Andy stared at her.

"The Ritz? That's where my bunch is!"

Corinna dismally stared back at him. A slow light was dawning in his eyes.

"Corinna!" he began excitedly, "just how much do you care for that noisy, glaring, clap-trap sort of thing?"

"Not a fig," she answered, beginning to sparkle.

"I've a great scheme! I can shoot a messenger down there with a note and the tickets, and Victor and the Martins can join my gang and they can go it the limit. They won't miss us anyway. And we can sneak off to that little down-stairs place — just us two alone. What do you say?"

What Corinna said was lost somewhere in Andy's coat-collar.

Later, leaning across a little table in the corner just big enough for two, while a waiter hovered in the background doing homage to the situation, Corinna made what seemed to Andy an odd request.

"You're a darling, Andy, and I don't deserve you — but promise me something."

"Anything," said Andy recklessly.

"Promise me that, as long as we both live, you'll never, never surprise me again. I love your thought — it goes straight to my heart, but— Well, I guess it's just too much for me, Andy."

And Andy, feeling strangely not at all hurt, indulgently promised and philosophically thought:

"An absurd, queer, dear lot — women!"

Highway Freighting by Motor-Truck

[*Continued from page 42*]

This means that a real business of selling motor-truck transportation will be established. Salesmen will be sent out by each company to explain its advantages to skeptical and conservative business men. There will be a superintendent of transportation for each company, a man who will plan the routes so that given territories are systematically covered. A mechanical engineer will see to it that each truck is periodically overhauled and repaired when necessary, so that his company may always count on a certain number of vehicles. A cost-accounting department will keep records, on the basis of which a table of charges will be framed that will leave a fair profit. In a word, these new companies will find it necessary to adopt the system that has been developed by the railways. They ought to call themselves "highway transportation" companies and not motor-truck or haulage companies, if only to keep constantly before themselves the fact that they differ from railway companies only in using the open road instead of the steel rail.

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The See-Saw — *Continued from page 49*

with his face very near to hers, and his eyes intimately answering hers, was — Otis Vail.

Harleth Crossey leaned back in the cab so they would not see him. "Oh, damn!" he murmured. "Not that!"

Chapter Twelve

"IT'S no use arguing with myself," said Marcia, humorously, to Justine Burd, "I'm so sick of that Italian school, I can't bear another whiff of garlic. I feel like a criminal when I go down there and they all beam at me as if I were an angel from heaven. Oh, how glad and thankful I'll be when we get away for the summer. I'm going two weeks earlier, just to get away from it. Are you shocked, Justine, to find out what poor stuff I'm made of — unless you suspected it before?"

A little straight wrinkle came between Justine Burd's even brows. "No, I'm not shocked, of course," she said. "I get horribly fed up with the place myself sometimes. And, as you say — they are so grateful and so friendly and so really nice and dear that it makes you ashamed to get tired of them. What's the matter — aren't you feeling well? You're a little pale."

"I'm restless," said Marcia. "I'm so restless I can't endure myself." She got up and walked about her big living-room, pushed in a drawer of the old mahogany lowboy, straightened a picture that was already straight and set the pendant crystals of her Colonial light to jingling. Justine Burd watched her understandingly.

"You know," went on Marcia, "this world's a hollow mockery for a woman who doesn't need to work and who isn't anything but an old-fashioned domestic sort. You might tell me to go in for suffrage, or for any one of a lot of big public movements, and forget myself that way. I'll tell you quite frankly, Justine, that I don't care a whoop whether the women ever get the vote or not ——"

"S-sh," said Justine. "You're talking heresy to the sex."

"— and I don't care a whoop about any other kind of thing that means clubs and committees and making speeches and meddling in public affairs that I know nothing about. I can't do it."

"Well, of course, you have your boy," said Justine, reflectively.

"Yes, I've got my boy —— for possibly six or seven years. And then he'll go to school and to college and then he'll marry and make a life of his own. I can't build my existence entirely on him, Justine. I'd degenerate into one of those vampire mothers who make themselves and their children so wretchedly unhappy."

"There's something in that," mused Justine. "I don't want to be like a horrid woman I once heard say that she tried always to think of her children as intellectual entities, but I do try to let mine have a little individuality and some rights of their own. But, getting back to our muttons — what do you intend to do? Shall we abandon the school, or hire a teacher for it? Then you could take Boy and Aunt Janey and go traveling for a while. A little change and rest would probably bring you back, glad to smell the garlic again."

"I think I'll stick it out until we go away," said Marcia. "And I do want another summer at the beach for Boy. It does him so much good — I can fairly see him grow down there. But, in the autumn, if I'm still unsettled and 'low in my mind,' maybe we could work out something different. A good competent teacher can do a lot more for our people than we can, anyway."

"We don't need to choose her at this moment," reminded Justine. "Well, I must go along. Bye-bye, Marcia."

She went out to her own little runabout and trundled it slowly down the drive. "The truth of the whole business is that Marcia ought to marry again, and if Curt is ever going to speak up, now is the time. I wonder — I wonder if I ought to say anything to him? I think I'll ask him out for a day or two — and see. It's evident to everybody how he feels about her and though I'm not much for interfering with other people's business —" She pursed up her lips and put on speed. If she telephoned for Curt, he could come out either to-morrow — which was Friday — or certainly on Saturday. . . .

The vague plan she had evolved had meantime been growing more clear to Marcia's mind. After the summer at the beach — yes — she would surely travel. A winter in California — a sea voyage — it wouldn't be difficult to plan something that would be diverting. Perhaps Japan — or — certainly Hawaii! She ran in haste to find Aunt Janey.

That estimable lady was undergoing the final touches on her morning toilet — she seldom appeared down-stairs until luncheon — at the hands of Bocock, her capable maid.

"How do you like this little foulard Miss Sykes made me?" she asked, turning before the mirror. Bocock was fastening the simple drapery of the skirt.

"It's very nice," answered Marcia, mechanically. "Perhaps that collar ought to be ——"

"She puckered it sewing it on," announced Bocock, jealously. "She didn't cut it right and she tried to hide it by taking up the fulness in the seam."

"Oh, well — it doesn't show," said Miss Janey, complacently "The general effect is what I want."

Marcia plunged into her subject at once. "I've been thinking, Aunt Janey," she began, "that after this summer we might close up this house and travel for a while — or go somewhere for the winter — Hawaii, or California, at least."

"Oh, not California," said Miss Janey, disposing of the Golden State as if it were a garden plot. "California's not half what people tell you it is. Frightfully cold at night, even when the days are sultry."

"What about Hawaii, then?" asked Marcia. "It's warm enough there all the time, isn't it?"

"Do you think there'd be a great deal of that ukulele music?" asked Aunt Janey plaintively.

"We wouldn't need to listen," said Marcia, "and, anyway, the natives play it wonderfully — not a bit like the things you hear in restaurants."

"Well," began Aunt Janey, doubtfully, and Marcia could see that she was meditating other objections, so she broke in hastily:

"I'll send for some of the folders, Aunt Janey. Then we can get a better idea of it. And we'll ask some people who've been there. I'll do it right away." She turned and ran down-stairs without further parley. She was afraid that Aunt Janey might find some reason why she couldn't and wouldn't go to Hawaii, and she didn't mean to give her a chance, just then.

IT was to find her almost submerged by travel "literature" that Curt Jennings found Marcia on the next Saturday afternoon. He had come eagerly at Justine Burd's bidding and had not missed the subtle implication of her description of Marcia's state of mind.

"Why, Curt," exclaimed Marcia, as he came in, "how awfully, *awfully* glad I am to see you. Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"I came unexpectedly," said Curt. "Ran out and wished myself on Justine and Dick for the week-end and as they're both out this afternoon, I came on over here."

"Of course you need a good excuse for coming here," mocked Marcia. "Look at all this stuff — Aunt Janey and Boy and I are thinking of a winter in Hawaii."

"Winter," said Curt, "is a long, long way off. Summer precedes it, as usual, I believe."

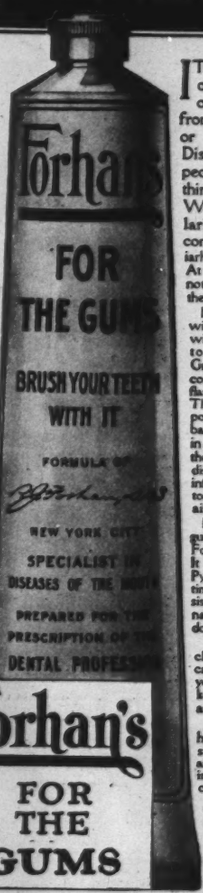
"We're going to the beach as usual this summer," said Marcia. "I'm beginning early with Aunt Janey and getting the idea firmly planted in her mind. And I want to think about it, too. I'm frightfully restless and discontented, Curt. I'm trying to plan something to look forward to."

"School all played out?" asked Curt.

"No — it's going on as usual," said Marcia, "but I told Justine at the beginning, and practically repeated it the other day, I'm not vitally interested in that sort of thing. I went into that school scheme because I wanted something to keep me from thinking about myself. I was just plain selfish about it. It served its purpose to get me by for a while, but now I'm just as sick of it as I can be. The truth is, I don't know what to do with myself, Curt."

It was then Curt found himself saying, quite easily and [*Continued on page 56*]

Gum tenderness — a serious tooth-menace



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If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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YOU can get rid of excess flesh as sure as sunrise tomorrow. If you do not possess a *perfect* figure, correct *poise* and abundant *health*, let me help you. You can accomplish these things in a simple way—in your room.

I know you can, because I've helped 85,000 women and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have the proper exercise to reduce your figure *just* where you want it *reduced*.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. Be sharp—and I'll send you my 25-page illustrated booklet FREE. Write me. I'd like to tell you of my wonderful experience.

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YOU don't have to be a genius. If you have that liking for drawing, you may have in you the making of a successful cartoonist or illustrator. Write today for your free copy of "A Road to Bigger Things" telling how America's 32 greatest cartoonists will help you develop your talent profitably. FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING CARTOONING, 9023 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER

12 VALUABLE UTENSILS IN 1

Pudding Pan
The two-quart pudding pan will be found useful not only for all kinds of puddings and pastries, but also for making stews, round loaves of bread, jellies, etc.

Pudding Boiler
By putting the colander inside the kettle and using the cover, you have an ideal utensil for making delicious French fried potatoes, for steaming chicken or for the Thanksgiving plum pudding.

Combination Cooker
By placing the pudding pan in the large kettle and inverting the colander, you can obtain an excellent combination cooker. Meat can be cooked in the large kettle while vegetables are steaming in the inset.

Colander
The perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander for draining vegetables, macaroni, washing lettuce, etc.

Stew Pan or Steamer
By inverting the colander and placing it on the top of the pudding pan you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

Double Roaster
A splendid self-basting double roaster can be had by inverting the pudding pan and placing it on top of the large Liberty kettle. Roasts cooked in this double roaster are tender and have a most delicious flavor.

Bake Dish or Casserole
The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of foods, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

Cereal or Coffee Roaster
By inverting the colander and placing it on the Liberty kettle you can easily roast coffee, toast corn flakes or make delicious popcorn, prepared with melted butter.

Preserving Kettle
The large kettle without the cover will serve nicely as a preserving kettle. Preserves can be cooked in this kettle with no stirring, thus saving a great amount of labor and time.

Steam Cooker
By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan you have a steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, saving space and fuel.

Double Boiler
The two-quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

Liberty Kettle
The five-quart kettle, used with the cover, is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities.

SEND NO MONEY—JUST THE COUPON

CUT AND MAIL NOW

McCLURE BOOK CO., 76 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me, carrying charges paid by you

The "12-in-1" Cooker Set of Solid Aluminum

and enter my subscription to **McClure's for 1 year**
Metropolitan for 1 year

I will pay you $1.00 a month for eight months. (If unknown to us, please give 2 business references.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The cash price of this offer is $7.60. McC. 3-19

ACTUAL PIECES and DIMENSIONS:—5-quart Liberty Kettle, 9⅜ inches diameter, 5¾ inches deep; 2-quart Pudding Pan, 9¼ inches diameter, 2⅝ inches deep; 2-quart Colander, 9⅛ inches diameter, 2½ inches deep; and a Cover with non-heating knob.

MORE THAN 40,000 WOMEN NOW OWN THIS SET

Make It the Cornerstone of your Aluminum Kitchen

"12-in-1" Solid Aluminum COOKER

THIS "12-in-1" Cooker Set is without doubt the greatest invention in the field of modern cooking utensils. It is the master design of practical cooking experts, and has received the enthusiastic endorsement of many practical housewives.

You are asked to make it the cornerstone of your Aluminum Kitchen. You are asked to test the set from the standpoints of usefulness, economy and labor-saving.

You are asked to try the twelve combinations it forms:—**DOUBLE BOILER, LIBERTY KETTLE, BAKE DISH or CASSEROLE, COLANDER, PUDDING BOILER, PUDDING PAN, DOUBLE ROASTER, COMBINATION COOKER, STEAM COOKER, PRESERVING KETTLE, CEREAL or COFFEE ROASTER, STEW PAN.**

Note how with these combinations you can stew, preserve, cook vegetables, make cakes and puddings, steam cereals, and in fact cook every kind of dish used.

Take for example the 5-quart Roaster—just one of the 12 combinations. At dinner time, should you wish to cook anything in the popular casserole style, such as chicken, or a pot roast with vegetables, you reverse the pudding pan and obtain this roaster, which, with the flame turned low, will roast the meat nicely, retaining all the flavor and rendering it remarkably tender.

More than 40,000 women have bought this "12-in-1" Cooker from us since the set was first put on sale, and the decision of this host of housewives is the best possible endorsement of how practical, how efficient, how compact the Cooker is.

We Stand Between You and the War Price of Aluminum

Our Surprising Offer

Until now we have always sold this set at its regular price, which is $4.80. But to meet the increasing demand of magazine readers, who have asked us how they can get the set in connection with their magazine reading, a special offer has been made by which you can get the Cooker for about half price.

All you need to do is to mail the coupon on this page, thus placing your subscription to McClure's and Metropolitan, each for one year.

Send No Money

You send no money until the Cooker is in your possession—and you will get it by insured parcel post within a few days. Then you make monthly payments of $1.00 each for eight months, and that is all. These payments cover both the magazines and the Cooker, and they total only a trifle more than you would pay for the magazines alone if you bought them each month from a newsdealer.

The War demand made aluminum soar in price. Before this demand, however, we made contracts with large manufacturers running into thousands of dollars. We are buying today more cheaply than the market price and this is the reason why we can give prompt buyers the benefit of this "below-the-market" price.

Made to Last a Lifetime

Each of the articles is made of thick 99% pure aluminum. The thick aluminum gives great strength, yet the utensils are light in weight, easy to keep clean and easy to handle. Each piece is highly polished and shines like silver.

The set is so compact that it occupies on the pantry shelf just the room needed for a single utensil. There is no glass or enamel coating to chip off and get into the food and there is nothing to rust or corrode.

Act Promptly

Before the armistice was signed, we had been notified by the aluminum manufacturers that all available metal would be needed for government use, and that shipments to us must be stopped. *They have not yet been resumed* and we cannot tell how soon normal conditions will be restored.

Consequently we urge a prompt response to this offer if you want to get a set at once. *We still have in stock enough sets to last for the next 30 days* under normal demand, and your order can be filled promptly if you send the coupon without delay.

You Will Secure the Biggest Aluminum Bargain Ever Offered by Mailing Coupon Today!

76 FIFTH AVE. **McCLURE BOOK CO.** NEW YORK CITY

Peace Must Not Relax Your Efforts

The "My America" League

Asks You to Enroll for the Work Ahead

The League's Big Pancake Party

Three Thousand Orders of Buckwheat Cakes, Syrup and Coffee!

THAT is what the McClure readers, through the "My America" League, did for some of our boys in uniform who found themselves wandering into a certain canteen in New York City — a canteen run by the Stage Women's War Relief.

Through the medium of this great organization, planned, manned and most humanly carried on by the women of the American stage, the "My America" League was able to offer a bit of home cheer to some of our returning heroes.

Several months ago the League asked its members, and readers of McClure's to send contributions for a pancake party to be held at the Stage Women's War Relief Service House; and how nobly they responded was demonstrated one day, not long ago, down at this remarkably homelike and hospitable club for soldiers and sailors. The first of these breakfasts was the occasion of a pretty little ceremony. Every soldier and sailor wore a "My America" button, and one and all, they had many questions to ask about this big League of which they declared they most heartily approved.

The League had the names of all contributors to the party posted up on bulletin boards, under state divisions, so that the boys knew where to look for their home towns and the names of many of their hosts. The young women, who have worked unceasingly to make the "My America" League a success, assisted the regular canteen workers as waitresses at the pancake party.

The boys who enjoyed the feast little knew that such theatrical stars as Crystal Herne, Margaret Dale, Virginia Fox Brooks, and others were flapping their cakes for them in a most professional manner. That these cakes were good was demonstrated by the fact that one young sailor, just over from Brest, managed to make a sort of trench raid on twenty of them. He also hinted at a dark sorrow in his life, which he did admit later in the day, had been mitigated a good deal by the pancakes, so our readers will see that what they did for these boys had a spiritual as well as a physical effect.

A unit of the "My America" League, H. J. Klingler & Company, Millers, of Butler, Pennsylvania, was good enough to send a hundred pounds of the purest buckwheat flour as its part of the big pancake feast. Men and women in all sections of the country filled out the little coupons and sent them to us accompanied by generous contributions. Everybody seemed eager to play host or hostess at the party. Mothers and fathers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, each wanted to give a breakfast to one or more boys in khaki or navy blue. And just a few minutes in the old-fashioned kitchen of the canteen with these new-fashioned heroes of the Great War would have made each giver happy for the part he or she had taken in this little festival.

However, this party, jolly as it was, was merely the inauguration of the pancake breakfasts, for which you, readers of McClure's and members of the "My America" League, are standing "treat." The Service House can accommodate one hundred boys at a time for overnight and breakfast the next morning. And every morning, at these breakfasts, your buckwheat cakes, syrup and coffee are being served to our soldiers and sailors.

The photographs on this page show one of the tables at the breakfast, and you must picture to yourselves a large, airy kitchen in which are several long tables like this one, crowded every morning with hungry and appreciative boys in Uncle Sam's uniform. Then you will get a little idea of what your ten-cent pieces are doing for the men who have been working and fighting for you.

Our Chocolate Fund

WHEN this number of the magazine goes to press it is still too soon to know how big a response there will be to our appeal in the February McClure's for our Belgian Babies' Chocolate Fund. But we believe confidently that a great many of the little coupons and ten-cent pieces will come through the mail.

You would not stop to think twice—any one of you—before putting your hand in your pocket and bringing out some silver if you met a hungry child in the streets here at home. The only difference is that you must visualize these other children in your mind's eye, since they are thousands of miles away. They are far hungrier and more tragic little souls than any you would be apt to meet in your home town.

Chocolate is nourishing, is easily packed and shipped, and keeps fresh for a long time. Madame de Hemptinne, who is working among the children in Ghent, has begged us to do what we can through the "My America" League to raise a chocolate fund for these unfortunate little ones who have been living under the cruelty of German domination for several years.

If you have not already filled out one of the coupons below, do it to-day, and send it to us with your ten cents. If you have done so, be generous, and fill out yet another. Perhaps your boy is a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces. Then he offered his all to go across the seas and save these very babies we are pleading for. And remember, every boy who put on Uncle Sam's khaki or blue offered his life in intention, and willingness, whether the supreme sacrifice was finally required of him or not — he was willing to make it, for you and yours, and for all the suffering peoples of the Allied Countries. Since he has done this to deliver these Belgian babies, among others, from German cruelty and oppression, now it is distinctly up to us, isn't it, to see that they are kept safe, well, and happy, in order that his sacrifices shall not have been in vain.

It seems peculiarly appropriate that we of the "My America" League should do something for the children of Ghent, for it is in that city that our adopted baby, Hélène Thibault, is to be educated with the money you so generously provided for that purpose.

Ghent was chosen by Madame de Hemptinne because her own home is there, and she will thus be enabled to keep in close touch with our little protégée.

This Chocolate Fund which we are starting will — if you will each do your share — bring help to some of these other plucky little girls and boys who hold the future of Belgium in their small hands.

The "My America" League
McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York

Send a bar of chocolate to a hungry Belgian baby for me. Here's my ten cents!

Name .....

Address .....

League Work To-day

NOW that the War is over, new opportunities for constructive work of all kinds are opening up, and the members of the "My America" League will not be found laggards in any call to service which may reach their ears

We want all the eighty thousand old members to get solidly in line, and we want eighty thousand new members to step forward. Just write your name and address on the little coupon below, and mail it to the "My America" Editor. Your membership button, and a circular of helpful suggestions for League work will at once be sent you.

During the War our object was to do all in our power to help win the War, and at the same time to relieve as far as was possible the suffering which the War was causing to millions of innocent people. The first of these ends has been splendidly attained, but the second — that which deals with a world's sufferings, — we have still to face. Our Leagues are going to do their full share here.

Then, there are the special problems confronting our factory Leagues, which will need time, patriotism and effort to work out. For example, there is the problem of the alien worker, who must be made over into a whole-hearted American citizen. The men who meet him during working hours have a big opportunity which it is very hard to duplicate by any outside agency. Shop schools, or night classes which employees can attend, are a very vital factor toward this same end.

In small Leagues, organized in homes, schools, and communities, there are other and varied chances for service.

War Gardens are still needed. Leagues should take this matter up with the school children, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, etc. Rouse their interest and then see to it that this interest does not flag as the days go by. It is far worse to plant a garden and let it die, than not to have attempted one at all. For in this way you have wasted valuable seeds, young plants, and the ground space itself, which might have been brought to successful results by other and more steadfast workers.

The homeless children of France, Belgium, Serbia, and other countries which have suffered through the Great War, need warm clothing. Let the women and girls of your "My America" League hold sewing meetings to make these little garments. Partly worn clothing may be made over for this purpose.

Advocate the purchase of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps of the new issue. This is one simple but very important way in which every man, woman and child can help the Government.

Our call to service is not ended, with the silencing of the heavy guns. Join the League to-day, and find a way to do something more for your country.

The "My America" League
McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York

I wish to join the League and work for Reconstruction. Please send my button and a circular.

Name .....

Address .....

New Stomachs for Old In 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around today with entirely re-made stomachs—stomachs which have been re-made in from 47 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods **correctly combined!**

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he **eats**. What we take into our stomachs today, we **are** tomorrow. Food is the source of all power, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappearing, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire —a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superacidious secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost over-night. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 103, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,
Dept. 103, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days or send you $3.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

The See-Saw — *Continued from page 53*

unconcernedly, what he had dreamed of saying for three years and more, and had imagined past his power to say without his tongue cleaving to the top of his mouth and his voice failing him.

"Look here," he heard himself saying, "why don't you marry me?"

With her hands buried in the mass of gay papers before her, Marcia stared at him in open astonishment. "Why, Curt!" she exclaimed. "You're not in earnest!"

Curt leaned forward and dug into the papers for one of Marcia's hands, found and held it. "Yes, I'm in earnest," he said. "Haven't you known it? I've had it on the tip of my tongue to say for so long and I've been literally afraid to venture — what is there to look so surprised about? If you knew how long I've cared for you, Marcia,— long before you and Harleth ever were married — away back in the time when you first came on from school to stay with Belle and Leila — but, of course, you never noticed me, even then; not seriously."

"YOU were in love with me as long ago as that, Curt?" asked Marcia, still dazedly.

"Yes, I was," he said. "You ought to remember how I used to hang around you. And, of course, after you married, I knew it wasn't any use — but now — you're free again, and you're lonely, and — I could take you back to Wellridge amongst all your friends there — why, what's the matter! Oh, Lord, I suppose I oughtn't to have said anything about Wellridge. But we needn't live there, Marcia — I'd live anywhere on God's earth you wanted to. I'd do everything you wanted. I've loved you so much — and so long — well, if you only knew ——"

"Oh, don't, Curt," cried Marcia. "Don't! There isn't any use going on and talking about it. I couldn't marry you. I don't care for anybody but Harleth and, in spite of everything, the divorce, and — and his marrying again — I can't feel that I'm anything but his wife. I — I couldn't be any one else's — I couldn't."

"But, look here, Marcia," protested Curt. "He's married again and, from all I hear, he and Leila are hitting it off all right. Well, then — are you going to sit and mope all the rest of your life for a man like that? I know what I'm saying sounds brutal, but I can't help it. You've got to face the truth of it, and not sentimentalize. Harleth left you for Leila, and he's got Leila, and he's satisfied with her. Now, why and how do you figure it out that you're still his wife? Be honest, Marcia — aren't you deceiving yourself with a lot of sentimental rubbish that isn't real, or even worth while?"

She raised protesting eyes to his. "Maybe I am," she said. "But I can't help it. It's the thing I believe in and the thing I cling to. All you say is true, Curt. Harleth left me and he's married Leila and he's content with her. But that can't stop me from loving him, or thinking of him as mine. Curt, you talk about using common sense, and you tell me that to feel the way I feel is sentimental rubblish — well, then, why didn't you feel the same way about me when I married, if you were in love with me before that? Why didn't *you* go and marry some nice girl and build your life all over again? Why did *you* keep on caring for me? Was that sentimental rubbish?"

"You've got me there, Marcia," said Curt, sadly. "You're right and I'm wrong. Only I can't bear to see your life wasted and, of course — I want you awfully for myself. Don't you think that maybe, sometime, you'd be able to — to forget about Harleth?"

"Don't you think, sometime, Curt," she paraphrased, gently, "you might be able to forget about me?"

He got to his feet. "That's my answer," he said. "No, I don't. Look here,— you're not going to let this spoil our being friends, are you — and make me not see you and all that sort of thing?"

"No, of course not," said Marcia. "Only — don't say any more about it. I couldn't get along without you, Curt."

"Well, that's something. And, Marcia," he said, lingering, "if you should change your mind, you know — why, I won't."

'I wonder," she said to herself, as she watched him go down toward the street. "Poor old Curt!"

Perhaps, after all, he had been right and she wrong — but she shook her head. No — she was right. It *wasn't* sentimental rubbish to remember and to love. But, oh, the dreariness of it! The hopelessness! The endless tear of it against one's heart! There were so many times when she felt that she must see Harleth, even if she only stood where he passed and caught the merest unknowing glimpse of him. When she went to New York she was always looking for him. Once she had thought she saw him coming toward her and she had gone suddenly faint and dizzy — but it was not he. Twice she had gone to the down-town building in which his offices were and waited in the hustling crowd of the lobby, hoping just that he might come by, and twice she had hurried away in a panic lest he should come . . . and see her. She remembered all this as she stood watching Curt Jennings go out of her house with her refusal to marry him. Marry him! Marry any one! Never, never, never!

It had unsettled her still more, that talk with Curt, and even the prospect of Hawaii seemed piffling and tiresome. The school was harder work than ever. At last, in desperation, she decided to go down to the house on the beach three weeks earlier than usual, instead of two. She persuaded Justine Burd to go with her and open her own house.

"You're a dear," said Marcia. "It'll be peaceful down there with the sand and the sea and the children. Perhaps a few other people will go early if we do. I'm going to do a lot of things this summer. I'm going to swim and ride and play tennis and see if I can't get away from my unquiet spirit."

"And it's so good for the hips," said Justine, prosaically. "I'm with you, my dear, in all strenuous exercise."

It was, as Marcia had said, peaceful and lovely with the sand and the sea. Also a few other families did decide to go early since the Burds and Mrs. Crossey were doing it.

The days fell at once into an easy routine. In the morning they would ride, usually along the beach, a yellow crescent of hard-packed sand that stretched for miles in one easy delightful curve, but sometimes back into the pinewoods along narrow bridle paths; or perhaps they would swim. In the afternoons they might go fishing or crabbing in the lagoon, or ride again, or play tennis. In the evenings Marcia usually read, after Boy had been put to bed, or people would come in to talk or make up a table of auction, or for a little music.

"It's been great fun, hasn't it?" she said to Justine Burd, as they walked back from the Inn just before dinner and after a hot game of tennis. "You're not sorry that we came early, are you?"

"NO" said Justine, "I should say not. People are beginning to come anyway. A man and woman motored up to the Inn while you were playing that last match. They must be friends of somebody in the colony, for no one else ever comes. I wonder who they were?"

"Maybe they're those cousins of the Dashiells," suggested Marcia, idly. "Look, Justine, how the mist is creeping in. It's going to be a horrid night. Are you coming over?"

"I don't think so," said Justine. "It's my night in the nursery. Why don't you come to us?"

"I'm so sleepy," said Marcia, frankly. "I think I'll go to bed early. I find myself with my head almost in my plate at dinner! Isn't that disgraceful?"

At dinner, Aunt Janey did not appear, having gone to bed with a headache, and Marcia ate alone, with a book propped up before her. She was not in the least drowsy after dinner, however, so she took her book into the sitting-room and settled herself to finish it.

At about half-past nine there was a sound of some one hurrying up on the porch; then a hasty fumbled ring at the bell. There was something appealing, summoning about it, and Marcia jumped up and ran out to the hall and flung open the door. The light streamed out upon a woman, who moved eagerly forward and then stood stone still in dismay and surprise. Marcia stood still, too, and for a moment she could not speak at all. But at last she said, her voice sounding strangely in her ears:

"Leila! — What — what do you want?"

[To be continued]

PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

DISCIPLINE—in the army or out of it—teaches men, among other things, to take good care of themselves. Even in smoking, men are coming more and more to apply this common-sense standard.

One indication of this is the growing popularity of a common-sense cigarette, such as Fatima. For, not only do Fatimas please the taste—there are other cigarettes of which this is true—but Fatimas' delicately-balanced Turkish blend does not disturb, even should a man occasionally smoke more often than usual.

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